SCRAP BOOK



TINY'S PERSONAL WARD ROBE ON HAND AT PRESENT

Suits... 1 Brown Hounds Tooth, 2 Button S.B.
DRESS 1 Black Blue 3 Button 2 To Button D.B. Roll
" " 1 Grey Blue Sharkskin, 3 Button 1 To Button Long Roll
" " 1 Green Plaid, 3 Button S.B.

SPORT SUIT & PANTS.
1 Checkered 4 Button S.B. without collar (Coat only)
1 Snuff Brown 2 Button 3 To Button S.B.
1 Blue Whip Cord Pants
1 Green Tweed Dark " " Cap To Match
1 Grey Tweed → " " — Salt + Pepper
1 Grey Plaid " "
1 Light Green Tweed " "

SUMMER PANTS—
1 Pair Yellow Pants
1 Pair Brown Plaid " "

(1 Black Tux Tails) +
1 White Formal Shawl Collar Tux Coat with Basket Weave Formal Trousers.
1 Pair Riding Pants Covert Cloth
1 Pair Boots

1 Sport Cream Colored Riding Jacket
1 Blue Garbdine Sweater Jacket
1 Brown Tan Suede Sweater Jacket
3 Plaid Checkerd Fall Shirts — New
1 Plaid " " Winter Riding Shirt
(Sport Jackets + Shirts)

OVER COATS + TOP COATS

E.d. 1 Heavey Brown Tweed Ulster D.B. O.C.
DRESS) 1 Blue 8 Button Picaddilly D.B. O.C.
DRESS) 1 Plaid Brown 4 Button D.B. O.C.
E.d. 1 Brown Snuff 3 Button Fly Front S.B. T.C.
DRESS 1 Grey Blue Covert D.B. Box T.C.
E.d. 1 Dark Blue D.B. 4 Button T.C.

E.d. 1 Grey Changeable Color D.B. 4 Button
E.d. 1 Green Stripe D.B. 3 Button 1 To Button.
E.d. 1 Brown Hounds Tooth 4 Button S.B. with Vest
(SUITS) 1 Light Brown Tweed S.B. 2 Button

HATS, 1 Brown Porkie... 1 Brown Plain Hat
2 Black Hats... 1 White Porkie Pie
1 Green Homburg... 1 Plain Green Hat
1 Sailor Straw ... 1 White Leghorn Panama
1 Coca Straw ... 1 Fishing Hat
1 Tan Cloth ... 1 Blue Cloth Sport

1 Tan Feather Weights — 1 Light Tan Suede R.H.
1 Black " " — 1 Brown White
1 Black " " — 1 Brown Loafers
1 Brown Suedes " "

1 Tan (with me) ... 1 Black Also ... SHOES

2 Dozen Shirts with Initials T.P. 1 Set Gold Links
Blue, Grey, Green, White, Yellow, Pink. 1 Diamond In. Ring
1 dozen sets under wear (4 Pair Pajamas)
2 dozen Soxs, 3 dozen Dress Handkerchief
2 dozen Knit Ties 1 dozen Prints
4 Scarfs 4 Pairs Gloves 3 Sets Sospenders, Garters, Belts.
7 Bow Ties 1 Blue Long Sleee Sport Shirt
1 Brown " " "
1 Green " " "
1 Derby Hat, 1 Raincoat, 1 Pair Rubbers
1 Umbrella

(Tiny Personal Ward Robe)
1 Yellow Vest, and 1 Grey Plaid, 1 Brown Tweed.

1 Pair Bed Room Sleepers...
1 Bath Robe ...

To be made
1 Green Sport Coat
1 Blue Top Coat

AWARDROBE FOR AVERAGE MAN THREE SUITS 1 TOPCOAT OR TOPCOAT

To Begin The Wardrobe

Two D.B.
Black Blue, Grey Brown Green Two S.B.
Tweed Salt Pepper Topcoat S.B.
Black Overcoat D.B.
Two White English Point Collar Shirts
One Green Tab, One Blue Slot " "
One Pink Roll, One Stripe Barleymuff "
One Short Roll Grey " "
One White Slot, One White Duke of Kent
One Brown Eyelet Tab
Two Cream or Yellow Tyroll Shirts
One Dozen Underwear Soxs,
Ties, Two Pair Brown Shoes, Two
Pair Black, Garters Belt or Suspenders




2. Still in films, he's old favorite:

Tiny Prince Spiels

GAS that crank and spank that plank. I will protect your sight and treat you right, so dig me gator, cause I'll be the waiter, to serve you with news for your dancing shoes. Ernest Royal pulled a smooth one this week and blew the lid off Tan Town when he announced that the Sunset Royals, Doc Wheeler's tough combination, will join Lucky Millinder and his sensational band. Horace Price, the fine lad who is the popular colored salesman down at Harvard's Hat Store, is as groovey as King Louie to a certain uce of chicks. Leroy Gilmore is fast becoming one of the notch Lindy Hoppers under the guidance of the D. A. S. George Rollins putting it down frantic as ever over at the Plaza with Brother Jackie.

T. T. SOCIETY—Recently your Dance Commentator and jive dispenser has been besieged with letters both young and old for an explanation on T. T., which means Tan Town, which is the dark area of Newark, which is heavily populated. The DeParres Youth Council will present a musical festival, so watch for the date and place. Harold Ray looking in the pink, after being in the Hudson Tubes accident, still acting like his same old self. Carmella White of Orange really enjoyed that visit to Philadelphia. P. S. Don't forget your next music and rhythm magazine and dig John Hammond, Jr., wealthy young authority Swing Editor, who is starting a fight for Negro musicians. Dig the June issue. Those Dorrie Miller buttons are in like mad. Something to think about.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: The "Y" was frozen and rose with lilac sensation last Friday nite. Chicks were really mellow as could be. Glamour Browns and Polly Sniper Yellows were present. Marion Martin grooved the place. Jean Campbell looking like Miss St. Clair, really there. Ulysses Richards straight like a Cadillac Eight, putting it down like mad. Evelyn Boyden, our cream of the crop Deb Reporter, stashed digging the glamour boys and girls. John Landrum looking much better since his operation Arnell Bivins still rated as one of the Lindyhop chicks of Jersey. Leroy Harriel and William Howard, two Dark Gables, putting up a tough cable. Say cats, have you ever gabbed and gandered at little Haward Monk the 118 runner up for State Championship. Some class. Really knows how to use dukes.

Virginia Clark of Hackensack says life's a drag if you haven't got your swag. Understand Pops,

Tiny Prince Spiels

GAS! Say bird, what's the latest word? Stop dashing and stashing in '38 Buicks. Come on, be my Fashion in Passion. Yeah, my dusty pink, Gate remember the date! It will be frantic May 29, Friday nite; Place—Kreuger's Auditorium. Ernest Royal is presenting one of his last and final attractions of the season. It's a killer and a thriller. Some folks say it will be one of those movie groovie affairs — that is the Amateur Nite and Dance Music sweet and hot by those one and only swing cats, the Barons of Rhythm, with Yours Truly as Emcee, a benefit for the YMCA, June 5th.

Jackie Nakie, the genial attraction, who has brought so much entertainment to the patrons of Boston Plaza, will not be seen there any longer. 'Tis being said the Magnificent (speak softly) Wacks will give a grand horse and buggy ride to Cherry Lane, where they will initiate in college style.

T. T. SOCIETY — Gregarious and fun-loving attire in one of the smartest brown ladies mannish suits seen in quite some time is that lady of youth, Mrs. Daisy King. The third annual fellowship came on like vultar ultra. Ralph Jacobs and Florence Hulen, Zota Stapleton, and Sarah Stewart, sipping and tipping, Jerry Bland, Marion McClay, James Churchman, Audrey Hudson, Marion Jones and Henry Howiston, Laury Ray, Frank Carrol and Emma Kaye, Alvin Daniels, Lula Smith, William Powell, Iris Pettiford, Larry Burns, Sally Grimsley, Herbert Vorhees, and Gloria Smallwood, Wilbur Parker, Ruth Barcliff, Richard Blank, Iris Roselle, Ambrose Cobb, Doris Wynn Mr. and Mrs. R. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. R. Edwards, plus a host of others seen teasing and easing.

The Treasure Chest Girls will give a card party at the home of Mrs. Charles Alston, 173 Camden Street, June 20th, with a radio offered as the lucky number prize. Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Warren are the proud parents of a baby girl.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Slides and glides were the keynotes to the tune of Jersey Bounce, on Monday night, May 18, at McArthur night at the Mosque Theatre, where Fred (Cooter) Middleton, Evelyn Jones, Arnell Bivans, Leonard Hurd, Roy Gilmore, Margaret Stevenson, Blue Singleton, Buster Jamerson, Ruth Craig and little Harold Hardon caused President Herbie Smith of the D.A.S. Lindy-hop teams to chuckle and buckle while they rubbed elbows with celebs like Tony Galento, Miss (Underhill) Rhapsody, now at Kelly's Tables. Morris Parker, with Mrs., holding a $5 seat, Dolly Dawn, Allie Stokes, Adrian Rollini Trio, Nick Kenney of the Daily Mirror and Alan Courtney. The Mad Russian and a host of others were there. Yes sir, these really came on. Whispers have it that the fay chicks held by our one and only Savoy Shorty are keeping him from fruiting with grays and banana browns. Better watch out Dark Gable, or you'll break your cable. Barbara Barcliff is frantic as a moonbeam, 'tis said by the Love Thief. Ada McClain of the Exclusive Beauty Nook is also a frantic cook on chicken and chocolate cake. Not hard to take Avant Anderson, one of Jersey's foremost female entertainers completed a tray (three) weeks at Kinney Club. Hester Scott, teasing and tempting stage Fishhead, b[illegible] out round about spiels about B[illegible]dy Valentine, of a band at Skateland and Zelma Maxwell of Vaux Hall and John Williams of Roselle. Virginia Farrell and Virginia Clark of Hackensack giving Gabriel a grand welcoming. 'Twas mad and in, so I'll cut and scribe you again.

No 'Girl of Year' Contest By H.-News

The New Jersey Herald News is NOT having a "Girl of the Year Contest."

Distribution of blanks for such a contest by "Tiny Prince," Herald News "jive" columnist has not been authorized from this office but was done solely on Prince's responsibility.

Use of the Herald News name is entirely unauthorized and no such blanks should be sent into this office.

New Jersey Herald News, Inc.

[illegible]on Show In Newark a Success

NEWARK, N. J.—Shattering past records for a capacity crowd, entertainment and beautiful models, the Third Annual Fashion Show, sponsored by Miss Rene Starks, expert milliner, 97 West Street, Newark, N. J., was witnessed last Sunday afternoon by an overflow of enthusiastic spectators at the Ambassador Hall, Belmont Avenue, Newark, N. J., with Miss Sally B. Cooke, of N. J. Herald News, [illegible] Sally's Chatterings," narrating.

Cooperating with Miss Starks in the presentation of many interesting, conservative and spectacular designed dresses for afternoon, morning and evening wear, were modistes Janet Beadle, of 116½ Spruce Street, Newark; Miss Mabel Lee, of Modern Lady Dress Shoppe, 237 Norfolk St., Newark; Miss Rose Lee, instructor of knitted wear in one of Newark's public school projects, and Mrs. Effie Reid, of 89 Oak Street, Jersey City. A goodly number of slack suits and play togs were also shown. All of the hats were designed and created by Miss Starks. It is anticipated that the proceeds from the show will go towards purchasing cigarettes for United States soldiers and sailors.

Special entertainment was furnished by Charlotta Kemp's Dancing Kiddies, entertainers from the Dodger's Grill, the Nest Club, Boston Plaza, and Pete Diggs' orchestra of Dodger's Grill and Joe Crump's Band of Boston Plaza.

Among the models were Miss Jimmie Gory, Catherine Cooper, Mabel Jones, Selma Smith, Lucretia Anthony and Alberta Reid, of Jersey City; Emma Elsworth, Florence Ricks, Bernice Ford, Mae Holmes, Mabel McNair, Lillian B. Huff, Carlotta Kemp, Anna Randolph, Carolyn and Yvonne Ingram, Juanita Wilson, Clifford Balkman and Mattie Dockery. Men's styles were displayed by Leonard Hurd, Herbert Smith, Carl Brinson (Tiny Prince) and Buster Jamison.

Tiny Prince Spiels

CORRECTION: — Last week Yours Truly spieled about June 5th being the Amateur Nite at Y. M. C. A., which really was an error. The real date is the early blackout of June 12th.

GAS:—Scandal wearers around the scandal bearers, grab some shade and drink a wee bit of ad—purely lemon. Now kittens, don't touch your mittens, for this stud I'm going to mention really needs your attention. He is wild and when he grooves his sax, he plays in the modern style. His band romps and feet become quite restless. Splay when this crew sidetracks to sweet riffs. It blows the wall flowers' top. Yes indeed, it's the one and only Alfred Harrell, the new band of tomorrow. Richard Adams, one of the lindy hoppers, who fell in love with his partner, certainly takes long walks alone, dig me? I like the way Eddie Mosby, colored manager of the Pic still takes an interest in seeing that Negro soldiers in Fort Dix receive entertainment —something that all of the political big wigs seldom remember. Say cats, received a card from Babs Brown, the slithe of New Jersey, who is hitting all the mad high spots of Chicago, living a hep life.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Congratulations to a lucky fellow, Miss Elizabeth Jackson, now wears that once in a life time engagement ring. I also sauntered through the pages of memory to this flower of womanhood to say "Happy Birthday". Mr. Alfred Gibson, one of Tan Town's personalities, in public life drew out the big and small to the Barbecue at the Els Rendezvous. The original Kingsmen Club, the Brooklyn chapter, sponsored their Victory Prom at the Webster Manor, 119 East 11th street, New York City on last Friday nite.

Yours Truly received an invitation, although was unable to attend. Thru society's eyes, I learned the affair was exciting and the new hostesses from Boston, Philadelphia, Jamaica and the Bronx, gave that Fairy Tale setting. Also a reminder of the Platons Initial Dance on Saturday evening, June 20th at the Royal Ballroom. A million happy wishes for Miss Doris Pollard of New York, who was married to Mr. James B. Killard of Newark on Sunday, at 4 p. m.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—The playboy who drives the maroon Ford canvas top, L-E-U 77-T is in like mad with many hues (chicks). Connie Ransom Frison still looks as youthful as ever these colored cool nights. The tune that really has frantic mellow riffs is "Jumping at Clarence's" by Duke Ellington. Dig it. Emily McFadden of Philly causes our playboy, Freddie Grey to be among the missing very often. Here is to a happy ending, Charles Lawson.

Mattie Hill, frantic deept and, with messy gift of gab really has that swing in her walk. Watch the Tweedsmen and their initial affair. Babe Reid and Anna Coleman are not any Pearl divers, cause skin, I'm hep they would rather be jivers. Jack Johnson home on a spree, giving the little girls who grow up, the eye. They blew and blew and every one danced on and I gapped at these gay people from left to right, Miss Regina King, alarming and charming. Eddie Dowell, former trainer of local fighters, looking smart, Ida May of North Newark, playing watch dog. Dorothy Frazier Watson and Ollie Leak were gay and played away. Babs Dupree certainly is one friendly chick. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Hatchett, they looked kissie. Evelyn Waler, gorgeous as ever.

If its above your nowledge, dig the tag on the righteous fag of this heavy snitcher, Willie Dukes personality of Pic, seems to be charmed by the appearance of Alfred Dawson, a stud who is straight like a Cadillac Eight. Gas up if you had enough, cause this world is too fast.

P. S.—Don't forget the Sepia Socialites present Pancho Diggs and Buddy Valentino in a battle of swing out at Shady Rest on June 12th, tip, sip, skip.



ULTRA FINE — my story. Once upon a time in the year of '42 a group of regular young fellows who seemed to have been putting their best forward, organized a club called Tweedsmen, Inc. Representing one part of young society, they gave their first affair last Friday nite at Clinton Manor.

The Vanderbilts, Morgans and Astors did turn out, and I'm hep that sweet swing was the thing. Pearl Meiah, mellow-yellow canary in from Jersey City gave you that heavenly look and your world went topsy turvey as you bruised yourself struggling through the fairy like ballroom, bumping into people like Myrtle Hayes, the University boys, Emma Kaye, sweet thing, Mr. and Mrs. George Pratt, a swell couple; plus Mr and Mrs. Saunders, Eunice Hudson of Belleville, spieling to, if she knew it or not, Leonard Hurd, one of Jersey's foremost ballroom dancers of the D.A.S., plus Buster Jamerson, in like mad.

Iva Carter stashing and dasing with Max Gilcrist. Frank Gaylaird looked messy; Queen Williams, Chicki Curry, frantic banana tall, made me fall. Three maidens who could be featured by Vogue, Lonnie Mae West, Evelyn Walker and Adeline Gattlin. Gilbert Ashby digging. Frank King, smooth; Willie Ray from A. and T. escortde Miss Lillian Cox. James Diggs home on leave. dressed in smart military summer attire. Copped a gander at Grady Travick, one of those smooth Magnificent (speak softly) Wacks, with a charming person home from Virginia State, Miss Eudie Johnson, glammour. And Bob Alves, Marion Martin gassing with our champ lightweight, Ralph McNiel, tough Wacks. Every movement was followed by those charming alarming girls from Wilberforce by Robert Hill. Coolness and sweetness was the topic of the evening and Katherine King and Julia Ryan came on. Sunduke with Chauncey Talbot digging the band and brother bass fiddle player with Savoy Sultans spied and sighed. 'Twas a frantic evening and grooved a feeling like one was parked under a mellow-blue sky with palms hanging over head. Congratulations, Mr. Tweedsmen, Inc.

T. T. SOCIETY: — The Platons and their initial affair seems to be the talk of the young social set, and the Royal Ballroom is being prepared for June 20th — Summer Formal. Have you seen the cute little son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Woodson since his recent illness? I like the way Paul Robeson sang "Ballads for Americans" with the Jewish Philharmonic Chorus. The Silver Spurs formal on June 26th is causing a made rush for white coats will be held at Clinton Manor. Wendy Felton, one of the most popular ballroom dancers from the old school, still as light on his feet as evefr after his 39th birthday.

I am glad to hear that Ida Barnhill of Orange and Richard Singleton of Newark are now enjoying the best of health. Happy birthday to Louis Pitts, Melva Smith, June 10th and Perrilla Morris, June 21st.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Let's rock in the breeze, so let it be so hot that Eskimos will grove like cannabals. Anna Morton really has most piping pins (legs) dig me? And Maggie Davenport, her very close friend, was really designed to be loved. Watch that mess. Ada McDaniels, the frantic beautician, really is gone with the wind. Jessie Chayes really is in like the ocean waves when his hair floats through the air. Charles and John Hughes follow suit. Annette Turk home from Cheney College looking in. The "Mama Blues" by Louis Jordan should be heard by elders. Lelia Murphy, one of the Modernistic Girls, who are featuring their dance on June 24th at Dodgers Grill, remains as tempting as ever. Ralph Smith, international playboy who, is strictly commercial, blew back into the home town featuring a tough cream-green tweed suit and wild planters punch straw hat featured by the West Indies. Nellie and Catherine serves the gators with too much personality at Campus Lunch. P. S. Watch for an affair given by the Dancers Appreciation Society. Dig the picture of Yours Truly drawn by that one and only handsome George Leak.

Squeeze me tight 'cause I feel like a lemon tonite. See you soon.

On Rev. Weathers

Mrs. Weathers said at her home at 112 Newton Street Tuesday night:

"We all say he was a good man down here but now his work is done and he has to go to God and do some more good work up there.

We have been together for 25 years."

Two Sundays ago the Weathers had just celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Rev. Weathers served as pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church in New Brunswick for 15 years.

He was named to Baxter Terrace managership January 9, 1941. He conducted a radio forum over WHBI on Negro problems for one year. He pastored in Brockton, Mass., Franktown, Va., and New Brunswick. He studied oratory at Emerson College in Boston and was a clerk in the adjutant general's department and later in the quartermaster's department in World War 1.

He was a member of the Newark Assistance Board and a member of the Board of the New Jersey Urban League.

Mrs. Marion Sandoz, clerk in the Terrace office, said Rev. Weathers was a great favorite of children and when children of tenants came into the Terrace office he would often drop everything to take care of them. As a result, she said, all the children would cluster around him as he walked across the terrace.

Court St. "Y"

To Have Amateur Night

The Court Street YMCA will sponsor an Amateur Night and Dance at the Branch, 153 Court Street on Thursday, June 18th at 8:30 p. m.

"Tiny" Prince, ace Herald News newspaper columnist and acknowledged "King of Spiel" will be the master of ceremonies at this affair and will introduce the various amateurs from North Jersey. Numerous stage, radio and night club stars will appear to supplement the amateur program. Dance music will be furnished by Al Harrell and his Jazz Jesters.

Persons interested in entering the competition should contact "Tiny Prince" or William R. Jackson at the Court St. YMCA.

Camp Osceola

Camp Osceola and Weenauka will serve the boys of our community this summer. Osceola which is located in Gretna, N. J. and will be open from July 4th to 31st is the Central Atlantic Area YMCA Camp. Weenauka is the Court St. Branch YMCA's stay-at-home camp.

Co-Ordinating Committee

With representatives from many of the social and religious agencies in North Jersey present, a Coordinating Committee to cooperate in the work with the Armed Forces in this area was organized at the Court Street YMCA last Tuesday afternoon.

William R. Jackson, executive secretary of Court Street is the acting chairman of the committee and the Newark YMCA will act as a clearing house for all the work with soldiers. Special Committee chairmen include Miss Harriet Williams of the Plainfield YWCA, Mrs. Mabel Robinson area supervisor of Adult Education, Miss Mary Wood of the Newark YWCA and Mrs. Grace Fenderson of the Newark Public Schools.

Other representatives present at the meeting were Mrs. Ruth Kennelly of Orange, Thomas Sanders and John Redmond of Montclair, Mrs. Besselle Atwell of Orange, the Rev. R. B. Thompson of St. John's Church, Newark, Dr. Hobson and Mrs. Battis of Plainfield, Mrs. Ruth Smith and Lieutenant William Garland from the Ordinance Company at Raritan Arsenal.

Persons interested in working with the coordinating committee are asked to contact Mr. Jackson at the Court St. Y.

3

At The Tweedsmen Sport Dance

Hundreds Of The Young Socialites Frolic At Event

By TWO DEBS

Dear Younger Jersey Socialites:

We dedicate this column to the Tweedsmen of Northern New Jersey. Our invitation informed us that the pleasure of our company was requested at Clinton Manor on the evening of June 12, 1942. Arriving at 10 P. M. we met Lilburn Hurdle with Margaret Streit, Bill Stewart with Pearl Maddox and Deldon Beverly with "Tool" Gill.

GREETINGS:

We were greeted by well-dressed young men clad in white dinner jackets, blue drapes and maroon ties and handkerchiefs . . . Suavity was displayed at its best by THE TWEEDSMEN of North Jersey.

After entering we spied a magnificent bar to our left but hurried quickly by it to cast our glimmers on the dance floor. Colleges were well represented in: Betty Grayson, Fiske University; Blanche Wells fo Howard University; William Miller of St. Augustine College, Edith Ashby, Clarence Hill, Fred Jenkins, Clarence Wilson, John Costlye, all of Virginia State Coege; Frank Watkins and Willie Ray of A. & T.; Moses Smith and John Nelson of Morris Brown; Herman Brown and William Casselberry of Morgan State College; Pearl Maddox and Theresa Gill of Newark State Teachers College.

AT THE TWEEDSMEN'S TABLE

Ethel Ashby with Douglass Lett, Gloria Edmunds with H. B. Scott, Adeline Gatlin with Ray Alexander, Frank Carroll with ma Kaye, Carl Trainer with ma Lett, Gwendolyn Faulkes a Harold Ray, Wallace Tay- with Hattie Scruggs, Sarah cell of the Bronx, Joan Creasy Jersey City, Mildred Boardman, Henry Bolden, Billy Edwards, Heywood Miller, Edith Ashby with Richard Bland . . . and of course all the rest of the Tweedsmen and their friends . . .

HERE? THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Alfred Cooke, and Eva Saunders, Debonair Lilburn Hurdle, Delores and Betty Jones who are quite glamour girls, Shirley Davis, climbing the social ladder, lad by lad . . . Audrey Davis of Elizabeth with Frank Watkins . . . (he has the cutes smile, too). It was good to see Mary Lou Robinson over on leave from her nursing duties at Harlem Hospital . . . Is it possible that anyone could possess such a radiant personality as Lettie Watson has? Bill Murphy, "J. T." Gatlin and Herbert Vorhees at their own table with some of "the boys". Saw the Platons who are over-enthusiastic about their dance this coming week-end. Clifford White, Harold Collier, Larry Ray, Kenneth Rose, Harry Banks with a "Tippy' Pendleton of New York City . . . we shall hear more of her in the near future . . . Warren and Elizabeth Porter, Malcolm Conic, William and Marian Morse, Mary Davenport, Iva Carter, Loretta Baldwin, about whom we hear secret rumors . . . Grady Trawick with a young lady whom he didn't bother to introduce . . . the manners folks leave behind ! ! ! Doris Taylor with Francis Cobb of Montclair but you would never know it, for she was having a ball ! ! Tiny Prince, our other member of the press. He was looking as fine as ever, Kat King was constantly at his side . . . Julia Ryan our petite dressmaker about town, with Leonard Hurd, Alice Foster, Ralph McNiel who was introduced to the "upper crust" . . . You all know that Ralph is another "Joe Louis in the making" . . . Percy Shepherd, one of the Bordentown basketball stars . . . Evelyn and Madelyn Wilson . . . Phyliss Brooks, William Miller and "Glamour Boy" . . . Rebecca Newby . . . Margaret Jeffrad with friend Selma Berry enjoying everything from the sidelines . . . Emmalyn and Rosalyn Furlonge of Jersey City . . . Jean Brown, actually smiling for a change . . . We wonder where Henry Powell was! Bobby Alves with Marian Martin . . . Fred Jenkins still talking about College . . . Juanita Greene, dashing in Red Linen suit . . . here there and everywhere . . . Mary and Walter Wilkie just as much in live as ever . . . Jimmy ones seeming too bored with a certain young miss of East Orange, Harriette Brown with ames Sheridan and some other play boys of East Orange . . . the twins Editha and Ethel Ashby in pink petticoat dresses . . . Conti effries, lounging on the floor . . . remember friend etiquette does not come in bottles . . . Elizabeth Bell, home from Harlem Hospital having a good time with everyone What has a certain registered glamour boy of Jersey City that caused Calley Carrol to smile? We couldn't help but see Marian Jones and Henry Houston in a groovy position in a secluded corner . . . Bernice Bernard, really surprising us . . . enuff said . . . Larry West, friendly girl with the pretty smile . . . Leslie Hurdle, Eva Harris with Carl Gibbs, Pearl Harris with her friend Bishop . . . Sgt. James McGee . . . James Diggs home on a leave from Camp Lee Virginia . . . Sgt. Clarence Jackson making the usual rounds conversing with all of the folks, Charles Alston dancing with his friend Angela Watters . . . Pearl Mann of Jersey City giving Conrad Jeffries and other boys her address, can she be lonesome . . . Evelyn Boyden, in white sharkskin dress trimmed in red, trying to see through dark glasses . . . all this glamour. June White and escort gracing the Platon's table. George Stapleton with June Bailey. . .

SLIPS THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Note: (this is what we overheard certain ple sat at the affair). "So t' he upper crust. Folks who bows with everyday".

"My motto is: Play hard and study," from a college boy.

"If I go to the army today or tomorrow, I can say that I've had my fun tonight."

When two sophisticated debs were conversing strictly off the record supposedly in a whisper, a bystander nonchalantly commented, "Why don't you bring your voices down to a holler."

AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER

We wondered what everyone's reactions were so we wandered into Groves Drug Store on Sunday morning . . . Bill Stewart, Juanita Greene and Harriette Brown were at the table eating breakfast after horse back riding at Brown's Riding Academy with Anne McDaniels, Weldon Beverly, Lettie and Roscoe Watson, Ruth Crumpton, and their friend Martin Archer of New York City . . .

Ray Alexander was standing on the outside of the drugstore in a good looking loafer jacket . . . Everyone was busy chattering about the good times they had and those who missed should have been licked . . . We did miss many folks including "Ug and Home", the Lee Brothers (catch the numor)?

Until we meet at the Platons affair this weekend . . . and more good times.

Your friends,
TWO DEBS.

Gags and Giggles

At a restaurant, in Hollywood, the other night, a gin rummy argument took place between two former Broadwayites who were once in the big money. To settle the matter, they agreed to play just one game for a stake of $25. Such a wager would have been chicken feed for them in days gone by.

A deck of cards was brought out, and the players went to it. In ten minutes the game was over. While the winner waited, the loser produced a checkbook and wrote out a check for $25. He handed it over.

"Here you are," he grunted. **"Put this in your bank on Monday."**

He hesitated—and then added: **"And every Monday thereafter!"...**

NO MISTAKE

The absent-minded gangster came home at 2 a. m. He took off his clothes, switched off the lights, and hopped into bed.

His wife awakened out of a deep sleep.

"Is that you, dear?" she inquired.

The absent-minded gangster got out of bed and hunted for a mirror.

"It better be," he snarled. **"Or there'll be a murder committed around here!"**

DAFFYTALE

Our weekly nut story has to do with the screwball who entered a grocery store.

"A dozen eggs, please" he requested.

The storekeeper bowed.

"Yes, sir," he beamed. "And which do you prefer? We have first grade eggs, second grade eggs, third grade—"

The nut nodded.

"Don't bother any further," he interrupted. "Just let me have the ones that graduated!"...



"GAS"—nix Jack this was not a chippie affair, but I was in the care of Angels when surrounded by the Modernistic Girls Wednesday nite at Dodgers Grill, where they gave a frantic affair. Leila Murphy in a white gown; Mae Guest, black and white; Lula Gary, Leva Weavers, white; Georgia Filmore, white and black, all had handkerchiefs, shoes, bags and beautiful flowers to match. Jimson, they were in and drew out clubs like the Chauffer's Club of Forest Hills, Modernettes Social Club, Club 13, Can Tabs of Orange, Del May Vacation Club, Ideal Vacation Social Club, Silver Moon, Rhythm Sporterees, and South of the Border Club of Orange, plus those ever popular members of the Dancers Appreciation Society.

Inez Jenning still petite and elite. Mrs. Wilma Van Pelt looking smart with gay Grace Whittington; Ruben Chambers, one of those groovey lads who Jersey always remembers as the lad who introduced off-time in the Lindy-hop with finess. Ella Valentine, tempting. Music in like harem scarem by Duke Williams and Alice Powell, who is as yellow as a bannana. 'Twas all reet.

Hal Mitchell, genial trumpeter heralded his return hom off the road from Benny Carter's band. Satch Robinson, who the D.A.S. spiels is really number one Emcee, also dropped from a plane and intends to groovey Tan Town until its hep insane.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Dedicated to society's most talked about affairs. 'Twas a cool eve and the trees were damp with a misty dewline rain, but the Prom given by the R-Y at the Y.M.C.A. still drew out those notables of the younger set. Fascinating and satisfying were the favorites of the evening in the persons of charming Emma Kaye, lovely Julia and Mary Davis, sisters from Summit, Harold Potts, one of the lads in the know, looked fine in white coat dancing in and out of the archway of green with a deb. Mary Paterson gave off a certain friendliness enchanced by geniality and a sweet sense of humor. Young Love seemed to be discovered in Marion Casten by George Marshall one of the men about Town. Things here would not have been complete unless I told you that Lindsey Wright supplied the musical background, which was light with a tang here and there. Eleanor Farrell, a dainty sweet girl, was escorted by George Smith. Pearl Hunt, a recent graduate was also extremely sociable, which is news. Mr. Holmes indulged in tripping the lightly and politely, also impish delight was the play and Harold Ray of the Tweedsmen seen that eve was charming and alarming.

CLINTON MANOR:—Yes, no buts about it, the Silver Spur's Riding Club was full of fun and gaiety, shook the rafters and there is a doubt in Yours Truly if there ever has been a more fun loving crowd to have ever attended this place, which was glamourized by feminine contingents who donned light summer evening gowns.

Playboys, Debs and Celebritieis gave you one impression that Tan Town was attending a great prevue. Arriving late to even catch a glimpse of the show which was M-Ceed by our own Sally's Chatterings, who has one of those far flung reputations for correct chot, I learned that the young lady, escorted by John Borican, tack star had taken all honors with grace. Name—Ada Mae Hale. Howard Epps and Miss Rebecca Newby, popular as ever. Lilburn Hurdle a Townsmen in. Mary Halsey in a blue gown, divine and sublime. Dorothy Morris, petite. Wonder what was wrong with Winne and Merph? Evelyn Valentine in pink for care-free relaxation. Jimmy Wilson looked very much alone. Sis Jones of Bloomfield acting sophisticated. John Kean sipping and tipping in a new white coat. Willie Mae Owens looked like Heaven on Parade. Margaret Johnson, plus our popular outdoor girl Larry West were fascinating enough for one to want to hold their hands in moonlight. Myrtle Meeks lending her smartness to setting with the president of the Silver Spurs, Herman Jones. Marion Jordan did give you when in her presence South American shyness. Bessie and Ollie Lanier were gone with the Wind. Youthful Swains and their lovlies were seen whispering sweet nothings. Harold Collier with a Miss Sweetness, plus Clifford White and other members of the Platon elite.

The Magnificent Wacks were grouped about in the cozy nook, the lounge room, where they had already been supplied with sip for the lips. They chattered in casual fashion with everyone, but gave considerable consideration to their flavorable charming ladies.
av..ih-Sql C4l- CmyCvc

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — The Tahitian Room at the Pic has become alive with jive. Arthur Terry, tough Atlantic frantic one ma[illegible]show who [illegible]ade Society in th[illegible]hama's [illegible] conscious last su[illegible]er, beats our your requests. Annie "Rubber Legs" West, who is always at her best, really has the smart set diggin in awe as she takes in the formal affairs in Montclair and Orange. Alvin LaMar, Count Basie's protege is still a glamour splamour boy, dig deep you woolie sheep. Saw the one and only Dot Adams from Morristown down in Tan Town loaded down with packages. The Eagle must have done his number. Phyllis Brooks is still that way about that one and only M. (speak softly) W., William Hutchins Chauncey Talbot and Carrie Cawthorne really sent themselves last Sunday at your favorite spot and mine, the Nest Club, where Pete Diggs, the new found unrecognized Swing King mates hot musical history for the sender-benders of this hep city.



GAS:—When you dig this jive in ink, here's hoping you think like hep kitties think. Hodge Podge, it's on the quain. So dig, pig, and dig deep, or else you will be lost like a little stray sheep. Strictly to you—Boston beans and scenes for screams. Wednesday nite the 15th marks that frantic nite when your boy and mine, Satch Robinson, the emcee, who has been a sensational up and down the eastern coast, makes his first appearance in a long time in Tan Town at the Nest Club, where Pete Diggs, the groovest band in the land is rocking them in their seats. So let's turn out, cause its a date.

AN OPEN LETTER TO TINY PRINCE:

Dear Tiny:—This letter will serve the purpose of revealing to you our thanks for the loyal support you have given us in your column. Speaking in behalf of our organization, we feel very happy about Social Club World of North Jersey and congratulate clubs like the Alpha Kappa Delta Sorority, Magnificent Wacks, Gardenias, Tweedsmen, University, Hi-Y, Phalanx Fraternity, Platoons, Modernistic Girls and Silver Spurs Riding Club, who have set an example on what to expect from the Negro youth of tomorrow in the good neighbor policy. You know the purpose of our club is to expand the knowledge of popular dance steps and numbers at the Lindy Hop, Waltz and Fox Trot. Our club consists of over fifty members, few of whom are quite popular in the Dance world throughout New Jersey.

So to everyone we offer something new. A South American Fiesta, featuring a real bull fight from old Spain. The D.A.S. smoothies doing a new Conga called La Macchee Kick, which is so easy that you will be doing it before the evening is over. Of course, we request the South American trend in your wardrobe that nite. Ladies in gay skirts of yellow, red, white, green, and blouses, plus their hair studded with flowers, straw shoes and large straw hats will be the play. The gents will be in demand with dark pants, gay bolero sport shirts, with sashes around the waist. A prize will be offered to the most impressive looking couple. Latin American music will be provided by the Piccadilly Pipers. For torrid swing, your sensational Pete Diggs and band will be on hand. We know there are quite a few people who are not on our mailing list, due to some reason, and we don't wish to slight anyone, so we are asking all to send their names on a penny post card to our secretary, Annie West of 328 Amherst street, East Orange, as soon as possible.

Thanks for your cooperation, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Dancers Appreciation Society
Herbie Smith, President.

T. T. SOCIETY—Miss Bless it Glamour in its baby stage. At the Boy's Y on Court street, birds flew high. It was the smart set in the form of the Alpha Kappa Delta Girls plus the Phalanx Fraternity lads. Things were messy and in style chicks grooved. Arnell Bivans came on like a movie star gone too far when in the arms of Leonard Hurd, our ballroom sender bender. Dapper Dan Grady Travicks charm and alarmed the hues. Lindsey Wright, our very congenial maestro, who takes all honors as the keed who is determined to make big time, laid it down with a variety of fine tunes, dung his mellow-yellow stashed. "Sorry pops, no harm done." Marion Perkins home from school looking lovely and petite. David Williams of Red Bank in like a mad dog. Harold William Collier giving D. W. more attention than ever. Connie Alexander, golden boy. Myrtle Hayes, gay as ever. Rose Carter and Evelyn Boyden, who are no doubt always sweet to me. Ollie Moore and Butts Brown, Jr. as close as butter on bread. Perllar and sister, Dorothy Morris, Geneva Davis looking fine in red candy stripped outfit. Jewel Kuntz there. Queenell Williams pleasing Eva Fitchette, plus Frances Foster and her sister Alice, an example of modern sweetness teasing brown. Doug Lett and Wallace Taylor doing a light boogie. Kathryn "Kitty" King irrisistible, flirting. Bevery Benton, one Townsman gliding with a bundle of joy.

Yes cats, cream crop just forced itself to hop, and yours truly couldn't dig everyone, but couldn't miss Lillian Lambert or Loretta Kyles of Orange, mild in wild nite.

Congratulations to Brownie Mae McKnight—"Happy Birthday". Wishing James Murray a speedy recovery suffered from injuries.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Drips still the tips. Guy Moorehead, impressive fellow in the talent world, preparing to take off to Officers Training School, where he will be followed by our one and only Albert Tillery, who is our professional musical genius. Nettie Smith so exclusive.



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

"GAS, ATTENTION MEN!" Some ladies say the men of today are not well dressed. Are they talking about you? I know without argument that the average male who stands out as a popular figure in Jersey surely must be one who knows something about quality, not quantity in good accessories. Wearing the suit is only half dressed. Tie combinations, socks, jewelry, roll collars, tabs, slat collars and dickie bosom shirts are for formal attire. Garters, belts, gay suspenders, plus the newest sweaters in loafer jackets are for sportwear. These are necesary for that smart appearance. So to look impressive like Sporty or Buster Jamerson, I suggest you go to a store that will do you justice. P.S., "Going to the Fiesta?"

MAGNIFICENT (speak softly) WACKS — keeds it was wild, and if you missed the Priority Hay Ride to Cherry Lane, why you were just a square from Spain, 'cause we balled the jack until we were hep insane. Pops, little chicks like little Sarah Turner caused no kicks — everyone was happy. Jerome Wilson munched and crunched from lunch of Bernice Coppock, who happens to be the president's charming sister. Dig, don't be no pig, or else we will igg. Horatius Greene, well, he wasn't mean, he came on and could be seen annoying Elizabeth Bailey and Kathryn Culver. Paul Perron and John Wade played. — Keep cool frantic chaps — who were those chicks in your laps? Walter Gainer, lovely Alice Johnson came on — were not in a rocker. "Fazz dig my gas" — Johnniebell Oliver, who were your followers? Jimmy creepers, I couldn't keep up with playful Ruth Lassiter or many spouses who slipped away from the crowd. Anthony Jordan laid me low 'cause Fishead he was as smooth as snow. Adeline Gatlin, our dream girl, also looked mad and cute. She is the rave of a certain Boot (copper-colored romeo). James Green was in like a blade of grass. Elsie V. Mofflet, the girl with eyes of tempting jive, gave you that outdoor feeling. Murdell Alston and Julius Hewlett, oh well, it's summer. James W. Adams, Harold Brown and Lenora Chavious grooved like the jingle jangle. Jimmy Wadley, couldn't find him for the lass. Didn't dig her name. Gloria Crocker looked just too divine. Boy she was a find. How about it Ralph? Florence Bristol and sister, Blanche, were looking ultra modern. Any time Savoy Shorty cuts to ride like this, you know something's cooking. Sandwiches of tounge, chicken and down to the lowest of meats — boloney — were served, and everyone was very congenial. 'Twas really a success.

T. T. SOCIETY:— She graduated from Central C. & . High School on June 17, 1942. The party was given by her charming mother, Mrs. Josephine Chavious on Saturday evening, June 27th, at her home. The large spacious room upstairs was dimmed with amber lights and beautifully decorated with the school colors of blue and white. It made an ideal ballroom for the elite crowd. The dining room was decorated in red and white to match the table, which had a white linen cloth and red and wite dishes, glasses, etc. The guests of honor were Muriel and Evelyn Morris of Montclair; Clarence Janifer and Walter Chavious, Newark; Robert William, of Jersey City. The setting was strictly formal and other guests included Osie Adams, Matilda Baskerville, Mabel S. Bishop, Louis Broth, Bertha Dorsey, Juanita Gaines, Inez Griffin, Luther Harrington, Fred Harris, Queenie Harris, Lucille Henry, Elizabeth VanRee, George Hunter, Marion Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, William Lovett, Evelyn and Edward Smith, Arthur Thompson, Gertrude Weaver, Edward Williams, Harold Wilson, Irene, Mary and Orabell Wilson, Dorothy Sutton. The young crowd tripped the light fantastic to the wee hours of the morning. Imbeccably tidy and nice — her name — Miss Lenora Chavious.

Received a card from Joe Lockhart at Camp Dix. Also one from fay boy Jake Pino. Congratulations Roger M. Yancey and William Jackson, on new jobs. Happy birthday to Maddie and Bob Alves.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Mattie Alston and company, still as frantic as ever in the Alcazar, the Zoo to you gassies like mad. Irene Taylor slipped into Tan Town last week looking groovey as a $1.10 move — some show. I like the way the cats in the St. George avern in Roselle are receiving our queen of song, Grace Williams.

Ernie Royal, that grand guy, gave something to remember when he closed Kreugers with Lucky Millinder. 'Twas fruity as a nut sundae. Evelyn Boyden really looked like the cat's Meow in that novelty play dress. Eulace Ferguson must be hiding out on the outskirts of town. The Hues were amused in this town of late when they collared the nod about Irving Turner, the swell fellow who contacted Count Basie in order to give the Richard (LaRue) Johran Quartet a break. All the way from Missouri. Flash! — Girls, and don't cry — but Teddy Henderson, once president of the International Playboys leaves for Dix. Was given a spee last Saturday at Little Johnny's. P.S. Going to the Fiesta?

Did you dig all these frantic lads wearing those riding habits? Well, if you didn't, please hep them that horses are not jim-crowed. Pearl Shelton in yellow, was mellow. Rollette Smith in a dark blue outfit trimmed in white seen Sunday. Pic scene — Arthur Terry in Tahitian Room, grooving many who have finally dug the issue. Miss Arrie Douglas of Montclair, escorted by Paul Washington, nice fellow. Boy, oh Boy— have you seen the dream from heaven, Beulah Green, of Petersburg, Virginia, who happens to be staying with her girl friend.



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS — Hear me Mama with a boogie beat. You're frantic, but you got big feet. With flippity flop, and a hippity hop you come on like a draggy cop.

The South American Fiesta, given by the Dancers Appreciation Society, promises to be madder than hens on glass eggs. The date is in August — a Tuesday nite, so if you don't want to be a fool and keep cool — dig this mess at its best. Pete Diggs and his band will rock your castle and the Piccadilly Pipers, A, Clem and handsome Ernie Randome will lay that conga jive on your dusty frame until your hep insane. Jimson, take it slow, 'cause I know you're in the know, but I want to dig this spiel like an unhep heel. Nobby on Springfield avenue, who is our hobby, really just got in some very fine shirts in the wildest pink shades a stud ever laid eyes upon. Bubs, there gone simply frantic. Have you dug the latest breezy plaid white caps that give you the well dressed sporty appearance? Nay Man, if you haven't drop around and say Tiny Prince sent me down and I guarantee Nobby himself, "Ole Red" will show those too tough suspenders, plus your wants and needs.

That Girl of the Year Contest is due to start soon and promises to introduce some of the loveliest girls in Jersey, so keep a watch and as soon as Yours Truly digs the issue, he will knock it to you.

T. T. SOCIETY — The first annual Mardi Gras, a straight from New Orleans, will be held August 1st. Ever been to an affair of this kind? Well then, to the young and old, I say the Court Street YMCA really offers something that I know everyone will enjoy. Such novelties as never seen before. Games with your 1942 Debs and hostesses. Refreshments that no doubt will quench your thirst aftergalloping about here and there with that charming young lady on your arm. Like to dance — there is Ernie Philips and his band to give out with sweet, light swing and sway. Speedy recovery to Gertie Bumpas, who has been ill after that unfortunate accident. Glad to see LeRoy Harrell up and around after his appendics operation. Mrs. Daisy King, who is like a picture from Vogue, stunned a few people with that girlish figure. A charming Miss Doris Jones from Los Angeles, California, visiting her grandmother, seen lately giving Tan Town a certain glow in Orange.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — 'Tis said that Shirley Man of Vaux Hall knocked 'em dead when she let down her hair at Orchard Beach, escorted by Charles Malone. Affair given by the Fellowship of St. Philips. Grace Smith, our queen of songs, will open up at the Plaza this week. What's the reason for the breakup of lovely Adeline Gattlin and Golden Boy Ray Alexander.

Ike Quebec blew away a mess of horn and the lanes from Spain caught a train a duce of Sundays ago out to Shady Rest as guest of the Barons of Rhythm. The Pic is going ultra glamour these trail frail blackouts. Joe Smoothers, formerly with Billy Daniels, just smoothers the hens with his purr that's in like a kitten. Back in the Tahitian Room Arthur Terry introduced me to the lovely chirping Dorothy Woods, someone sweet. The Wings Social Club came on Friday nite and Al Harrell gave out on a session that was messy as Aunt Bessie.

Tweedy acting very seedy. Florence and Blanche Briston, two tempting sisters, Gus Dawson, one of those M. speak softly W. stashed in tan gabardine suit, white shirt, dark accessories, giving that Hollydent of these sharp lads will be in Uncle's forces soon — name John Coppock.

Harold Brown and Evelyn Jones of D.A.S., beat it back doing the J. B. version. Jeannette Campbell digging the mess. It was like the Titanic sunk. Bob Alves, the dark Count, is mad at the world. Vicki Yolando Major's singing has begun to have that ooomph. Harold Potts gone with the wind after his gal.



"GAS" now ole man, Pin back your mikes. Let me really knock you out. Strictly to you . . . The J. B. world is happy and so the people who enjoy good entertainment, Laurel Gardens on Springfield avenue, has been renovated and redecorated, a fine ballroom floor and an air-cool system that eeps the school-girl complexion in the place when its crowded. In charge as manager and booking agent will be Number One Dance Promoter, Ernest Royal, who is bringing Earl Hines and his International Swing Band on Friday eveing, August 7th. So did the band and sand "Man". Si, Si Senorettas, Senors, La Machee. They will teach you so if you haven't sent your name and address on a penny post card to the Dancers Appreciation Society Secretary, Annie West, 328 Amherst street, East Orange. The South American Fiesta promises to be the novelty of the year with Latin American music by the Pic Trio and Pete, new king of swing.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Orchard Beach, New York, is really a gay hideout for personalities like H. B. Scott of Jersey City and Gloria Edmonds of Brooklyn; Carl Trainer and Beulah Green, Wally Taylor, Hattie Scruggs and Golden Boys, Harold Ray and Billy Edwards. The sidewalks of Jersey City enjoyed being strolled upon by lovely Jean Still, India Nichols, Bessie Smith and Louise Brown—Beauty on Parade.

The Farewell Party for Bill Brown, given by his charming girl friend, Lulu Smith. Among those present were the glamorous Phyllis Willis of Lawrenceville, Virginia; charming Ethel Ashby with Doug Lett, amorous Emma Kaye, Frank Carroll, Wally Taylor, Bob Alves, makng a play for Phyllis, Al Tindale, cute Madeline Wilson, with a handsome unknown soldier; Louise Brown, wild Harold Ray settled Winifred Harrell and Bill Murphy, Edith Ashby, Ollie Lanier, Pete Sherman, Dorothy Newman, Arthur Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Holman and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson of the "Y" vacationing and missed by everyone. Happy Birthday to John Robinson. Yours Truly regrets that serious illness has overtaken one of the finest girls, Leila Murphy and wish all his heart, a speedy recovery.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Have you ever been in the groove? I mean just decided you wanted to let yourself go—sing, shout, dance and be gay? Solid. I'm a mad man, and I'm going to knock the jive to you. Want to see frantic lads and lassies—a show that will blow your top consisting of Herbie Pugley, great comedian, Frances the girl who breaks you up when she shakes, Sadie Matthews, Satch, grand guy, voted as No. One Emcee by D.A.'s, charming torch singer and the new King of Swing, Pete Diggs, well it's the Nest at its Best. Get loose, strut your stuff like a goose-moose dig?

For a worthy cause beyond mention—I ask each and everyone of you to come out Saturday nite to a lawn party and barbecue, 47 Mercer street. Admission is free. Native Son was in like a dog, and the spades did turn out. Mr. and Mrs. Dowell, former trainer, and Pop Durham where stashed in those high priced seats. Tell me Martha Gordon of Jersey City is only a friend of John Keen. Orlando Roberson of "Marie" fame with Claude Hopkins, will open at the Pic on Thursday. Adeline Johnson, cousin of Helen Sutton is fine as winde lads, and twice as dandy. Richard Puryear and Sam Cuthbert are among the enlistees in the Calvary. Due to leave real soon. Ella Valentine vacationing in Atlantic City. Alice Powell taking off for Detroit, mellow, yellow. Nobby, our hobby lad, is featuring suspender sets that are simply stunning to anyone who appreciated quality. NEWS IN THE NITE:—The joke was on Ada McDaniel, Dois Groves, Mary Betho. While spending the weekend in Atlantic City someone stole their clothes and they were forced to return home in their bathing suits. Mrs. S.A.—Dick Tracy is after you. Be careful.

The Guardsmen's Sport Hop, the 13th of July, Count Basie at Manhattan Center. Louise Robinson still carries a torch for him. I wonder where she gets the gas and oil. Eddie Max takes it off like King Louie. Hal Mitchell, the emcee at the High Spot with Teddy Brannons Trio is so mad he's crazy. Dig me—gone like a young see saw. J. Melvin and Ben Whitaker, N. J. No. One International Playboys who sport that seleb looking Cadillac, manuevering about this town in style and fashion. Mary Seay of Plainfield still sends you with that tempting voice. 'Tis said Julius Hewlett of M. speak softly Wacks will be named a Golden Boy at the end of this month.

The Girl of the Year Contest will soon be on. Lovely Miles is still in style and sweet by a mile. Ann Coleman rocks you. "Dig, pig?" Sam Hawks, one of the master Romeos, tipping nightly. 772 St. Nicholas avenue, New York, raced a duce of Saturday nights ago when lovelies were frantic and gave Ossie "Tiger" Jordan a mad spread. Connie Jeffries could not forget. Eulace Richards better stay out of the country. Nix man, shag cause its in the bag. Fashion Flash: Mrs. Mildred Mack in tan sundune dress, trimmed in yellow and tough accessories.



GAS — Dig the Mr. Steed, cause he is really in need. Solid Boot, 'cause I feel alroot. Sham, dig the gams — strictly to you. The Dancers' Appreciation Society will give its South American Fiesta on the night of Tuesday, August 18th. 'Twill be messy, 'cause the music will be wild, so be looking forward. They will plant you in the mail.

On a frantic scale, Friday, August 7th, will be one of the grandest evenings of them all, 'cause Ernest Royal will open his mad new dance hall, sure and run by your's and mine. Laurel Gardens up on Springfield avenue, off of Sixth street. Fine location. Earl Hines, the papa-stopper of them all and his band will rock your frame until your hep insane, so its a date. Our boy and yours, Pancho Diggs, and his fourteen men in the groove will be presented every Sunday evening, starting August 9th, from 7:30 p.m., until, by the Artists Association. This will be something new in a series of civilian morale dances. The place is Lincoln Hall, between Main and Central avenue, Orange. Service men admitted free. Yours Truly as emcee.

T. T. SOCIETY:— Guardsmen Incorporated, gave one of the most exciting get-togethers ever to be witnessed by some people. It took place at Harem Safem (defimition: A place where there are at least twenty lovely women to every man, such was at Manhattan Center in New York City, in the year of our Lord, July 3, 1942). 'Twas tough enough and gorgeous hues made the news. Jean Still, one of the cream puff sassiety girls messing around on the dance floor. Hyland Reid, of Jersey City, frantic as a steed, sending himself with sweet chunks of femininity. Whirlfull Sally Carroll, one of those sweet serious looking birds, gives that hot tamali look. "Tiger" Ocie Jordan, one of those outstanding football men in uniform, with a single brown and a duce of cream centers on his arms "full." Mixs no clips were on these ships. It was strictly fine as wine. Gloria Edmons of the Flower Shop gave off that certain sweetness squired by Jersey City's (acting John Gilbert) H. B. Scott. Catherine Cooper of Orange looked elite and petite with a charming fellow, who was mellow — P. S. my thought. Leroy Anderson, a representative of the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks seen gassing with the president of the Guardsmen, after sending a certain teasing tan into listen kissen, Heaven. Dig? Harry B. Webber, editor of the Herald News, with a four quarter kelsey smooth as smug. Jimmy Reed, a lad who comes on with the best, needs no introduction, giving his attention to Miss Kathrine Smith of Montclair, uppercrust if I must say.

The Tweedsmen Box was in. Liquids of every kind dosed the lips and mind. Emma Kaye, who will be one of those to enter the Girl of the Year Contest, perhaps, and Frank Carroll with the winds. Ethel Ashby and Doug Lett, romantic. Wallace Taylor with none other than Edith Ashby. Wonder where was that socialite, the Bland chap? Vernell White sipping gayly. Carl Trainor and lovely Norma Leet. A sweet girl, Mary Davis with Hayward Miller. Louise Nichols on the arm of joy-maker Harold Ray. Wilbur Jeffries, gay and frantic, seen tripping and tipping with a lovely thing, Peggy Hopman. Evelyn Miles, trim, tall, would make any one fall. Helen Miller, a killer no doubt. Mr. Soap rave of Agnes Van White, deserves everything said about him.

Cries in the night, Hi Jill, going up the hill? Hi Herbie, going back to school? Shirley Wallace, charming Hattie Scruggs, alarming as ever. Charles Malone sending himself. Gay Julia Davis and Billy Edwards, gim them gams. Norma Hogen of Montclair. 'Twas gone and on. Betty Jones, Connie Jeffries were the latest words. The girl with the bangs in the black and red print skirt, giving away kisses like she was a canteen. Lucky Millinder and his band blazed high and rocked for a while, then simmered down to a match flame, trying to give sweet variety taste for your dancing shoes. Everybody was feeling rosy, even though it was like a howling dog — A Nite to Remember — said George Miller, frantic keed.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— The YMCA kicked back Saturday nite, the Mardi Gras a success, blew everyone's top, including Flanagan, tough lad. Betty Majors, tempting brown, gone with all four winds. Walter Gaynor sporting a fine sport coat. Chicadees and long pants wearers bumped and browsed to the frantic new band of Ernie Philips. Some fine pink lads. The thirst drunk wanderers eased into theg ame room where eats and sweet-meats, not birds, were at reasonable prices. Met Ray Brown, stablemate of Ray Robinson, who was also there as guest of Ralph McNeal. The Committee knocked the huge crowd out when they presented Helen West, outstanding girl singer of East Orange High School and Jack Howell, formerly of WHBI studios, one of Jersey's finest trios featuring Lettie Watson, Ruth Crumpton and Billie Stewart. Stuff was really fine. Lillburn accompanied at the piano.

THE BLACK MAFIA

White Mobsters Meeting New Competition

(Continued from page 3)

dealers throughout the eastern half of the United States.

Ninety-eight of the city's 100 upper-income pimps are black, according to police. The black pimps operate sex stables employing 2,000 black, brown and white girls. This quick-turnover business grosses more than $5 million a year, but sex is a chickenfeed industry compared with the mind-boggling profits from policy and junk.

Police intelligence officers, who have studied the subject as thoroughly as any outsiders can, say blacks now control 99% of organized prostitution in the city, about 20% of the policy play in the city, and 30% or more of the hard dope traffic in black neighborhoods. In the numbers and narcotics rackets, they have moved into territory long monopolized by the crime family of 73-year-old Carlo Gambino, boss of bosses of the American Mafia, and the East Harlem mob headed by Carmine Tramunti, sentenced last month to 15 years for narcotics conspiracy. From these enterprises alone, the Black Mafia makes a profit of more than $50 million a year.

Extortion, Contract Murder

Black mobsters also engage in extortion, including shakedowns of legitimate businessmen, armed robbery and contract murder on an awe-inspiring scale. The hijacking trade has been integrated, but usually by black gunmen working for whitey. The same is true of the bookmaking and loansharking professions.

Some black handbooks exist, but all the major bet shops handling action on horse races and sporting events remain Mafia enterprises. And the shylocks' union remains lily-white, although blacks are sometimes employed as collectors.

The most affluent and most violent black gangs are all in narcotics. Their leaders, according to police and federal sources, comprise the top 10 of the local Black Mafia. They are:

- Frank (Pee Wee) Mathews, 30, formerly of Todt Hill, Staten Island.
- Leroy (Nicky) Barnes, 42, last known address 3333 Henry Hudson Parkway, Bronx.
- Harold (Hollywood Harold) Munger, 36, last known address 1318 Burke Ave., Bronx.
- Willie (Jesus Christ) Abraham, also known as Abrams, 44, last known address 100-20 Benchley Place, Co-op City, Bronx.
- Tito Johnson, 31, last known address 820 Colgate Ave., Bronx.
- Willie (Goldfinger) Terrell, 35, last known address 2332 Tiebout Ave., Bronx.
- Earl Foddrell, 33, last known address 1655 Undercliff Ave., Bronx.
- Walter Grant, 37, last known address 443 S. Third St., Mount Vernon.
- William (Hamburger) Hughley, 34, last known address 21 Howard St., Bronx.
- Rufus (Heavy) Boyd, last known address 529 Montgomery St., Brooklyn.

'Very Big in Narcotics'

"All of these men are very big in narcotics," a veteran black detective said. "They control independent gangs that are loosely connected to each other and to black mobs in other cities. Some of the bosses are in prison, but still running their operations. A few of them are former policy racketeers who switched to drugs because of quicker, bigger profits."

Most of the top black mobsters have working relations with white Mafia *capos*. Black numbers men and bookies lay off big bets with the better-financed white gambling syndicates. And most of the black dope dealers buy from Mafia heroin importers. White ganglords also handle the police and political payoffs for the black mobs.

No history of black organized crime would be complete without mention of two white gangsters who helped break the underworld color line — Anthony (Tony the Shrimp) LaSorsa and Joseph (Crazy Joe) Gallo. Both of these men grew up on the fringes of the Mafia and later formed their own gangs.

About 10 years ago, the peanut-sized LaSorsa formed an integrated group of killers and kidnapers, most of whom he met in prison. His top gun was James W. Brown, a sadistic black thug described by



Joey Gallo



Anthony LaSorsa

a government prosecutor as "a contract man, a killer for hire."

The gang snatched well-heeled dope dealers, black and white, and held them for high ransom. Victims included several Mafia mobsters, some of whom were murdered. LaSorsa finally was arrested in 1969 after a shootout with police in which one of his gunmen was killed and another wounded.

His operation showed the black underworld that the Mafia was not invincible. The civil-rights movement already had an impact on the blacks who worked for the white mobs — but never in executive positions. Now these workers began banding together to take over the store. Around the same time, blacks began attacking and robbing white numbers racketeers in Newark and Jersey City. The Mafia struck back, knocking off at least four blacks.

Friendship in Prison

Then the aging dons, beset by federal and state investigations, decided to let the blacks have a big piece of the numbers play in the "inner cities" of New Jersey. Similar moves were made in New York and Philadelphia.

During this period, Gallo and Nicky Barnes struck up a friendship in Greenhaven Prison. Joe was doing a 14-year stretch for extortion and Nicky, one of the biggest junkmen in Harlem, was serving time for narcotics violations.

Joe had a dream. When they got out, he told Nicky, they would form a black crime conglomerate. It would be a New York City organization at first, then go nationwide. Gallo's old Italian-American, South Brooklyn gang would supply the knowhow. Nicky's troops would supply the muscle. Together, they would organize all the independent black gangs and build an entirely new crime empire.

A Conference Is Called

Soon after Nicky was sprung, he conferred with two other dope dealers, Hollywood Harold Munger and Sonny Woods. They agreed that the Gallo plan had merit. So Nicky called a conference of Harlem rackets bosses. It was held in a bar at 125th St. and Eighth Ave.

Ten black mobsters attended the summit meeting— and voted down the Gallo proposal, 7 to 3. When Gallo returned to Brooklyn, he met similar opposition from his own followers. Yet Gallo was by now so identified with the black goal that when his old foe, Mafia boss Joe Colombo, was shot in the head by a black gunman on June 28, 1971, both police and the underworld put the blame on Crazy Joe.

By the time Gallo was slain by Colombo gunmen in 1972, the Black Mafia was a growing reality.

Gallo's advice had been invaluable. "From what we have been able to determine," a police intelligence officer said, "he was one hell of a teacher. He schooled a lot of blacks in Attica, Sing Sing and Greenhaven. He taught them how to move into traditional Mafia territory. And they did."

Nicky Barnes made such a move long before he met Crazy Joe. A former street pusher for a white-bossed dope gang. Nicky saved his money, invested in a kilo of heroin and went into business for himself around 1964 with the approval of Mafia executives who supplied his merchandise.

Detectives describe him as "Italian-oriented." He modeled his organization after the traditional Mafia family, but he failed to project a Godfather image. When the cops caught him with $500,000 worth of smack in 1965, he had at least 50 pushers and runners working for him. Most of them remained on his payroll while he was away in prison.

One of his most trusted employees was his chauffeur-bodyguard, Reginald (Reggie) Isaacs of White Plains. But Reggie apparently got greedy. This is what happened, according to investigators:

In November 1972, a Detroit dealer ordered kilos of heroin from the Barnes mob and down payment of more than $250,000. Isa sent to deliver the dope to a courier for the An hour later, Reggie returned and told h he had been held up and robbed on his way t the delivery.

Found Stuffed in Trunk

Shortly thereafter, Reggie vanished. His riddled body was found stuffed in the trun Lincoln Continental, parked off Gun Hill the Bronx, on Dec. 3, 1972. Five night detectives caught a man coming out of an ap Reggie had rented in Long Island City, Qu was carrying a suitcase and shopping ba by a remarkable coincidence, contained 16 heroin, worth $15 million in street sales.

The courier, James Hughes, claimed that a stranger had hired him to pick up and deliver the bags. He insisted he did not know his employer or what the bags contained. Questioned by the cops, Barnes denied any knowledge of the murder or the heroin.

Last August, detectives and three police dogs raided Nicky's $650-a-month penthouse in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan. The dogs sniffed out a quantity of hashish under the wall-to-wall carpeting.

Weapons, Cash and Cars

The cops also found five handguns, a sawed-off shotgun and $50,000 cash. In the basement garage, they searched Nicky's cars — an $18,000 Mercedes-Benz limousine, a $14,000 Maserati, a Cadillac Eldorado and a Chevelle (for traveling incognito).

A City Court judge set bail at $75,000 but Manhattan Supreme Court Justice Andrew Tyler promptly cut it to $15,000 despite Nicky's long record and two prison terms. Barnes was back in his penthouse less than 24 hours after the bust.

Nicky was arrested again last month, this time on a murder charge. He was accused of the fatal stabbing of Clifford Haynes, believed to be one of his pushers. Haynes was killed March 9 in his Bronx apartment.

This time, bail was set at $100,000. Nicky's spiritual adviser, Rev. Sam Windham, appeared at a bail bondsman's office with two certified check for $25,000 each. Windham, pastor of Samuel Temple of the Church of God in Christ, 75 E. 125 St., pledged the church property for the remaini $50,000

Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola ord an immediate investigation, which disc church had only $330.42 in its tr April 30. A Supreme Court jud from posting bail and ordered his windfall. He's to app

Meanwhile, Nicky r behind bars again, a

LACK MAFIA

muscling In on White Mobs

According to Arthur Lewis, director of the federal Drug Enforcement Administration office for South Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, black narcotics gangs have emerged in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and Atlanta.

"They call themselves the 'Black Mafia,' the 'Family' or the 'Organization,' " he said. "These groups have money and power, and are rapidly gaining more influence. They are operating on an interstate and international level. They are engaged in a struggle with the old-line criminal groups for either all or a share of the heroin and cocaine traffic. They are ruthless, and do not hesitate to kill either their competitors or their associates to establish control and authority."

In a five-part series starting today, The News will expose the Black Mafia, its leaders and the rackets they are taking over from the old Mafia.



Frank Mathews | Leroy Barnes | Harold Munger | Willie Abraham | Tito Johnson



William Terrell | Earl Foddrell | Walter Grant | William Hughley | Rufus Boyd

By FRANK FASO and PAUL MESKIL

About 3:30 a.m. on May 21, a tall, mod-dressed man sauntered out of an after-hours club on Prospect Ave. near Home St. in the Bronx. His name was George Barrett and he was heading home to his apartment building a block away, at 1324 Prospect. He never got there.

As he started to cross the intersection of Prospect and Home, a 1974 Pontiac sedan came along, moving slowly and close to the curb. When the car was about three feet from Barrett, a man stuck a gun out the front window and pumped four slugs into the big man's head and chest.

Police found Barrett's 6-foot-2, 200-pound body sprawled in the gutter, blood soaking his expensive sport shirt and slacks. His diamond rings, gold wristwatch and overstuffed wallet had not been touched.

As Deadly as the Original

Dandy George, 31, was a rising power in a sinister new crime combine known to law-enforcement agencies and the underworld as the Black Mafia. It is not yet as strong or as well-organized as the original, still-flourishing Mafia, but it is every bit as deadly.

Narcotics detectives described Barrett as a big-time dope dealer and chief lieutenant of Tito Johnson, head of one of the city's black crime families. Barrett's demise was not unexpected. He was the latest casualty in a wild but unpublicized gangland war that seems certain—before it is over—to chalk up more fatalities than the mob wars of Prohibition days.

More than 100 black mobsters have been blown away in New York City within the last year, according to the cops who compile such statistics. This amounts to approximately 10% of the local Black Mafia membership. Surprisingly, few if any of the executions resulted from rivalry between the black gangs and the old, established Mafia mobs. Almost all the blacks were iced by their own or other Black Mafia groups.

Prostitution Came First

Over the past five years, black racketeers have been moving into lucrative fields long controlled by the white mobs. Prostitution was the first major racket to be taken over by the blacks. Then they started grabbing pieces of the really big money-makers—narcotics and gambling.

Of approximately 60 major policy (numbers) operations flourishing in the city, 14 now are run by blacks. There also are 11 large, all-black dope gangs, one of which supplies cocaine and heroin to black

(Continued on page 20)

Club World Of The Year Contest Tees Off

Jersey clubs will have their own popularity awards. Readers and clubs only have to send in the first ballot printed in this issue for a 1,000 vote starter. After the initial entry the votes will count 50 each for your favorite club.

The Club World contest will bring to light the best in club circles. A club to follow in the footsteps of such great organizations as the "Federation of Women's Club," and other Jerseyans who are tops. Already local social circles, are buzzing with excitement. Such names in the Jersey limelight as Suburban-ites, Inc., Lordsmen, Royalist Du-Bonne's, Le Bonne Filles, Les Hommes Des A'ffs, Seven Crown, Mystic Social, Bon Tons, Three Pals, Dourteen Pals, Mellodaires, Club Eight, Azur-ettes, Bommerangs, Les Femmes, Royal Czars Seven Pals and many others. The contest will end with a dance.

Trophies will be presented to the leading girl and boy clubs with awards including a certificate of recognition. The two leading clubs will be chosen from among the top contestants. Who is Jersey's most popular club? Is it the Eight Orchids? Is the Esqui Vogues still among the Tweedsmen, Platons or Club 15 for the man? The results will be startling. Get on the Club World Wagon and I don't mean band. Come on, folks, vote for your favorite!



Bill and His Buddies: That would be, reading from left to right: Cook, Jersey's favorite disc jockey; Billy stine, nuff said; Trudy Richards, vocalist with the Charlie Barnet band; and C. F Hightower, manager of The New Jersey Age. Bill and his Pals got together backst the Mosque Theatre Monday, June 6 at Bill Cook's Annual Caravan Concert

TINY PRINCE SPIELS IN JERSEY

I'M ON THE BEAT with the neat. Club Mombasi like a casis in the desert since Big Ed Houston installed air condition—so its told to me by Inez Washington, blues singer, the little shake dancer, and Al Kings Trio.

Pop Durham's Alcazar has the cool answer for the heat—drink a Glen Arggle, single or double with loads of ice. If this doesn't ease your discomfort, Evelyn Simons and Mae Bell Eason say "give up! "Little Johnny's crowd hasnt' left for the shore yet and the place was packed Saturday nite—just shooting and shouting-looking for the breeze. Among them was Catherine Richardson alone in a daze, with Henrietta Roger admiring Ike Valtroes' murale.

Ink Spots off to London Palladium in August. Lloyds Manor's Mrs. Henderson, Joe Manning, Irma Allen with the eye-popping crowd 15 deep in the groove watching Carlos and Vida, who are tantalizing, and Arthur Terry, M. C., who is more than a host. Helen Hill has that giggle in her laught and wiggle in her walk. Our girl Sara Vaughn and Illinois Jacquet laying them in the aisle at Bop City. Last dance of season Jimmie Launceford's band and Dinah Washington at Prince Hall Temple, 188 Belmont Ave. June 25.

Cut little Delores Green is a big girl now. Gue Young and his band rocking the Howdy Club like mad. Mom Lawson really cooks up some fine vittles at Club Harlem. The Ben Snith Quartet is the musical talk of the town.

FASHION WHO'S WHO—Promoter Teddy Powell in his green convertible Buick along the avenue wearing an almost orange sport coat, sandune pants and shirt, brown and white shoes and leghorn straw. Ethel Pearson, chick of the week, has many maids envious about the bag she brought in from Cuba with life-like 'gator on it.

TAN TOWN SOCIETY—Jean Curry of Jersey City upset the apple cart by winning the bathing beauty contest given by nobles of Mystic Shrine at Prince Hall Temple, formerly Graham's Audit. Among those tripping were Al Hart, Marie Whigham, Waddell Smith, Nick Majors, Celestral Powell and Judges Ethel Mae Moore, Lou Blackmon and J. T. Barnes. Tweedsmen and Platons gave Mrs. Rosemond S. Marrow $1,000 for Community Hospital from their benefit affair.

Folks around the Jersey City Y.W.C.A. are buying Carole Edwards dance tickets in advance. 'Twill be a sell-out. Onieda Derecco is very happy these days, she graduated from Yonker's Embalming School after a difficult year.

Birthdays of the week are: Aldora Ashley, Rolando Wattey, B. Alford, Helen Monk and Bernice Gregory. Remember William Fleming, now Real Estate and General Insurance Man? He was one of your first milk distributors back in '38. Dr. Freddie Jenkins home from MeHarry Dental School, Nashville, Tenn., with his sheepskin along with his guest, James Robinson of Cambridge St., East Orange, N. J . . .

CLUB RUDICON INC. a newly formed organization will make its first affair a gay bus ride to scenic Kings Lodge, Otisville, N. Y. The subscription of $4.00 will include dinner, swimming, tennis, ping-pong, baseball and other sports desired Sunday, June 26. A few of the members are Grant Johnson, Johnson Smith, John Wells, Aldwin Thomas, Roy Calloway, Russell Osborn and Sandy Scott. Melvin Johnson is back from Washington, D. C. after spending a fine week-end.

Keep your eyes on the AGE for CLUB WORLD'S CONTEST YEAR.

Contestants List

1. Elizabeth Pegram, 55 Somerset Street.
2. Helen Chandler, 166 — 13th Avenue.
3. Hattie Scruggs, 182 Waverly Avenue.
4. Adelaide Gatling, 55 Somerset Street.
5. Vivian Currey, 56 Hillside Place.
6. Ida Barnhill, 208 N. Clinton Street.
7. Ernestine Bumpass, 287 Halstead Street.
8. Love Finley, 544 Market St.
9. Bernice Onque, 9 New Street, Scotch Plains.
10. Larrie West, 91 Stratford Pl.
11. Naomi Spencer, 267 Amherst Street, East Orange.
12. Pearl Hunt, 48 Montgomery Street.
13. Veneta Clay, 27 Linden Ave., East Orange.
14. Pat Stewart, 58—12th Avenue.
15. Millicent Brown, 118 Barclay Street.
16. Connie Wallace, 67 Quitman Street.
17. Mildred DuPree, 20 Ridgewood Avenue.
18. Rose Carter, 27 Boston Street.
19. Theresa Bartlett, 198 Parrow St., Orange.
20. Alma Curley, 199 Summer Street, Paterson.
21. Grace Glover, 40 Garden St., Paterson.
22. Leah Reid, 10 Elmwood Avenue, Montclair.
23. Jackie DeBruhl, 30 Seidler Street, Jersey City.
24. Helen Miller, 105 Atlantic Street, Jersey City.
25. Mattie Hopkins, 65 Sherman Avenue (formerly of Pleasantville).
26. Florence Mouring, 19 Beacon Street.

INDUCTED INTO ARMY



CLARENCE MACK

Bass player in Joe Crump's band, was inducted into the Army Wednesday. He was recently voted "King of the Dog House Bass Players" by Tiny Prince and hundred of jitterbugs before he left.

Popularity Is Her's



MISS ADELAIDE GATLIN

Miss Gatlin of 55 Somerset, Newark, Alice Jackson of 182 Warren street and Dottie Powell of 158 Stephen street, Beleville were three pretty younger set of members at the Scribers' Easter dance last Saturday night. Above is Miss Gatlin. Photos of other two girls will appear later.



GAS: "Dig the Slave, cause I'm a spade." I'll beat you with a piece of sugar cane. So that you will be just sweet insane. Strictly to you—if you want to dig what's new—Stash your frame and don't be a lane on the early blackout of August 18th at the Y.M.C.A. Dance to the music of the Piccadilly Trio, Al, Clem, Ernie; dig the mess at its best. The South American Fiesta given by the D.A.S.

The Lincoln Civic Association presents an Open Letter:

Dear Friends:

It's not funny about the dance business, but it was something that could not be helped by us. Sometimes owners will work themselves into practically a nervous breakdown trying to prepare a decent place for their public. They will secure "big name bands" who have reputations of being the finest in the land. In short, they will spend so much money that it makes them violently ill to think about it. Everything tells them that the band is good and they can't miss. And then what happens. The well-named bands take so many intermissions that the owners are forced to place their master of ceremonies up with something to say to off-set the lull. This is a signal of nothing to do—general fighting. Of course we want everyone of you to have a good time and hope that you will give our Master of Ceremonies, Tiny Prince, time to make announcements, for he is the one who will be responsible to keep the band jumping for your enjoyment. In the future colored special cops will be on the floor.

We expect to see you at the Ella Fitzgerald Affair on September 7th at Laurel Gardens.

Your general manager,
Ernest Royal.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Sweet little Miss Emily Beatrice Champion became the wife of Kenneth Cunningham. A surprise and no doubt one of the weddings of the year. I like the new column, AUTHENTICALLY YOURS. Do you? Rosamont Stewart, the noted and ever genial beautician, seen with one of the popular vocalists of New Jersey, W. K.

As promised by this column, we will print the names of two young men who have proved themselves worthy of bearing the title Golden Boy. First a fellow who has stood up in Y.M.C.A. work and who has a reputation of being respectable at all times and liked by many, Carl Trainor of the Tweedsmen. The other is one who has started out in just a short time as a social climber, Julius Hewlett of the exclusive gnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks. Happy Birthday to Lorraine A. Dixon and Mrs. Hall.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Did you ever want to write a column? If you did, here's your chance. Join the Herald News Writers Guild now by sending your reason, name, address, age to this column.—Adline Gattlin and Ray Alexander very close in spite of the rumors. Lillian Hamilton of Montclair in town, blazing a red coat. Gap at a cat, Alvin LaMarr Hayes, Count Basie's one protegee, in like a hound with his feet on the ground. Gilbert Ashby slipped into the limelight and out at the Pic, where Beulah Yelletes, a spiel stealer sips on. Eula Ferguson hiding behind a pair of opera glasses with Sam Stewart, bachelor of Cozy Tan Town. Anna Jackson and sis escorted by that mad dark Count Bob Alves. Her Lee is leaving and Miss Evelyn Wilson will be all by her lonesome. Is that right? Who are the Lao Tse Club?

FASHION FLASH — James Melvin, international playboy making the rounds in the maddest places with big time Doris Bradley, who recently closed at the Sherman in Chicago. The keed sported a tough white suit with accessories to match, flashing his many hundred dollar bills.

Fashion Number Two was lightly, politely Moses Squire, white coat, royal pants, panama straw, tie, handkerchief, suspenders to match, white shirt, black and white shoes—gone and on.

Irving Turner escorting glamours Clara gassing me about the Splash Party. The Nest at its best. Mad show and has to go on. Cecil Lloyd hit heat man, brusing and browsing with trancing brown. Charming and alarming Brownie Mae McKnight in. Herbie Pugsley who is the funnies man in sweater state Jersey, plus that madcap Pete Diggs and band. Like that snappy fine service those waiters give you without a lot of gas.

The finest record of the week is Erskine Hawkins "Bicycle Bounce." Indian brown Charlotte Pickmond of Roselle is just one of the girls who entered the Girl of the Year Contest. Audrey Taylor of Jersey City also is one of the beautiful dreams. Dolores Jones, also Bobby Peale, straight like a Cadillac Eight. Roberta Calloway and Merrill Worthington arousing more than interest. Fred Gray and Ida Mae of North Newark doing the latest Bow Hawk Hunch.

Dig the eagle when I wiggle and giggle. Pancho Diggs drew out the lanes from the grassy planes and sprinkled the Wall flowers. Dig?

Speaker



CARL BRINSON

Better known as Tiny Prince, although blamed by promoter Ernest Royal for boring Laurel Garden dancers Friday with too long a speech said Monday he had talked only three minutes.

Awful, Awful



MADELINE GREEN

Soloist with Earl Hines, slipped from the stage at Laurel Garden when the bottle crashed Friday night, remarking the event was "awful, awful".

Tiny Prince Says He Talked Only 3 Min. At Dance

Carl Brinson (Tiny Prince) said Monday he did not even see the bottle which crashed on the platform of Laurel Garden Friday night as Brinson was announcing a coming attraction at the Garden.

It was he whom daily papers referred to as the "unidentified

(Continued On Page 2)

Tiny Prince Says

(Continued From Page 1)

speaker" to whom the dancers would not listen.

Brinson also denied he was addressing the group too long.

"I talked only three minutes," he said. "I don't even know that the bottle was direced at me. It came nowhere near where I was standing. I didn't see it until later."

Brinson said there were "too many intermissions" by Earl Hines orchestra and that Hines was not playing up to his usual standard. This, he said, made the dancers impatient.

"I arrived at the hall at 11:20 P. M., he said. Two short numbers were played and then Ernest Royal called me to the mike to make my announcement. I was in the hall no more than 45 minutes."

Prince said Hines announced over the loudspeaker after the bottle throwing that police would arrest anyone in the hall after so many minutes unless the crowd left

He said several fist fights between men followed the bottle throwing. He indicated that many of his friends and column readers resented the apparent action to hit him with the missile. He also denied that he was "begged to stop talking".

He revealed that Madeline Green, soloist with Hines, withdrew from the stage into the wings remarking: "This is awful, awful".

Boston Clash

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. — Fifteen hundred jam-packed into a ballroom, rioted inside and on the street for 90 minutes early Wednesday and were quieted only after police fired tear gas shells to prevent rescue of 14 prisoners. Earl Hines and his orchestra was featured.

Blames Hines for Halting Da

"Jittery Following Boston Dance Hall Clash" Says Pr



Blames Hines

ERNEST ROYAL

Promoter of Friday night's dance at Laurel Gardens blamed Earl Hines for getting panicky and refusing to play.

Bottle Aimed At Tiny Prince, Was No 'Riot'

by HARRY B. WEBBER

Friday night's dance by the Lincoln Civic Association in Laurel Gardens at 457 Springfield avenue was no "riot", as all the local and out-of-town daily newspapers said it was.

Detailed sifting of facts in the disturbance which resulted when an unidentified guest threw a bottle at Carl Brinson (Tiny Prince, Herald News "Jive" columnist) and hit LeRoy Harris, saxophonist with Earl Hines orchestra, instead, proves the following:

1. The bottle was thrown after dancers pleaded with Brinson to stop making such a long speech on the loud speaker so that the orchestra could continue playing. Brinson was boosting the Labor Day appearance at the Garden of

(Continued From Page 1)

wanted by the crowd. Later it was learned that Hines and his orchestra were "jumpy" because a real riot had occurred last week in Boston at a hall where Hines played. That clash followed an argument between a soldier and civilian over a girl. It was so serious that when Hines saw a bottle sailing toward the mike here Friday night, he seemed to grow panicky and ordered his orchestra to pack up and leave.

3. Leroy Harris, the saxaphonist was not hit directly with the bottle aimed at Brinson. A fragment of the bottle hit Harris and wounded him with a slight scratch. Actually no one was "injured" by the flying bottle.

4. The crowd of 2,000 or 3,000 did not "riot." When Hines and his orchestra packed up, Hines took the loud speaker and said: "We will play no more. One of my men has been injured and may have been killed. Everybody clear the hall. Those are police orders." The crowd began to grumble, but realizing the dance was over it simply started toward the door in the identical manner any crowd does when a dance is finished. Patrons who had bought tickets but had not passed them in were refunded their money upon presentation of the tickkes. (Other witnesses say, however, there were "several fights.")

* * *

Ernest Royal, manager of the Royal Enterprizes Association which holds a lease on the Garden said in an interview Sunday:

"I blame Earl Hines for the affair. I also believe that Tiny Prince should be blamed for spieling too long at the mike.

"Hines started playing at 9:45 P.M., but he was not himself. His numbers were too short and he refused to play the popular numbers that the crowd wanted. The guests were getting impatient because of Hines' action.

Ella Fitzgerald and her orchestra. (Brinson says he spoke only 3 minutes).

2. The temper of the crowd was on edge long before Brinson made his speech, however. That was because Hines played his numbers too short and would not play latest popular jump numbers

(Continued On Page 2)

imaginations to magnify the affair into "a riot."

The Newark News used such terms as "several bottles were thrown," "three casualties were reported," "quell the outbreak," "crowd dispersed."

The Star Ledger used terms like "4,000 riot," "bottles started flying," "they started throwing more bottles, furniture and fists," "1,000 onlookers outside joined the brawl," "police battled the batlers."

Inaccuracy of daily reporting was indicated when no paper or press association secured the name of Carl Brinson whom they called the "unidentified speaker."

White special officers were in charge of the hall and there was some criticism of this fact.

Someone sent in a riot call which was responded to by heavy detachments from the first precints. There was no need for the large detachments of police as if "As is my custom, I announced our next dance, that of Ella Fitzgerald on Labor Day several times during the evening.

"At midnight, Tiny Prince wanted to make the announcement of the Labor Day dance and I decided to let him do it. I left him at the mike and went to the box office to attend to business. Fifteen minutes later the bottle was thrown at Prince.

"During the interval I did not realize Prince was monopolizing the mike that long. He was to make a brief announcement and then let the orchestra proceed."

Many patrons begged Tiny Prince (Brinson) to halt his "spiel." Prince continued to talk along this line:

"All you cats want to dig me up here on Labor Day when Ella Fitzgerald and her orchestra will appear." (Prince says no one asked him to stop).

Prince embellished this announcement with long statements couched in jitterbug language in which he is an expert. At other times the jitterbugs would like to hear that talk, but Friday night they wanted to "jump" and not even Dance Commentator Tiny Prince could make them forget they wanted to dance, Royal said.

Then came the bottle, a quart beer bottle. It struck the mike and Brinson dodged it. The bottle crashed and a piece hit saxaphonist Leroy Harris.

Harris, Hines and other members of the orchestra had just a few days before played at a huge dance in Boston where more than a bottle was thrown. It is understood the orchestra was in real peril at the Boston dance, and the bottle thrown in Newark simply enhanced the orchestra's bad case of jitters.

Royal said Hines was "very nervous." Royal pleaded with Hines to keep on playing in any case, but Hines was adamant.

Hines himself seized the mike and claimed that police told him to order the hall cleared. Police denied they issued any such order.

Harris was injured so slightly that he was back at the hall a short time after the guests were departing. The hall had been vacated by 12:30, a half hour after the bottle throwing.

There was no besieging of the box office. Royal was in the box office and announced he would return funds of any person holding a whole ticket. Tickets are torn upon entry of guests into the hall. Thus guests with whole tickets held evidence they had not entered the hall. Royal said he would still return money of any patron who held an entire, untorn ticket.

Daily paper reporters used their



GAS — It's the rage — escaped from a cage — just continue to gap at this page. Thanks to my many playboy socialites, debs and pugilistic friends who sent me cards, letters and telephone calls in my behalf about the recent issue on tissue.

Ernie Phillips, who is doing a Benny Goodman, mixing colored and white musicians, really comes on like shooting rockets, features "Danny Boy" Rosanno, fay, on tenor sax, and brother, Eugene Phillips, also man, gives the brass that up-lift.

The Silhouette Prom given at Hayes Park West on August 28, will be one of the frantic nites this summer. Reason: It's free with invitations. Dance by those subterranean lights, plus two swing bands, Danny Hope and Johnny Jackson, plus a floor show. Strictly summer formal. Gowns and white coats and dark pants.

Did you enjoy the Fiesta? Solids whoop and holler. 'Tis being rumored that Skateland will be altered to suit society at its best. Doc Lomax, one of those up and at them fellows in the dance world, really deserves all the credit for his try-out in the Harvest Moon ball. He is a fine fox trot specialist and a member of the D.A.S. The magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks are giving a "Yours and Mine" coming out party for those girls who are of the age to be brought in the Smart Set. Date is September 4th. The place breaks the racial barriers next week.

T. T. SOCIETY — Sweet and lovable little Alberta Sizer was married to Rudolph Valentino Stokes last Sunday afternoon, which really made a page in this year's bridal book, so here is wishing the boy and girl the heartiest and the happiest romance and may they live a million years and their love to never die. Rose Carter spent her vacation in Steubenville, Ohio. This is one of the reasons her column has been missing from this weekly. Sent regards to all. Willie Ray will always remember that "going away" party given by the lads. He will leave for the service soon. Grady Travicks, Tan Town's number one lounge lizard, will be inducted into the U. S. Army on August 24th.

These girls are a few recommended for the Girl of the Year Contest: Doris Carey of East Second Street, Plainfield, one of the most charming socialites of that area with style, sophistication, poise and loads of personality, shap and pecan colored hair; Helen Bridges of 942 East Grand street, Elizabeth, was on the Draft Board as secretary, but has accepted a position as playground teacher. We wonder where Mary Hossen Bey, half Arabian-Negro girl from Plainfield has disappeared. She is chocolate brown, skin unblemished, cold black East Indian hair, beautiful figure and perfect diction. She was a pal of Russell — believed married. Happy birthday to Ruby Wilson.

"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS: Jimson dig the mad splash 'cause I want you to dig this raid dash to the place that are the foremost spots of enterfainment in North Jersey. So strictly to you I give my choice to you as Dance Commentator. Laurel Gardens will be the play Friday, August 28, when Jimmy Lunceford, with his frantic band will blow the roof off the building. The jitterbug world will be mad, you can be assured and they promise to be on hand, so dig this issue.

Saturday, August 29th, Tan Town (Newark) to you lanes, Ann Gordon's, 25 Elizabeth avenue, will be the scene of a Collegiate Hop sponsored by the well known Playboys and Dark Counts, The Tweedsmen. Invitations are the play.

On Friday, September 4th, your boys and mine will come out with their initial affair of the year, "A Coming Out Party" at Ann Gordon's. This will be something new, so I know everyone who is someone will trek to this ultra, ultra glamour pamaramo given by the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks, the love thieves from the Gardens of Eve. Incidently, one would think I was a member of the M.W.'s. Sorry to say that this statement is not true. The Silhouette Prom is postponed to a later date.

The Plaza has engaged its son of fun, Jackie Sakie Mandville, who is being backed by Joe Crump's mad little swing combo, and spicy, nicey show, featuring Grace Smith the baby of Camp Dix. Ollie Flash Gordon, a charmer and alarmer and the gla Sal "Sugar" Payne. The Piccadilly is realy a howling dog, featuring "Spo-de-o-de," comical personality and our own Melba Smith, sweet little thing. The Pic is like cats at a jam. The Nest is always at its best, featuring the No. One Band, Pete Diggs, the rage of the age. Dig, pig, they gig. Frances, well she taps and raps until Sadie Matthews, never out of style. Songbirds and funny man, Herb Puglsey. These are a few of the tough places of amusement this week.

T. T. SOCIETY:— The Cocktail Party given by Dot Vicki Bailey of East Orange had a very elite social gathering of not more than four couples. Catherine, one of the sweetest browns in that area, Herbie Smith, president of the Dancers Appreciation Society, was the honored guest. Charlie and Annie West, the highest rated dancing girl in New Jersey, sipped and tipped until the wee hours. They say that Lenora Chavious and that handsome-looking Sergeant Jackson will make a lovely couple.

Received a card from Joe Lockhart, one of those lads in service, requested the girls to write, so I'm giin his address to those of you who are interested in doing a little USO work to help someone you know, (Private J. W. Lockhart, Co. D., 3rd B., 1st Reg., Fort McClellan, Ala.).

Winnie Johnson, beautiful peach tan, is one of those lovely girls of East Orange, who will be featured in the Girl of the Year Contest, that will start soon. So dig it, girls, for it will bring the lucky girl out. Harry Banks outdid himself Saturday nite at his farewell party. Persons present included members of the Platons, Marion Forbes, Marye Davis, John Robinson, Jerry Richard Bland, the Ashby twins, Bo. Philips, Loretta Baldwin and a host of others. The sweetest and softest girl ever touched by Buster Jamerson seems to be lovely Evelyn Wilson, 'tis said. Alice Foster is no doubt still as lovely as ever. Missed her recently. The Pic was gone Saturday nite when part of Earl Hines band were guests, including the lovely Billy Eckstine's wife. tempting and sweet.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— The South American Fiesta was wild and everyone came in style, to knock themselves out. Latins from Manhattan graced the floor when Pic Trio swayed them with rumba rhythm. "Si, Si" took all of me. Harold Collier of Platon's grooved. Jean Campbell and irresistable Kitty King looked original in costume, plus lads like Moses Squire, Louis Brown and many others whose names dig could not "Si, Si." The R.Y. studs and lassies gassed and passed Hattie Scrugs and Beulah Green, sweet and seen, arriving late, Robert Hill in still. Frank Carroll, Harold Ray of the Tweedsmen, Grace Smith, songbird, Regina Mitchner. Artist Richard LaRue Jordan, Lord Gatchet of London and George Leak captivating are a natural. Evelyn Boyden, yours and mine, John Robinson, track star, and Marion Perkins, making one of those mad flings do back to school soon, Connie Alexander, the modern playboy.

Brownie Mae McKnight with Mr. Dig Squirrel, we were in another world. Doris Jones, our California Miss of Los Angeles, glowingly said was in. Boots Saunders, di my wig, and those fazz dug gazz tough but good enough. Magnificent Wacks Julius Hewlett, John Coppock, president, Ralph McNeil, Gloria Crocker, Phyllis Brooks, Jean Brown. Jack Ethridge and Geneva Davis won the two $5 baskets of fruit that were presented to them later, dialed on mad conversationalist Dorothy Frazier, who gave one Senior a heartache. 'Twas wild and in style, so if you were not there, look forward to the next one. We will tell you about Pete Diggs' mad playing, but he was too much and played too much swing said Lonnie and Larry West. To Mrs. Jenny Leak, charming mother of a friend, "Happy Birthday."

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — Rending, bending and solid sending blew my top until I hope to drop. Pancho Diggs back after his recent tour is again raging and pagin challenes to cats who still love to swing when their jep and happy. So latch on to address and go up and dig the mess — Lincoln Hall, 118 Lincoln avenue, Orange, between Central and Main. Arizona Smith vacationing in Asbury Park really blows those tough cat's wigs. Says she sways and swings them good enough to keep. John Davison volunteered for the army and his Grace Hardy is very displeased. Vows she would marry him.

Voices in the Nite:— Leroy Harrell going South. Uncle Eddie Mosby, manager of the Pic, still a favorite among the lads and lassies. About frantic Atlantic Connie Wallace, the raid and blaze lips chick of Bob Smith. Lizzie Parker as youthful as ever. Jersey Bounce song writer, Bob Plater in New Orleans sending for his better-half. Ada McDaniels, foremost beautician in Chicken City, sponsoring well-known contest. Joe Q., heep I'm hustler and avenoo rustler and I dig those cats who know how to live, but for a drummer who gives the kicks, you don't have to cut to the sticks. Gus Young at the Alcazar, the Zoo to you, has surrounded himself with a wild extra-do-come-on horn hounds. Dig 'em.

Douglas Lett, president of the Tweedsmen, circulating like mad. Margaret Hampton, fine chicken and sticking. Beans Jackson up and coming sports writer with Charley Youngblood, sipping and tipping. Jack, life's a drag if you haven't got your swag. Says my boss'm pla, Sonny Bernard, dig the keed, cause he is keeping up with speed. The Lao Tse Club, still unknown. Harry Banks and Hattie Scruggs with charming Beaulah Green Platoon Company. A certain fay dinner spiels to Stooge Fishead that she would not put down her dark count.

Fashion Flashes are Thelma White, one of the best dressed women of our times, sighted out featuring red and black casual outfit. Buster Jamerson, model of Shanks with Herbie Smith, stout model for same store, sporting reakish yellow pants. Lizzie Moon still as sweet and hard to beat out with her love, who she will marry soon. Gloria Byrd, the latest word. Too bad about the upset of Erskine Hawkins' band accident. The offer still stands to those who are interested in writing a column. Send your name and addressto yours truly. All the lads grew quite frightened the other evening when Irvine Turner, reporter, stood stashed with pretty Carla Edwards and India Nichols, a trio that is seen often is an example of what the young Negro business man will accomplish a recognized merchant in a white location Moses Squire. All bear Golden boy titles now.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: Lillian Gilbert of West Palm Beach escorted by the lothario of our dark era, Frank Gaylaird given the spots a peak-a-boo. Lindsley Wright the modern band leader cuts a wiced caper dig me cash before I blast a nice bay. The real McCoy comes with flo-floo, the band is greatly dig em. The Hellenstic Debs Interesting Vaila Roberson, Pres., Lucille Orr conked my rib to a pink drift. In fact she is tops as a knock me around brown Secretary Calista Powell Treasury handles all green frantic to be seen. Julius Wadley Gator home on leave painting the town and laying it down looking good is a Sergeant out in the air base in Utah. Butts Brown Banquet messy with the uppercrust, doctors, lawyers, celebrities, glamour girls press. Lunceford gone like the wind in spite of his replacements. Laurel Garden a success smooth as elm wood. Jannie Gillipsie and Bill Ross sweep the 42nd club away in that bug contest. Bertha Williams and Lillian Saunders fine like good wine (Root Street) Spruce St.

FASHION FLASH: William Hutchins in neat grey white shirt bluish grey tie and note black shoes in no sin.



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS: Covering a mad field so cats come on and dig this kosher spiel "Eh" Vhe Rhythm Rockets the maddest show in town being featured your spot and mine—the Boston Plaza fall review, and new Sugar Payne grooves them hep insane versatile girl. George Rollins miracle man taps right into Intelligent peoples dancing hearts dig the lady of song wild and sweet Grace Smith the hep cats beat plus the mystery girl terrific and last but stashed in person not a moving picture Jackie Naki Sacki frantic M. C. upstairs gone. Nobby who is your hobby haberdashery coming on like mad is featuring one of the most talked aout shirts since extra large collar plus a nice celebrity selection of new style hats and those popular suspended sets . . . Wearing mine . . . "What about yours?" Let me hep you to royalty . . . Ella Fitzgerald our billion million girl of sweet heart fame will send your soul with a steady rock and roll up to your jump castle Laurel Garden, Sept. 7th. 'Twill be all reet so dig our first lady of song, in person. A new flame a new name has started a burning light, and really it is right, bathing but . . . the Boyd Casino, 70 Boyd Street A V for citory bar exclusive service, a la mode entertainment of the finest, a scholar and gentleman's proud enterprise, Irving Goldfinger, Milton Jones the young Ray Ellridge of Ernie Phipps band comes on with some horn tooting makes one diz to gas the kid Ernie and entire band will appear again at the Court St. Y.M.C.A. Sept. 3rd. So don't miss this. Gas: Mask.

T T SOCIETY: An informal birthday party was given in honor of Alvin Hayes protege of Count Basie at the residence of his very charming sister Ann Evans, 526 N. Ninth St. Tan Town musicians and guests of well known glamour girls of Montclair, Oranges and New York gave off that golden glove plus two cousin Louise Anderson, Doris Hilliard of Washington, D. C. who on the quiet arouse Buddy Newby local pugilistic gent to curiosity the 29th Sat. nit. Good luck to Charlie Conn lad who leaves soon for Camp Dix. Remember the Jep, he needs a slap or a cap. The Seventh Annual Convention of the Working Men's Association to be held at the Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston St., Newark, Friday, Sept. 11, 12, 13 will represent the delegates from 21 counties of N. J. The Union Local Singers Inc. Hairston Choralities and Dramatic Club a musical program. Welcome address by Rev. J. D. McDaniels. There will also be an old fashioned southern barbecue, ash cakes and southern fried chicken with waffles served daily at 50 cents. The Farewell for Wilson Hillery was really quite an evening Aug. 27. Thursday. Everyone enjoyed themselves until the wee hours. Guests were Sam Ellerbe, Hugh Brown, Thomas Singletary, Bettynello Hunt, Sam Malon, Laurie Ramsey and Lucille Hunt. It was a surprise given by his sister Miss Ester Hillery. Friday, Sept. 4th Ann Gordon's, 25 Elizabeth Ave., The Magnificent (Speak softly) Wacks will present their Initial affair—a coming out party designed for you lovely ladies, following out to Shady Rest Scotch Plains making their debut those girls 'Entre Nous" charming and alarming Sept. 5th. Its a date. Received word that Jack Johnson a sergeant is ill in hospital base in New Orleans. Happy birthday to Grandma Davis who celebrated at Modernistic Pic and enjoyed swing a novelty by Al Clem and Handsome Ransome. Again it is time for your scribe to help make a Golden boy announcement and honor is bestowed on a young man who no doubt is one who deserves the title, member of a fast, but last incorporated Tweedsmen Wally Taylor. Second place to one who



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS:—STASH and DIG 'cause without my wig, I'm just a bald pig. Ernie Royal, business manager of the Lincoln Civic Association knocked himself out securing Tiny Bradshaw and his mad swing band that features Newark talent such as Count Hastings, Weezel, former trumpet player of Pete Diggs' band and Davis Andrews, formerly tough man of Pete Digg's aggregation, plus Bobby Platter, writer of "Jersey Bounce." Doc Wheeler caps the lads for he has also one of Newark's home boy sax hounds, Ike Quebec, who is frantic as a titanic and plays gobs and gobs of horn, previously with the Barons of Rhythm. Jimson, this will be a nite of nites, 'cause these talented studs promist to put on a show for the home team. Date: Saturday, October 3rd at Laurel Gardens, swing center.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their countrymen, is a terrific line for Ernie Phipps, for he really came to the aid of the jitterbugs Friday nite at Skateland, which was in need of all American swing lite. Jack Howell, formerly of W.H.B.I. is the new vocal with the band of the future, which will continue to spray the bugs with rhythm every Friday evening. Dig the mess, 'cause it's at its best.

Joe Smothers is again at the Piccadilly, sending birds like to Paradise, which is nice. Al, Clem and handsome Ransom and cute le Melva Smith back. Joe the ovey Smothers.

October 4th Guliano's, North xth and Davenport avenue, will be alive with the jive when Earl Baker and his crew swing in until.

T. T. SOCIETY:—It's a rare alley that has no ash cans. Murder will out. Dig this: Two years ago Hal Mitchells' Savoy Dictators, out of curiosity recorded two unheard original compositions (Hasting and Platter) dig "Rhythm and Bugs". Tricks:—The owner of the Radio Music Shop, Mr. Lubinsky, tried unsuccessfully to interest the record moguls in these two numbers. Turned down on the theory that the band was unheard of. He persistently plugged their numoers until he found the new born Savoy Record Company, their slogan is "The best in colored bands." Overnight, the word to mouth conservations of the performances of our local boys created a demand for these two discs. The record shop is beseiged daily by the hep cats, white and colored, clammering for this usual fine record. This is only the beginning, quctes Mr. Lubinsky of the Record Shop, 58 Market street, and he welcomes all colored talent for audition. And if they come up to the usual standards they will be given a recording date with a handsome compensation.

Iva Carver and Max Gilcrest together as one doing a cafe society act last Friday evening. Whispers of bells. Wallace Taylor, golden boy of the Tweedsmen, sipping at Groves, the social center of North Jersey, along with many others. Ruth Roberts, sweetest girl in Tan Town. Clara Saunders, charming Venus Waters, Cuban lovely. Wonder what happened to Mary Davis? Nobby, the Haberdashery, who displays the new zoot shirt featuring long tapered collar, is quite the modern thing of course. The latest in hats, felt, are the "Gone with the Wind". A style that will last in every color tone, so don't let it slip and take this tip, make Nobby, your hobby. P. S.—Dig the latest leisure sport plaid jacket.

The Kappa Beta Gamma are planning a new dance early in November. Be on the alert. Congratulations to Ollie Leaner. Was nice of Gloria Bell and Julia Burrell to give the shower. Eizabeth Moon's engagement party caused quite an ado, waiting the date.

FASHION FLASH — Marie Phillips in a beige suit with kick pleats, orchid blouse and tam, black leather shoes with bak to match. LaRue Jordan in grey faint stripe suit, white button down shirt, red and black plaid tie, tan shoes, cream colored sport hat and knockabout top coat, extremely loose, patch pockets, set in large sleeves and collar, knee length.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — Sammy Cuthber seems quite lonely, girls, so why not get together and write to this wild boy who is in service—Pvt. McKinley Cuthber, Battery B, 9th A.A. Box, Fort Euster, Virginia, Newport News, Virginia. Say Jazz, dig my gazz, I'm stunned for fun when I dig Gladys Armstead keeping up with the times. Shirley Beverly and Ruby Westfield were sipping and tipping glamour paramour. Fuss, I've seen her bust. Saged by a gag. Robert Gray, after a neat bird, what a dish. Precious Louise not caught with a sneeze. Putt Thompson, young promoter, spieling. Estelle McCray, who is in to stay, knocking herself a zutty. A threesome, Leonard Johnson, Robert LaNier and frantic Louis Williams, gassing about the latest. The Rhythm Sporterees Social Club gave their last big affair. The kiddie show was gone on and on at the Nest Club. Noley Franklin, president; Marie McQueen, vice president; Esther Baldwin, Es-



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS: — It's a benefit for your soldiers and mine, so let's trilly October 13, Pete Diggs music, at Skateland. Yakomay, Chockamay and Chicken Chow Mein, dig this cats cause its hep insane. Ernie Phipps, the piano playing mastroe is there, getting in the groove to some lanes is just like Donald's ancestry in water . . . but cats here is a Jas that features the E. P. band of the future. All night long these kittens riff and never miss. Jack, they make the bugs crawl, dig, pig, there in and the modern thing.

The Dancers Appreciation Society is putting on a membership drive for their 1942-43 dance school, so dig this mess at its best, and contact the ever popular president, Herbie Smith or vice president, Buster Jamerson. "Satchel" Robinson, one of Jersey's foremost sons in the entertainment world, is coming on like dog and really comes on with his M. C. live jive at Small's. New Yorkers say he is the latest in quip to whip the blues and thats news. Vernon Biddle, who is at the piano in the Hi-Spot, spanks wicked ivories. Sweet potatoe Slim, sax hound, who is full of vim, is also appearing at the Spot. Nobby, who is the hobby of each and every fine ca,: knocked everyone out with those mad five inch collar shirts, so duck in and cop a gander, or take a peek. Dig this spiel to a couple of squares:

You Swear You're Hip

You leave a terrible opening whenever you back cap some one, and that ain't the play . . . Because he knows just what to say . . . And when he chimes in believe me, he'll always lay down some very fine spiel . . . Then there you'll be in the gleamers of the public, an unhip h— . . . You'll have to tear that opening out and fill in thatawfulgap . . . Then instead of you being drug, you'll make the other kittie look like a sap . . . But if you are hip, everything will just be dead on time . . . And both of you kitties will come on with some spiel that is mighty fine . . . So don't get all frantic when a kittie drives a stake and chime in with your lip . . . Just take it slow and dig from the rear because we know you're hip . . . Can't none of the kiddies lay down any gum beat when you're around . . . Because you'll always throw your penny in and think you're bringing 'em down.

Of course not responsible because we've been giving a tip . . . The reason why you always do this is because you swear you're hip . . . But with my boots I could lead you straight through hippsters college. Because the mush within my bumb could make you a book of hipsters knowledge . . . You should leave civilization and get out on a hip farm and cultivate hip food for your square brain. . . 'Cause I'm telling you Jack, when you fall on Slangville farm, you'll see you're just a lane.

But when you return you can fall from town to town and city to city . . . With your boots sky-high, letting the world latch on to a reform hip kittie . . . Now if you're sticky, Icky, don't dig this mess . . . "Pick up from the rear, cause the front is too strong.

T. T. SOCIETY—Sunday afternoon you and I were cordially invited to attend a Hostess Tea given by the Faithful Volunteer Club Class and distinguished glamorized the affair in the person of Ada McDaniels of the Exclusive Beauty Nook. Private Joe Lockhart, who is stationed at Fort McCullen, is doing fine in the Medical Corps. The Invaders Social Club of North Newark will sponsor its next social October 17 at 28 Chester avenue. James Deck, Herman Jones, members of the Silver Spurs with Myrtle Meeks, Genevieve Epperson, lovely Mary Halsey and Booker Washington are quite a gay group of playboys and glamour girls.

Cabs come and cabs go, but for service in a hurr call Market 2-6480, Cab 585. Voices cry out in the night for the promised affair to be given by the Kappa Beta Gamma early in November. Mr. Clifford Holmes, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. has departed, but many of the young men who admire and respect him will always remember his easy going, well-mannered ways, a real credit to the youth of today. Reindeer Rest will echo October 30-31 and the 1st of November when three nites of fasty gayiety will be yours.

FASHION FLASH: — Savoy Shorty in greyish stripe tweed suit, white and green stripped shirt, gray hat, black shoes. Lillian Cox in red flannel dress, black hat, black leather shoes with red bows and her glamorous self strolling on Sunday afternoon.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Evelyn Boyden shouts "Hello", gigging in a defense plant. James Melvin and Ben Whitaker, New Jersey's No. One Playboys, are still as strong as ever, 'tis being whispered by a few of those chorus girls at the Apollo. A flash before the Crash—Thelma Anderson, Albert Simmons and Leon Blackwell knocking themselves out at the Pic. P. S.—Those kids who continue to browse into the liquid nite spots better be careful. The A. B. C. officers are making arrests left and right. Bob Alves, the Dark Count, is carrying a military secret in a skirt, dig deep its hard to keep.

Rufus Jones is the new president of the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks. John Coopock and Carl Trainor are in the Army. Evelyn Champion, the sweet petite elite Miss is among the missing. Lilburn Hurdle, a Townsmen, homping and stomping. Margaret Johnson so gleams the look in her eye. Babs Brown is cut in California in a hospital recovering from an appendectomy operation. Henry Polite, a glamour boy with the golden voice is still a favorite. Ever meet Gertrude Jackson? The golden boy of the month is Jasper Brown, a lad who comes on with the best No. 2 is Harold Collier of the Platoons. Meet them and greet them. Ruth Plamer is sweet like turkey meat. Arlene Mitchell is working at the Boogie Woogie Club in Long Island, a raptuous yellow-mellow song bird. Gus Dawson is one mild, but in style, stud who is back in town. Harry Sykes some missed you. Dig squirrel, I'm another world.

Dig my beans, I'm up in dreams. Louise Hawkins and Lawyer Lomav, Doc to you, have signed with Frank Rocco as our foremost ball room dancers. Two bits of stunning perfection on a dance floor. Dig the new peats with vest attached, Come one, come all, for your fall suits or top coats and demand to be served by your Tiny Prince.



GAS:— Baby, baby, give me some corn, 'cause I'm a country boy without the McCoy. The season in club time is radiantly alive with jive. The Silver Spurs — Cevaliers Riding Club are knocking themselves a Saturday nite hop October 17, at the YMHA, High and WeWst Kinney Streets, and every son and daughter of nobility promises to be there, so we will be digging you.

Ernie Royal's Civic Lincoln Association will appreciate remembering that Andy Kirk and his Clouds of Joy will breeze into Laurel Gardens on Hallowe'en nite and that's a date to get straight frantic. Lennie Martin, the boy who plays "Out on the Skirts of Town,' and Lappie, the bad section man and Ernie Phipps groovey band will play the Opera House in Bayonne the 25th, matinee, from 3 to 8, so join this lesson and keep messin'. Have you ever ate a good snak where the food was delicious and home like? If not, drop in at 171 Belmont avenue to the Princess Lunchroom and dig the neatness at its best. The Social given by Blue Singelton on October 17th promises to be a sender-bender. The Guardsmen of New York, are sponsoring a wild sport hop on October 16th.

Gus Young, the maddest drum beating lad over at the Alcazar, the Zoo to you, is still sending huge audiences who have standing room only. The Savoy Records are fine as wine, and I'm mad about their slogan, "The best in colored bands." All you studs who have extra pennies should join up with poor little me. Send a card to Martin Block, Steve Ellis, Allan Courtney, Symphony Sid, demanding to hear "Rhythm and Bugs" by the Savo Dictators, a Savo Record. Clarence Hayes seems to be doing all right. He was down to the Elks Ballroom surrounded by fay chicks digging Don Redmond.

T. T. SOCIETY:— Grove's Pharmacy, the social center of Tan Town, was packed to capacity last Tuesday evening. Mary Patterson with eyes of love with a certain you know who. Bobby Peal, heart breaker, Clara Saunders, the charming. William Squire, the latest member to join the D.A.S., plus Ida Mae Farrell and guest. Frank Carroll and Wally Taylor, two Golden Boys and Lathario Harold Ray discussing unofficial business. DeWitt Allison, who is the president of the Hunton Hi-Y, informs you that on October 30th they will present a Pre-Hallowe'en Dance, no costume, at the YMCA on Court Street. Lenora Chavious has been seen around very seldom since her love, the handsome Sergeant, left for parts unknown. Jersey City glamour girls are off to college. Known persons among those to return are Miss K. Douglas, Jean Still, back to Virginia State; Miss Mayetta Nicholson left for Wilberforce, a few gentlemen who left were Carl Monroe and John Lipson, Carl Thomas, who plans to take over the campus in one week. H. B. Scott plans to leave for the Air Corps soon, he said. Of course those Englewood and Montclair girls will see more of playboy Charles Alston since he has the town to himself.

Sara Robertson, a sweet child. Congratulations to Evelyn Gramby of Morristown. She was in town and enlightened Yours Truly to her wedding date. George and Lizzie Moon window shopping. Love is just everything. Freddy Gray, No. 1 Playboy of Newark, moved to Brooklyn last week and the town talks on. Bob Alvez, the dark count, Loretta Dunn, Audrey Dunn of Hackensack, Ray Alexander with Adeline; Mary Baskerville looking for her loved one at the Battle of Swing. A peek at the YMCA: Jerry Bland, Venus Waters, Hattie Scruggs, looking for Wally, Larry West, Clara Saunders, Charlotte Holmes and petite and elite little Gloria Crocker.

FASHION FLASHES:— Chauncey Talbot, playboy, promenading around town wearing grey suit, white shirt, lavender tie, Duke of Kent black hat and shoes, topped with a long roll salt and pepper tweed topcoat. Regina King, the lady of the hour of William M. S., Heart, wearing what one believes to be a white wool with red designs, red shoes, red pill-box hat to match. Stunning.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— Charlie Youngblood, with a frantic Atlantic frail. The Pic tough as ever. Gladys Armstead fine as Roman Wine. Drip and Drop, but don't let it stop. Cash for my trash before we clash. Gone on and on. Gladys Cooper of Steuben street, East Orange. Gus Young, the King of the Skins, loses four pounds a nite at the Alcazar. Dig him. Work is real. Turned down a moving picture offer. The man of the hour. Grady Travicks, the lounge lizard in 4-F rejected and the ladies are happy again. Marion Perkins drops a line and hopes everyone is fine — a lovely girl. Annie Mae Hall, the girl who taps into your heart, seen here and there. That very hep waiter at Boston Plaza is named Tommy. Lillian Hamilton, tall, teasing brown, still puts it down. Dig me. Scrap me for a grape I'm no ape. Madeline Wilson and sister, Evelyn, are sweeter than angels. Rare beauty good enough to keep. The girl of the week's picture, India Nicholson of Jersey City.

The sport dance, sponsored by the NAACP Youth Council with Ernie Phipps band was wild and everyone was kicking up their heels. Life was gone to a party. Persons in the known were Jean Brown, yellow-mellow; Henry Powell of M. speak softly Waccks, Ralph McNeil, Antonio Jordan, Venus, glamour, Waters, a news hound, my girl friend, Evelyn Boyden, Larry Ray, Bob Alves, dark count upon his mount, President Rufu Jones, Katherine, "Kitty" King, charming alarming Helen Goode of Belleville, and Jimmy Wadley holding hands. William golden boy Colier, June Johnson, Dorothy Pines, Ruby Sams, Thelma Pines, Inez Johnson from Montclair. Everybody was sticking like a chicken. Leonard Hurd, the business manager of the D.A.S., spieling like a dog. Yes, Jack, the YMCA was gone for a night, hep and gassing wee into the night. Teeny Bumpass with extra do-come-on style. Annie West and athleen of Orange.

P. S. Watch for that mad Amateur Nite at the YMCA, featuring something new, November 6th. Watch the wind its in.



GAS:—Night shades and dark shades andd dark shades are the right shades. Dig me? Many places of entertainment are becoming grovey as a movie, so cats cop a gander and meander to the hepest frolics of Tan Towners. October 31 Andy Kirk and his Clouds of Joye will rock Laurel Garden until the lights are low. Be sure and note the reed section. To the first twenty persons sending in the top of this column will receive through return mail—a half-price ticket.

Young band with a riff meaner than any swing—talk of the young hep cats. Yes, you've guessed it . . . that's right . . . Ernie Phipps and his band of the future. Opened for engagements. Contact 58 High street or Yours Truly. The Flamingo's Conga Club presents three nites of swing carnival, featuring Bermuda's Boston Trio from the Orchid Room in Harlem at the Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston street, Friday October 30, Saturday, 31, and Sunday, November 1.

Doc Lawyer Lomax, the top-flight ballroom dancer is rehearsing to perfection and I, as dance commentator, really can assure you he has something. Symphony Sid, the cat from Madrid, Radio Station WHOM, hep M. C. will be the center of attraction for a nite Halowe'en. Dig what I mean? With a too tough jam band, so come out and shout what it is all about. "Yeh" Man, here's what I'm snitching a boot cause it's root. A all-lovely girls riding club called the Calvachetts A. G. C. wil open in November, with headquarters in Montclair. The members are June Johnson, president; Dorothy Pines, vice president; Ruby Sams, secretary; Thelma Pines, treasurer. Other members are Inez Johnson, Julia Blackwell, Isdell Cobb and Mary Johnson. If you have nothing to do on Sunday evening, why not cut up to Guliano's North Sixth and Davenport avenue, 7:30 until ?

FASHION FLASH:—Rolletta Smith in the 5th avenue latest amazing lavender velvet dress and hat, black shoes and swank bag, gloves of black and silver fox chubby. Leonard Hurd in new royal blue strip suit, two button, white Duke of Kent shirt with blue tie, black shoes, no hat, also eyeing our ladies on parade.

T. T. SOCIETY:—November 6th Yours Truly will M.C. the amateur night at the Y.M.C.A., Court street. Be sure to be there. Two prizes will be given away, so if you can sing or dance, play a musical instrument and wish to enter the gaiety and fun, give your name to Mr. Jackson. Things might come and they might go, but I know you and I will always remember those ladies who did their share in real patriotic style. The Volunteer War Service Committee cabaret benefit dance enlightened and awoke those who were asleep. Celebrities like Joe Crump and his band, Grace Smith, Nakie little Jackie in the groove, Herbie Puglsey, Mrs. Rhapsody, Pete Diggs, Joe Turner, Henry Polite, the Picadilly Pipers, Hi-Spot Trio, plus glamour girls and the best. Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Orie Walker in uniform, Carrie Cawthorne, Harry Caldwell, mad fashion plate with Pope, his buddy, Miss Mabel Lee as frantic as she could be with Bob Queen, Mrs. Reeves looking like a page from Vogue Magazine, Roger Tucker, Gus Young on the drums with showmanship Alcazar band, Albernie Jones, torch singer, with their house M. C., Mrs. Pancho Diggs, Dewey Ackerson, Jersey's foremost free lance photographer in uniform: Rose Alexander, June and Julia, tall lovelies, in company with Catherine Cooper. Sunduke in neat plaid, Rene Starks milliner with the cream of gay society and hubby, Lou Blackmon, Thelma Ward, Gus Dawson of th Magnificent Speak Softly Wacks, Lillian and Susie Hockday, the Doctor Groves, Mary Pitts and Ray Alexander of the Tweedsmen circulating. Leroy Jones as always, quite, Gladys Cooper, Wendy Felton, Jasper "Golden Boy" Brown. Everyone really enjoyed themselves. This is only a few of who was who.

Spectators view of the Guardsmen's Hop from Jersey were Henry Houeston, lovely Marion Jones, Frank Carroll in green sharkskin suit looked exceedingly well with glamorous Emma Kaey, Wally "Golden Boy" Taylor with Hattie Scruggs, Harold Ray with his beautiful Mary Davis of Summit. Her sister, Julia, wit han unknown from Plainfield. I wonder if our "Billy," who is in the Army is being missed?



GAS: — Pete Digg's trio grooving the Pic like a nutty frappe. Dig them for a nite cap. Come on and skip and take a nap if you're hipped. Lionel Hampton, the flying home genius, will make his first appearance in Tan Town, Newark, to squares and bears. Early black-out, January 30th is the date. Cats, don't wiggle and giggle, cause he is one mad Daddy of Music. If it's cold out—come on over to Laurel Garden, 457 Springfield avenue, Newark, to rock and shout. Skin Brother Hampton's band is in, and it promises to be hotter than Hades, without shades. Knock this issue on tissue into your cranium, and I know you will come on a-igging and playing.

The latest for your dancing and listening please in records are sold by G. & R. Korn Company, 162 Prince street. Dig the best Lunceford new and old, Count Basie the man that's rhythm crazy; Louie Jordan, the cat that's grooving Bordens; Erskine Hawkins, who's trumpet talks in each and every fine record. All of these can be found at G. & R. Dig 'em.

"See See Rider" with Bea Booze; "That Ain't Right", King Cole Trio; "When the Lights Go On Again", Lucky Millinder; 627 Stomp, Pete Johnson; "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," Ink Spots, "Traveling Light, "Billy Holliday; "Boogie Woogie Cocktail," Andy Kirk; "Pete's Mixture", Pete Johnson, "I Get The Neck of the Chicken", Cab Calloway—are the first ten songs of the week in Tan Town.

FASHION FLASH: — Rollette Smith in black Chesterfield with velvet collar, white scarf, sailor black hat, black shoes and bag, featuring a fine hair roll. Miss Jimmy Lee Warren, attired in brown double-breasted overcoat, a mannish porky and wine light shoes. Frantic Grady Travick, lounge lizard in plaid brown jacket, blue flannel slacks, blue stripped snap collar shirt, yellow vest sweater, brown and white loafter shoes, as such when last seen. Nobby, the lad who is our hobby, comes on of late with something wild and in style—madder than mad plaid knock about shirts—a preview of spring and those ever popular Homburg hats. We won't mention those accessories, sweaters, flannel shirts, scarfs and gloves—the real McCoy.

T. T. SOCIETY: — That surprise party for Miss Norma Lett was something to remember. Alfonso Cortes, the Latin-American youth who still causes a rumpas in certain ladies hearts, when he returned to his home town. 'Twas said that the send-off party for Hank Powell and Jimmy Adams, two lads who will be long remembered by all of us, by the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks was as can be imagined, ultra modern and strictly elite. The young ladies hearts are all a-flutter and they stutter when discussing the Wacks affair at Ann Gordon's on February 6th.

Cootie Williams is no doubt imbedded in everyone's mind as the greatest trumpet player and showman of all times. In spite of the small audience, he was at his best. He will appear at the Apollo this week. Persons enjoying themselves were Mary Walter Costella and Harry Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs., looking fine as ever; Buddy Newby, Frank Carroll, golden-boy; Louise Kersey, Melvin Michael, Bernice Parker—and those young graduates—Rose Love, Ann Hurn, Patrick Turner, James Stevens, Louise Anderson, Louise Brown, Gloria Crocker, really a sender—Adia McDaniels, one of the finest beauticians in the city, who grooves heads left and right, despite the fact that numerous ladies are joining the Wacks, Waves and Spars. The Captivators will probably enroll your heart at their benefit January 29th at Clinton Manor, a welcomed cause so be on hand and musty and not so huskie. So don't treat me rough, but dig this stuff. Clarence Hayes, the man behind the glasses, just sasses and gasses and making passes. The tempting, teasing, pleasing chick of the week is Rogeline Hazelwood, with her glamorous sister, Mrs. Josephine Lewis. Riding a car today is like eating cavair in 1929—something odd. Do you dig, "Pard." Roselle Reid, the bannayellow of Private Albert Brown, seems to be sharing an interest in Erskine Hawkins Band. Step this way my Lindy-lew—cause honest, I'm not igging you. The Patriotic Nine matinee sip is January 31 at the Ambassador. Jimmy Simmons making strides as come-back man about town. Venus Waters seems to have gone in hiding. The Barons of Rhythm are opened for engagements. See Thomas Swangin of 213-18th avenue—So gate dig me straight—dug one of the Pine twins of Vaux Hall. Doris Jones and not alone—Ida Mae, sweet bits of Freddy Gray. Sights Seen: Waddell Smith, fine as fancy candy—Margaret Wadley around rather nice and on ice—Dark Count breaking up an affair—Jerry Bland still okay with the ladies. Sorry to hear that Mrs. Reeves favorite Nest Club is on the blink. It's had to think. Sparks—skin me Boots—trim so what's the dirk under a clean shirt.



GAS: — Scream and Shout. Let me boot you to what it's all about. The Dance Carnival is about to start. Yes — keeds, chicks and lovers of the hep side, the land is back. Your movie groovey Golden Boys and Girls of the week will be picked from there.

February 13th, Saturday night, the Savoy Sultans your creators of jump rhythm, will groove Tan Town, featuring Ruddy on tenor and he is so mad — he's crazy . . . plus Razzy on drums and their sending romp and stomp. Dig 'em. Your truly is selling advanced tickets. A treat that's neat. Dig you like a day in June at Skateland, 58 Montgomery street, Newark.

Spiel you heel . . . "Skee" you flea its me. Pork Chops and greasy greens, will be something you'll see in Museums. The Draft Board has me at its beck and call—so I'll dig you call, 'cause I'm going somewhere with the morale corps of Uncle Sam. Now that I've come from the West and bust my vest, let's get on with the mess.

What it's all about—say cats, coop a gander at the G. & R. Korn Company, 162 Prince street, Record Review. Dig "em — they're new:

1—"I Get the Neck of the Chicken", Cab Calloway; 2—"Boogie Woogie Cocktail", Andy Kirk; 3—"Pete's Mixture", Pete Johnson! 4—"'Travelin' Light", Billy Holiday; 5—"'Don't Ge' Around Much Anymore", Ink Spots; 6—"627 Stomp", Pete Johnson; 7—"When the Lights Go On Again", Lucky Millinder; 8—"That Ain't Right", King Cole Trio; 9—"Flying Home", Lionel Hampton; 10—"See See Rider", Bea Booze.

Snap back and cap—don't be no sap. The Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wack at Ann Gordon's, the glamour sepia panarama, February 6th. Skin it—will be in. Bonny Banks, alias Melba Smith knocks a zutty to a smutty at the Pic. Cab Calloway down at the Adams Theatre until Thursday.

FASHION FLASH: — Miss Ruby Davis, the lady featuring red dress trimmed in black, black bag and shoes, glamorized Clinton Manor. The tough lad, Westly Cox's brown suit, tan sport shirt, with figured brown tie, brown kid gloves, brown shoes, Homberg hat, blue overcoat. About town—Dorothy Frazier in fur coat — Emma Smith in slacks, John Williams in brown suit.

Rene Starks is resenting her annual Fashion Show with her new addition — Men's Fashion Flashes for '43. As last year, Leonard Hurd, Buster Jamerson, Herbie Smith, president of the D. A. S., Moe Squire and a few of the best dressed young men will model the latest.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Saturday night, 23, the surprise farewell party given for a charming young lady, Miss Norma Lett, was really an evening of gaiety. Those present were Emma Kaye, the Ashby twins, Marion Jones, Mary Baskerville, Frank Carroll, Freddy McCain, Harold Ray, Wallace Taylor, Earl Patterson, Bernice Lett, Christella Ashby, Isham Jones. A nite with the social elite.

The Dancers Appreciation Society put on a show that had zip and rip down at the Continental Ballroom—a dance given by the Court Dar-Ann Schwarz Memorial, No. 905 Independent Order of Foresters. "Blue" Singleton knocked everyone out as the ever hep M.C. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddy Jackson did a waltz and fox trot that drew rounds of applause. But nothing was complete until Fred "Cooter" Middleton and Everlyn Jones, Leonard Hurd and Katherine Derry and Buster Jamerson with Annie West laid down their best in that jive and slide — Lindy Hop. Yes sir, they really came on.

A sneak view into the Essex House revealed Kathrine Wooten serving on the Walter Kiddie Committee in a lovely white gown, speckled in shiny black spangles. The white and colored mingled like Democracy should. Carolyn Jones in red sport outfit, our bosom pal, Jack Arnold Press, O'fay band leader looking super in tails, plus his lovely wife who incidentally sings with the trio; Oliver Precoia, George Hardon, Mr. and Mrs. Ryans, Joe Stanford, Willie Williams, Geraldine Wallace sipping and tipping. I can not tell if it was raining, snowing or what for it was like a balmy summer nite.

January 29th when I tripped through the portals of Clinton Manor to send myself among the Captivators . . . I saw many exotic ladies. Gloria Smallwood and James Pettiford, Johnny Jackson drove the guests wild with his solid-sending riffs. Bob Taylor rendered the vocals — also Albinnie Jones, Alcazar blues singer. Society tables galore. Miss Willa Howard, Mrs. Simmons, Miss Howard, Miss Ruby Davis, Mr. Leroy Harper at the bar gazed and was amazed. Dark Count Bob Alves escorting Eleanor Parry, Bing Brown, our boy with tantalizing voice with Miss Blango and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, fine people. Sweet as ever, gay Mary Backerville and her charming mother, Mrs. Baskerville.

Harold Majors busy like a bee. Frank Carroll and North Newark's Emma Kaye, Detective Norris really tripped the gay fantastics with form and fashion. Louis Pitts and guest at the table of Mrs. Lillian Lawrence on hubby's borthday, with those picture girls, the Wilson sisters; Eulie Ferguson, Gus Dawson and Julius Hewlett, Golden Boys of the Wacks. Leroy Anderson, tripping in after 12, just in from Carnegie Hall, New York City to see Larry Adler and Paul Draper. Margaret Costly, Sally Adeline Gatlin, Ann Garry, Julia Burrell, the lady from Savannah, Thelma Howard, fine as wine. Gone and on.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — — "Ultra, ultra" dig my wig — you plum for fun a light scuffle and shuffle. Oliver Baker, the Montclair promoter, swears that the Ellington Concert was something beyond the common masses. In other words, Black, Brown and Beige was the "tone parallel, the History of Negro in America" a symphonic creation, gone on a fling. Stash your frank — and not with pain. Marshall Cooper, the Daddy Kid, taunting his tongue in liquid.

Groves Pharmacy, the hide-out of the small fry, added another tantalizing lovely thing to its already long list—Jean Clark. I dig you wolves in Shanks Clothes. You sons of fun — like Golden Boy Frank Carroll, Lin Wright, Mitchell Kelly, Fred Middleton and maybe yours truly, leave Feb-

ruary 12th. Marion Perkins vacationing between semesters at Raleigh, North Carolina, frantic and fine and I'm not blind. Hold my cash—but don't you dash. Johnny Wright, noted beatuician, baptised Sunday. Wonder who was the Gorgeous Conn. queen answering to the name of Doris.

My, my, look at the sky — dig the Shady lady. Haven't seen Lena Butts of Jersey City. Sock me for a tomato and cook me like a potatoe. Received world from Carlie Benefield living in Washington, D. C. married and going great. Who is the stud who continues to joy ride. License X-L 709-N.J.? Blitzkrieg Rose Carter is looking well these days — a lady not naughty or naughty. Riffs are melting and the Manhattan Demons riff are melling and they turned out to be just a dream. Did you cats ever get a gap at Nappy Mille from— who is not from Philly. Can you record? Lay the jive on the board and your boy with the flame will take your name. In other words, I'll collar if you follow. Want to be my guest. Then dig this mess. Write me a nice letter with news of your dancing shoes and the one of the week can write Tiny Prince Spiels — one week — and go to every known affair in town. On the cuff—isn't that enough? I'll be looking—so keep cooking.



GAS—Sixty days—that's me—I'm gone. Dig this issue, cause it might be one of my last on tissue. This month this columnist will celebrate the second anniversary of the "Tiny Prince Spiels" in a shindig that will feature name celebrities and bands and your Girls of the Week as hostesses. So be sure and be on the look-out for your invitation—airmail. 'Twill be something and I can always remember.

Variety is the spice of life and something new and different we all realie is a creative suggestion—and why should we be fed the same thing for our money time and time again? Aren't we modern? It was with this thought in mind that Yours Truly as Dance Commentator decided that Tan Town (Newark) should dance to a few of those big named O'fay bands that we race down to the Adams Theatre to see, like Tommy Dorsey, Tony Pastor, Benny Goodman or Gene Kruppa. Yes sir, our promoters should know what we want. So you and you and you send me a penny post card telling the the O'fay band you would like to hear. In repayment, when I receive complimentary tickets, you people sending in those cards will be the first one to get them.

The Savoy Sultans groove a wild tune. Al Cooper and his original creators of Jump. The band that has stormed New York is an old story. Local boys make good in the big city. Yes sir, it's the one and only Sultans. Say, have you ever heard Brother, the bass fiddle player, pluck? Pops, it's really fine. Then take our boy, Ruddy, he is tenor sax man with a style that is unique. The new number they groove is Body and Soul. Jack, when you dit it with your love in your arms, as as a last chance you'll thing you are heaven sent. Plus a few sprinkled, brilliant sweet numbers—mid a dash of their romp. "Raz", the unpredictable drummer, who has more drive than 80 horsepower, kills you with that flashing personality. In all, it is one grand little band. 'Tis rumored that shortly this entire aggregation will be united in Uncle Sam's forces—so yours truly advises you to dig them this time with your N. J. Golden Boys and Glamour Girls of the week, like the popular Katherine King. Don't be late—get yours and be straight. The advance tickets are going fast and we don't predict how long they will last. Skateland, 58 Montgomery street, Newark, will undergo a slight renovation for the Dance Carnival "Swing Fiesta". lso watch for the next attraction—Tony Pastor. The Slogan: "A Price that's nice."

FASHION FLASH: — Vogue sublime: Annie West graciously attired in a canary yellow wool dress, black hat, veil, shoes, ear rings and black bracelet, mur jacket and black gloves. Babe Sims, the lad that's mad, in grey chalk stripe, grey shirt, rend unfurled print tie, grey Homburg, black shoes, black overcoat, red scarf. Ray Alexander in Officer's uniform, Virginia Wise in a light blue basket weave slack suit, something ultra grand with Sultan Peg. Watch this young lady—she has her own style to offer. George Fair in cordoroy D. B. dark brown coat. Cats dig the hats which are the finest in the land—Harvard, 46 Market street and Homburgs. Pardner, your wardrobe will not be complete. Your noggin is straight when it has one. "The Mad Hatter."

T. T. SOCIETY:—On aftermath, still pictured without a camera. Ambassador Hall filled with charming personalities. Irvine Turner the cynosure of all the females, knocking himself a slight bit of a mild cocktail. Johnny Jackson and combo featuring Bob Taylor, rendering smooth sweet toneful melodies in varies styles—something new and fine to hear. Mr. Malloy, manager of the Heranld News, out after a recent cold.

The Patriotic Nine gazed until the flash light of this camera startled them. This was their first affair. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Harold Collier, Staff Corporal; Venus Waters, Marie Johnson, Wally Taylor, the last of the Tweedsmen; with Hattie Scruggs, Benny Jenkins, vocalist dropped by for a chat; Rufus Jones, president of thoose Magnificent Wacks, and Richard Bland. Mrs. Celeste Powell and Katherine Walton of the Hellenstic Debs.

Last Sunday Miss Audrey White, former stor of the Onyx Club, and Symphony Sid, were the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes Roy, at their Hollywood home in North Newark. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hurd. Every good church-going person enjoys a good quartette—so why not listen or purchase this religious favorite by the Silver Echo? The Phalanx Girl is Dolores Pina. Here is wishing Clarence Baskerville a speedy recovery. Tavern curfew now 2 o'clock. One can not forget the youthful mother of Florence Catlin at her farewell spree. Also Happy Birthday to Mrs. Mickey Reed—a delightful person.

The Wacks (Speak Softly), private Casual Thing through my eyes. Elaine Jordon one who should be kind enough to stop pestering George Fair. Marcella will not tolerate long unquestionable eyes following you at New Jerseys frantic affair. Babes Jackson gone like mad. The Lin Wright table graced with two quarts of champagne, Eleanor Cousin of Washington and Herbert Davis of New York and the lady, Burnell Hammid, wearing orchids. Doris Minfee of Montclair's party for Ruth Smith and Georgiana Martin. John D. Lopey, Lucille Orr, Bertha Brown, Pearl Lowe, Leo Mann, Jacob The Swanksman table was adorned with food, Jimmy Nelson, Gwen Williams, Bonnie Rose,, John Foster. Phalanx—tempting Hazel Enell, Margaret Clark, William Self, Theophilus, Lucas, Charles, Cleo Singleton, Mary Davis. Table—scotch. Miss Wilson, George, Mary Davis, Korean of Newark, Pearl Freeman, Martha Reffiner, Joe Epps, Alfreda Perry. The Tate Table: James Hill, Mary Tate, Ruth Gray. Low Blakely, Virginia Murphy, Margie McClammy, Alphronia Bascamb, looking mad, Heien Miller of Jersey City; Helen Wilds, Carolyn Jones, Louis Money, sweet darling Norma Lett and charming delightful Mary Baskerville and Venus Berryman, a lovely personality.

Belton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mitchell, Leslie Hurdle, Elizabeth Johnson, Ella Mosley, D. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Woodock, John Coopock, former president of the Wacks, Dot Powell, Iris Pettiford, sweet; Bill Daroen, Alice Jackson, Larrie West, Emma and Julia Kaye, Frank Carroll, Ethel Ashby, wearing the Doug Lett diamond engagement ring; Patriotic Nine, Jerry Bland, Wally Taylor, Harold Ray, Jimmie Lee Goring, Gladys Cooper, Gwen Folkes, Mary Petterson and Zorita. 'Twas too much for the fever and everyone will remember it as a treasurer.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Swing, swing, come out by birds and scan these words. Mrs. Reeves Nest Club, ultra fine lights and new tables—show wild and exciting. Sadie Matthews in like a little bird. Mae Darling returned from South Carolina to join the show—visited her soldier husband. She is a neat vocalist as is Joe Timmons and comedy man Herb Puglsey, Annie Mae Hays with her educated feet and Joe Gregory, M. C. tops your evening plus inviting a dance band and drinks at moderate prices. Easy greasey, cop a breeze. High Spot trio will wax a duce of numbers. Jean Clark in Bordentown. Sweet kid. Bug night—'ts right—Pancho Diggs, king of sfing. 'Twas rumored will be featured at a Down Town movie. "Groovey." Ann Hilliard, Dorothy and Thelma Pines, Evelyne Greene—bust my conk — when Lionel Hampton drew out all the lanes from the grassy sprains (Country or farms) to you. Moses Matthews with the glamour girl Katherine Kline, George "Esquire" Alford. Dig Him. Bill Guyton, Eddie Mack, sharp as a tack, Clarence Baskerville, love thief, and Leon Gibbons, wild but in style. Mrs. Betty Garnett of New York, trembling chocolate dip. Trespassing Mrs. Thelma Tucker—quite a sight that nite. Edith Lovett and John Jones bugging rugging. Jazz the splaz—catch the wiggle on a jane that's hep insane Ethel Strange—gone like smokey cold. Igg and dig—but these two will blow your wig. meat. Duke Parham piano playkeling down to barbecue some meat. Duke JParham piano player of Pancho, now rivetting for Brewster—but he can't fly—but still beats a box until it cries. Was Cab a mess? at his best. A zoot suit for a crazy boot. Al Henderson back in town to stay. Things not killey-dilley with Pic Pipers. Also the way a certain local paper in location attacks nite club proprietors can be sure they don't know the particulars of the case. A safe bet: Bonnie Davis Trio No. 9 on Allen Courtney's Hit Parade. Bonnie Banks—Melba Smith—"Don't Stop Now." G and R. Korn Company—dig its latest next issue on tissue.



GAS: Recommend to you, Mr. and Mrs. Intelligence: — Gas and be Stashed, 'cause they are wild in the style. The maddest show in town. Yes, "The Rhythm Rockets," so tough and good enough for yours truly to sit and sight. Grace Smith, the song bird of classics and swing for your pleasure; George Rollins, the miracle man of "42' who puts down too much leather for the average male hoofer in this town, and "Sugar" Payne, the hot pepper from Spain. Nacki-Sacki-Jackie, the top kick, is "in there." He really drives the patrons wacky with his sacky B. S. antics. Joe Crump, the band of a thousand themes, is behind this terrific show. Gas and passes sends your soul with a rocky-roll when you hep. Shady Rest still at its best, blew smoke rings a duce of weeks ago when its attendance shattered all records, due to the appearance of Slim Sax hound, formerly of the Heat Waves.

For service in a hurry call Market 2-6480, cab 585, finest in the town for your gold. Young musicians come and go, but here is a lad we all should know. Tram Morris, ace trombonist now with Ernie Phipps Band of Tomorrow, will shortly be inducted into the Army as one of Uncle's orphans in musical corps. This band is the only one in Jersey featuring white and colored musicians together successfully. For engagements contact Ernie Phipps, 58 High Street, Newark.

The head chick spieled about the frantic way the Nest Club has renovated its glamour room with modern fixtures, to send you into a lighted Paradise. Sokey McAllister the newest personal skit on Scats with Chit and Chat as your M.C.; Mae Darling, canary chirps like an Island lass on Parade. June, the glamour girl of Barclay Street and Mamie from Somerset Street, some of the lovelies seen tipping and sipping with our boy the congenial Mattie Alston, host at the Alcazar, spot owned by Pop Durham, the distinguished N. J. baseball fan.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Jasper Brown, one of the popular young men about town is really stirring up quite a deal of talk among the uppercrust when he requests the honor of over five hundred to his birthday party on Tuesday, September 15th, featuring music by the Pic Pipers. The Entre Nous Sport Prom topped the social world on Saturday nite.

TO THOSE WHO WROTE Regarding the Herald News Writers' Guild, I have received your letters and will contact you as soon as possible.

Friday evening will mark the opening of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Working Men's Association at Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston Street. It will convene Friday, Sept. 11, Saturday, 12th, and Sunday, 13th, and representative delegates from twenty-one counties will be present. There will also be an Old Fashioned Southern Fried Chicken, Barbecue and Ash Cake, Waffles served daily.

The Farewell Party for Elwood Dean, the communist, was a stronger than ever mixed affair, and still proves more than ever that together it can be. Mr. Holmes, the secretary of the Court Street YMCA, a young man who is admired and respected by all who know him, will soon be off to Officers Training School for that course. Here is wishing Louis Manuel Blakely a complete and speedy recovery from his recent acute appendicitis operation. I received your letter and will print your poem, Private Joe W. Lockhart, and will someone tell Leila Murphy that I asked about her and expect to see her soon. To Mrs. Daisy King, lovely mother of a friend, wishing you a speedy recovery from your recent leg injury.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— Celeste Jones seen about town. Zutly, sputly, the jive is smutty but nutty. Lately seen digging cool spell, oh well, summer is creeping fast, chippies will be ankling to and fro and if you don't have to go, come down to Shanks and dress up in the million dollar ranks. Demand to be served by Yours truly, only Negro salesman downtown. Dig those plaids, browns and grays in lounges and drapes. Harlem glamour gals are featuring their short rabbit furs (chubby coats) from well-known Jump Steady companies (dealers in fur) and really are putting the dog to that defense work, so cats equip them to whip 'em.

J. Burrell, Jr., doing a mad spot like Alladin's Lamp. Shift 'cause I've caught another grip. Hortense Marshall, charmer spieling to a nice love thief at the Picadilly. Lucky Millinder and band, plus the Ink Spots will appear downtown at the Adams on Friday, the 11th. Mamie Brown is still putting it down. 'Tis being said by my stooge Fishhead that the Tweedsmen have given their last affair for the duration of the war, as all members will be inducted soon.

Laura Mitchell, who has given her best in the entertainment world, has retired from it all. Hal Mitchell, her No. 1 trumpeter husband, will soon be on his way to California with Benny Carter and also Teddy Brannon. Loretta Payton, Mae Wiggins are guests of Rose Carter. They are from Stuebenville, Ohio. Jimmy Simmons, former nite lifer, now in service, stationed at Fort Dix. Promoted to an officer. Going cave man. The Platons promise to present one affair that will be long remembered soon. Leroy Harrell sent a card to all of his friends from Whitaker, North Carolina, where he is vacationing. Harold Collier and Doris Womack seem to be in the other world when together. Earl Bakers combo coming in on rifts and tifts.

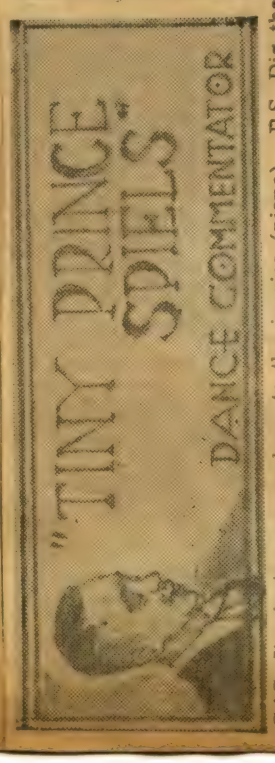
PAIR BEAT IT OUT



The above photo shows a classy team of jitterbugs dancing to the torrid music of Ella Fitzgerald's band at Laurel Garden last Friday night. The couple is Leonard Hurd and Annie West of the Dancers Appreciation Society.

ly lyric pianist in the Picadilly Tahitian Room comes on like dustie bustie, smooth swing with a melody zing. Dig him between 4-7 on Sundays.

Joe Crump and his Band of a Thousand Themes really come on and that mad horn hound musician Mouse pushes notes through brass like an electric sycke, cutting grass. Music on an even keel that's the stuff those cats make you feel, so equip them to whip them with your presence at the Boston Plaza. Those who refuse drinks are considered wet blankets, but those who drink are ways urging others not to. you feature the mess? Broa Eddie, the one and only tainer who has really bee down the bright ligh giving a helping h at Dodgers, is s ever.



GAS: I'm just a square here to the ivories (piano). P.S. Dig the rip and tear. Dig me naggy as mess before I cut west.

a bear. I'm hep a drag to pep Let's trilly on down Springfield but your scribe will kick a par- avenue to Nobby's better than don when you dig my next issue, good sports shop that is featuring which will be full of New Jer- some of the best men's wear in sey's leading entertainers and town. This is one place that has celebrities, from your pal, Joe, those new "gone with the wind" who said take it slow. Friday raw edge felt hats. Jazz dig this evening, the 18th, the Twilight frazz, cause I'm gracing my head Debs are giving a frantic hop at with one, neat and petite. The the Oakwood Avenue Y.W.C.A. price is no higher than anywhere See you there. Ernie Phipps and else and his policy is to always his Band of Tomorrow will sup- give out with the newest and ply the swing lightly and politely, best. Of course when you dig and when I say swing, well Jack, those mad plaid gadabout cool as that's just the thing, 'cause these a fresh all-wool shirts, you will cats are really coasting up the want one. That's Nobby for a main stem with music of varie- hobby. John Borican features ty. Dig Ernie when he spanks him.

Arthur Terry, the one and o

Tiny Prince Spiels

CORRECTION:— Last week Frantic Interlude, a feature of this column, appeared under the heading of Amateurs Corner. If you missed the article, then let me state 'twas on page 12.

GAS . . . Grab a spade and dig. I'm Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, straight from hippsters college and always got my jive. Pops May 29th will be the nite of nites, and I know everyone will be in a wiggle and giggle mood, 'cause Popa Stopper Mr. Ernest Royal will not only present Lucky Millinder, but also the Sunset Royals. 'Twill be a battle of the century. Place—Kruegers.

Herbie Smith, president of the Dancers Appreciation Society, mashed this issue on me that Jack Arnold Press, the popular fay celeb, representing Mayor Murphy, had engaged six lindy hop teams for a monster benefit at the Mosque on May 18th. Have you dug Blue Richard Singleton's new Boogie "Sand" Woogie?

T. T. SOCIETY: — I know that there will be very few people to miss Carlton Moss' stirring "Salute to Negro Troops" on Thursday, May 1, at 8:30 p.m., at the Mosque. Ella Wright celebrating her birthday at the Pic, Tuesday nite, looking as youthful as ever. Julia Ryan, one of Jersey's modern dressmakers, should be sewing for the blue bloods, and you should dig her needle work. The president of the Magnificent (Speak Softy) Wacks is really a college boy from Orange. Ultra, ultra, terrific Rene Starks of the Ladies Hat World, seen taking in the spots with spots with Lou Blackmon, her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bowles.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — 'Tis said, Why doesn't Ralph Jacobs stop fooling himself about Betty? Nobby, the home of rantic modern accessories for men, is one store that really features the Negro and should be patronized. Colored salesmen wait upon you. Good like Robin Hood.

Last Sunday the Barons of Rhythm came on with music that rocked the soul with a steady roll. Jimson, this reed section was in plus the brass, featuring little Willie. Sitting in would have made maestro Ellington take note with a Basie. Rhythm section, Duke on piano, Earl on drums Clarence Mack jumping the bass fiddle.

Mary Pitts, gorgeous little girl, looking fine and mellow. Now Ole Man, pin back your cymbals and collar word for word. Alfred Harrell and his tough, tough, little combination will grove the Court Street YMCA for the lads R-Y Friday nite, May 15th. The head chick spiels its going to be Izzy Wild and Dizzy. Leon Gibbons, that lad with those wistful eyes, still popular, though he has been out of circulation due to a recent auto accident.

Pee Wee's Shoe Shine Parlor is really the glammour boys' rendezvous these days. Greetings to Gus Young, who is still number one mymbal sock beater and his luminary senders of swing and all of the frantic stars like you and you. P. S. He is back in the Kinney Club. Myrtle Hayes looked X-Ray cuban at the dance in green and yellow. Oscar Poindexter, Joe Lockhart and Louis Blake, fine cats, discussing Uncle's Orphans (colored draftees), Thelma Bowers and Bernita Flanagan, classiest ivory brown deuce of hens looking in the pink, all alone. Charlie Lawson looking fine as time, hiding behind smoked glasses. Anna Moe of Bloomfield, aiming her appearance, after being absent from many a wild session. The finest bit of slang revived by Moms Mabely is "Give it up girls," especially K. K.

I know you've trilled to the East and West, but I hope you like this mess. Count Basie washed Lionel Hampton white as snow Sunday and Jersey turned out Margaret Rollins, George Leake, Irene Kennedy, Gus Dawson, Lila Murphy, best dressed hen of the day, plus Katherine King.

Tweedy a Swankman in like a sardine. Evelyn Boyden missing. Pat Turner gay as a blade of grass in the wind. One of the grandest weddings was of Miss Viola McCray and Curtis Thomas in the "little church on the corner," "Our Lady Queen of Angles," Flower petals upon the muslin of white adorn and were crushed beneath the feet of the charming couple who were supported by Mildred Ridley and Jessie Keye as best man.

FASHION FLASH—Katherine King in beige skirt, red coat blouse, red shoes and cookery box hunting red hat. Bobby Pearl in beige shetland sack coat, drak brown pants, pair bruges and white short, brown tie and felt hat.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—William Malloy, circulation and general manager of this sheet, camera flashing the Pic with his genial smile—a line that is fine. Buster Jamerson, the keed smoothie, is gone like a blimp without a limp. Aaron Sanders and Jerry Bland sightseeing over at the Carnival, where I also dug Teeny of Kra Wen Debs with lovable Margie. Edna Yak causing the Pick to be packed. Glimpsed Judge Walker, playboy, and Ann Ward sipping lightly. That all night of Julius (Golden Boy) Hewlett of M. (speak siffy) W. party, Leroy Anderson and Jimmy, Mary R. Seary, Minnie Corsey and Cecilia Corsey of Woodbury. It was gassy. Bob Wright in for the lights. Helen West of Orange is gone with a wind. B. J. quite pleased. J. Cox pleased with the beeze. Cats dig this issue. A duce (two years) ago Hal Mitchell's Savoy Dictators waxed a few numbers and in about two weeks one record, "Rhythm and Bugs" will be released and there has been a demand for about 15,000 of these recordings. Hyland Reid left for college to gather up a bit of Uncle Sammy's knowledge, so dig me with my wig for I am off to a gig.

The Y.M.C.A. cigarette jam dashed and splashed. Do you dig? Herman Taylor dug into the chicks. Venus Waters still as gyroscope. Sugie Morrison, young knowledge boy, with empoene Sugee, wearing smart blue dress and one of the '42 Debs; Butts Brown, Jr., in like a hound on ground. Christine Hudson one of those glamourous preludes to a kiss—a promising song bird. John Coppock, president of the Magnificent (Speaky-Softly) Wacks haunting a brown skin model. Jerry Bland, Mr. and Mrs. Roselle, Albert Brown quite in fold in deep emotion. Dig? Bob Alves, dark count upon his mount, rushing Margaret Johnson. Ralph McNeil and Gloria Crockred eying each other. Mrs. Groves heulping out at the door in sophisticated way. Glamourous lady—no doubt.

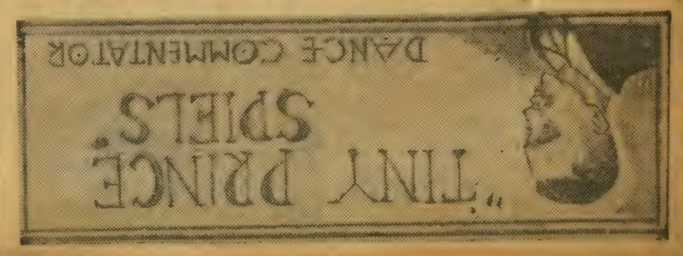
clothes to a birthday party given in honor of Jasper Brown, one of Tan Town's popular men about town at the Felix Fuld Court Reception Hall. I am already there. Yes, its at its best. Patty Cordella of Asbury Park, charming Melissa Plunkel, alarming Juanita Saunders, elite Owen Williams, vanilla yellow Davie, the lad from Tiny Bradshaw's band, Doris Williams, chic Albert Brown, white coat, white shirt, dark blue tie and pants, Clara Ray. Susie Fisher in cool print dress, pugilistic Morris Parker, Billy Burrell, Frank Gaylord, who happens to leave soon for army playing the field, Mildred Lee, tempting, Wynenna Coy, looking very petite, Sam Stewart, Hazel Snell, Frances Pearson, Carolyn Reid, Herbie Smith of Dances Appreciation Society and also Leonard Hurd of the same organization; Mrs. Lillian B. Huff, and the Piccadilly Pipers was the conversation of that ever so pleasant evening. Vivian Metter of Vaux Hall radiating the place with a smile of good will.

GAS:—Dig the Dukes and Duchesses mad Sunday nite spree at the International Hall, Broome and South Orange avenue, and shapes like Mary Sweetwines, lines fine and in line. Gap a snatch a nap before I go to plat a jap. It won't be long, so dig my song. Each and every fine cat will fall to the walls of Laurel Garden October 3rd to dig mad messy Tiny Bradshaw, Lil Green and Dock Wheeler with that ever popular Orlando Roberson. Chicks, twill be mellow, so come out and dig your fellow. Gus Young, New Jersey number one, home from rome Atlantic trantic ace drummer, celebrated his birthday Monday nite with many fine people in the know. Cap a gap at him when her percolates those skins down at the Alcazar, like a duck takes to water—in like mad.

Your boy and mine, Ernie Phipps, the lad with our band of the future, featuring fays and boots, is simply becoming the rage of the younger set. Now is this spiel sets you back on your heels, dig the band when they open up at Skateland Friday, September 25th. Watch for the D.A.S. Dance School and Indian Summer Sport. Hop coming. Dig the date. Well that Nest is a mess and comes on with the best. D. drop in, skin, and I am quite heop you will be grooved to a nutty frappe when you dig little Sadie Matthews spotlighting with songs and Mae Darling, song bird, Herb Pugsley, funny man. Smokey McAllister fast and up and coming M.C. battling wor a position with the best and pops, he is really good. Pete DiDegs, new swing supplies the musical background for your show and dancing pleasure.

Ada McDaniels, the grand operator who is popular at the Exclusive Beauty Nook, 7 Sidney place, is knocking some frantic hair dos to the chippies heads, so dig this manufacturer of beauty and let her groove you a few curls.

T.T. SOCIETY—The shadows were creeping away and dusk stole into the nite, remember tis Sept. 5th, youth the spice of Negro society are tripping in gay sport.





"GAS" "AMATEUR JITTER BUG CONTEST" Feb. 27th, '43, "Solid"—It's on my chest so dig this mess". Let's go East to jive any fleece." Slogan—of skateland. "The best for our guest." "Don't say I didn't tell you first." So you solid sending Jitterbugs who are sending in your applications please print your names as clear as possible. People have been asking for big name Ofay Bands. 'Twas told to you in the previous issue". The Dance Carnival has begun featuring your boy and mine Tony Pastor's swing band plus an array of talent the vocalist beautiful young thing". "Eugenia Baird," Cats pipe the pins on this grand dish. "Yes Sir Reet Pleat" 1943 , "Amateur Jitterbug Contest". So come out and select your king and queen of big heaven. Cause Tony will groove you Hey, Mabel and other wild tunes. That nite will be right so dig em don't egg em", Skateland. 58 Montgomery St., Tan Town, Newark, time early, blackout 9 o'clock. P. S. Dancer's Appreciation Society Lindy Hopper's will not be permitted to enter contest. But will give exhibition. It's a date so get it straight. The Grand Hotel jam came on like a fire box last Monday evening. Nakie Sakie Jackie messy as Lulo Bessie Many setting slipping and biting the bird mumbling sweet words. While Joe Crumb furnished dinner music for a pack of hungry cannibals "scene," high supreme. Please note ration has begun and its not for fun. So dig this issue, Clothes will be rationed soon. Suits and Overcoats. Let Tiny Prince your style consular at Shanks, 66 Market street help you select the best so don't worry and hurry down and let him show you those fine tweeds and worsted gabardines and flannels.

"FASHION FLASH," Helen Miller of Jersey City attired in latest Red flowered dress, red shoes, bag, hair styleed with wonderful dark color, tempting light mellow skin, Green Moss Coat trimmed in white fox fur. Moe Squire, attired in brown D. B. suit, brown shoes, white shirt, brown knit tie, white handkerchief in pocket grey Hamburg gloves, doe skin tweed overcoat. Westley Coxs John Walker and Mr. Harry Webber, Editor of Herald News are slated to appear in Rene Stark's fashion show in March. Nobby the lad that is still our hobby comes on like mad with his ultra fine sport array of shirts, ties, socks and wild hats. See them and you will buy again. "T. T. SOCIETY" . . . Truly one is flatter and also begs pardon to person who claimed yours truly ignored them at Wacks affair. Realizing that this was one of finest flings in North Jersey I sincerely hope my excuse is accepted. And there is still talk of that nite and always will be remembered in my scrap book of thoughts. Yes some one loves him. And there have been many. Margaret Costley gave you that evening of delightful repast at her home 199 Sherman avenue. Tan Town in gesture farewell to Gus Dawson, Golden boy of M. speak softly Wacks present were Ralph McNiel, Gloria Crocker, Ralph Jones, Marion Wilson, Leroy Anderson, Gertrude Jackson, Bob Alves, Dark Count, Antonio Jordan, Pauline Evelyn Killbrew, Earl Williams, Harold Spence, Harold Potts, Samuel Stewart, Julius Hewlell, Thelma Larry of Montclair, N. J., Phylis Brooks and beloved William Hutchinson engaged. What is a Golden boy? Your answer . . . A young male between 18 and 25 who is intelligent. On the go a social asset. And one who is a credit to his community and friends." This month golden boys select are Leon Gibbons, Ralph Jones, Clarence Baskervilles, Leroy Anderson and Lou Blakeley. Last Wednesday yours truly received a pleasant surprise trip into Afro Club with well known Louis Pitts and sighted owners of paper. The Martin brothers, Att. Oliver Randolph and their distinguished guest, plus your gal Sally Cooke. Feb. 20 Billy Daniels noted entertainer of downtown New York will become guest of Pic one night only. Mr. and Mrs. Girard Lee looking fine as ever. That frantic stag party given at William Squires home last Friday took in quite a few jolly good fellows. Herb Smith, President of Dancer's Appreciation Society Perry Lowe pugilistic cousin. The food was delightful delicious and plenty with huge cakes of three and four layer. Other guests were Marcus Cooke, Colon Lowery, Douglas Lowery, Robert Peal and Leonard Hurd. P. S. The best bands of all move to Skateland Hall. Tony Pastor Jitterbug Contest. Mary Pitts seen about town looking gay as ever and still sweet. Irene Jackson one sweet girl. FRANTIC INTERLUDES . . . "Come on out mask and roll the Ark at roll a wood, shindig given by the Alph Kappa Delta. "A mid-winter frolic". Frutty booty. What's new on the plain has the chick gone nutty on the quain! Father Divine is gone on "Jack" in spite of the rise in the cost of food. His prices are still the same. For spare ribs and greasy greens. Dig my wig 'cause it's as smooth as a pig. Tommy the popular waiter at Boston Plaza mad like a wine drunk dusty host". Hank Powell in California. George Oliver at last fine boy Ruth Palmer a charmer. Lillian Daniels sweet and nice but doesn't dig the rice. Buster Jamerson and Leonard Hurd came on like Simple Simon the rhyme man last Saturday. Have you ever cop a gander, a pleasing little lady Hattie Murphy. Well we have nothing to fear since you are here. Chuck Howard and Anita Brown the featured comedy team of Schenectady, N. Y. blew into town and gaped at the field. Spotted Mrs. Ruth Plunkett, Emma Miles the page from Vogues soda sitting at Groves'. The best bands of all. Move to Skateland hall, Tony Pastor last "Sat. nite the place rocked until it was mad Sultan grooved everyone until up came the sun. The G. R. Corn Company messy as Aunt Bessie with new records.



"GAS" GAB, GAB, call me a Cab. Phone Alone Ma 2-6480 No. 569 fine rubber so call it "Blubber." Yes Cats yours truly will hep you to the latest Earl Hines the daddy of the box and his Boogie Woogie sensational romp and rock band will be featured at the Skateland in the near future March? So watch for the date cause it will be straight like a Cadillac eight, plus that mad Jitterbug Contest. You'll feel like Mutt and Jeff in a Lincoln Zeph. Duke Ellington will be wild so be in style and dig him, March 4th the King of all Who are the Victory Models of 1943? Louie Jordan moved in on the outskirts of town, and grooved the Adams into swing novelty., Blue Barron the fay band was like corn on the cob. Square and no where." Looks like the Politics in Newark are beat with the heat, and cold for the role, the "HARRIS" affair involving NORRIS, COOK, DR. HILL and other noted characters. —Tan Town departure "Dark County, Bob Alves, Wally Taylor, Frank Corral Harold Ray Gus Dawson, Leroy Anderson among the missing. Sat Nite the Grand Hotel was fine as wine, noted faces gracing the place where "Pansie" a charmer of Yesterday" Grace Smith song bird, Willie Wells Eagles shortstop, Ike Turner, John Starks and Vernice Shell . . . "Fashion Flash" Perilla Morris looking as good as ever attired in flowered print dress, green bag, hat, shoes and brown beaver coat. Gladys White in a lavender outfit, looking like a picture from Vogue. Herbie Smith, president of Dancers Appreciation Society wearing brown single breasted suit, tan shirt, wide spread collar, brown tie, tan shoes, English Overcoat and Slate grey hat. Valtrae Williams with combination sport ensemble. These are two of the best dressed boys on the main stem. The best bands of all . . . Move to Skateland Hall. Earl Hines Sat. March ? . . T. T. Society The Phalanx and the Phi Delta Chi gave their first introductory dance and altho your's truly was not there word did ease along about the proceedings. Miss Mayetta Nicholson a member of the once famous Flamingoes back home from Wilberforce. Paying Vi still sits around the Town Play boy Charles Alston and Ray Williams quite a terrific team for a small place like Jersey City. Mr. Edward Dixon, John Mingo, Mr. Campbell, John Kirby and James Avery were guest of Charles Alston. Students of Lincoln University. The Alpa Kappa Delta, of the Y.W.C.-A. presented their Mid-Winter Frolic and really come on with a fine affair at the Clinton Manor Friday nite, persons seen enjoying themselves were: Leonard Hurd the Beau Brummel gassed and passed, Unus Berryman looked keen was frantic to be seen, me

wife, my what a life for a guy in strife. "Carrie Cawthorne" in black velvet. The Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks table of ultra loveliness. D.A.S. at their best. Adeline Gatlin cute, plus the Pine Twins shareing it "Bop lets calle a cop." The West Loney and Larire stop the parade. Evelyn Boyden a good host with our Rose Carter. Love thief Oliver Percia. Mrs. Sarah Broady. Jerry Bland at it again, the Matthew Boys. Louie Jordon in person blew up the pick Guest of G. R. Corn. This is one of the letters from a lad in the arm forces who receives our papers thru his family.

257th Sig. Cons Co,
Camp Forest Tenn.
Feb. 24, 1943.

Hi Tiny Boy it sure is good to read your "Spiels" about the home town every week, the boys really enjoy reading your weekly column and sure wish they could attend certain affairs. All we know that the jumps will rock with the fine frocks. And the boys in frail will come on with the gale. As we have a by word down here. Tell me no tale nightingale. What is your story morning glory, So keep writing and we will all keep reading your column. for you are the morale division of Jersey. Give my personal regards to the gang at Groves, and all the downtown boy's. You sure would look good in a good suit. I mean one of Uncles. Your Pal and Friend, Cpl. Wilbur A. Chase.

Who are the 1943 Victory Models?—John Allen of New York slipped ring upon the finger of Levena Bowery of Jersey City. Johnny Jackson lavishly sprayed the peek a boo 400 recently. The newly wed Mr. and Mrs. Bob Letts were in town. Lizzie Scroggins engaged to James Clark, met them at the Savoy Ballroom with Leroy Dobbs, Lena Cohen, Cpl. Samuel Custer with Anna Creckly and sister Eddie Grice, Regina King and Mary her friend. John Landrum looking goo in uniform, Peggy Groomes of Philly, sweet and neat and full of the spice of life, was a pleasure to meet her. Some people have been inquiring about Eddie Mosby journey for army. Well he leaves March 18th . . . FRANTIC ENTERLUDES Spiel you heel and cover the field Rumble Skin Mama. Joe the box beating stud up from the mud grooveing Apollo jump dig Little mad fay chick chirping but needed bird seed. Recently met enchanting Miss Deborah Awkward from O.D.B. sweet tall makes cats fall. The Pic are grooving new trio which romps the place Johnny Bell, Pete Diggs and Al Henderson, messy as Aunt Bessie. Chick's that are all root are Louise Anderson, Millicent Brown nad cute Ruth Jones, cause we went knock a zutty to Frances Burk, Katherine Edumands, Mary DWavenport of the Orangesh. Sweet girl of the world like a pearl. Ruth Crumpton guest of Lillburn Hurdle, a furdle. dig skin he is in. Zoot suit with an incomplete seat. Love Finley an Martha Gordon of Jersey City take a toll on hearts when the breeze and broouse mid male who are frail dressed at their best. Swinging a line that fine. Sweet Roselle Reid comes on with speed. Arletha Butler munching crunching a Groves. Golden boy Clarence Baskerville playing Bayonne jam up with crackers Jackie Sackie grooved like a grape right in shape. Ever dug that mellow yellow sweet Elite Bertha Jackson. No.? Isn't this a mess. Skirt don't be No flirt. The best bands of all. —Move to Skateland Hall "Earl Hines March? Jitterbug Contest. Who are the 1943 Victory Models? Claude Hopkins Marchf 13th at Skateland wild not mild. Lou Jordan goes in the army ne week madder than a wet hen setting dig my wig pig.



"WHO ARE 1943 VICTORY MODELS"? — "GAS" Kitties of he hep cities. Lanes and Sprains nd Frenchy squees who cop the breeze. Dig the pinky issue on tissue. Get couvered "Hunny Bunny with "Joe Giggles" grab your eagle and one thin $1.10 cause I'm ooted that you don't want to miss . Father Hines and his Band will it on the line mad and fine. l promises to romp and stamp beyond compare. So come out and hear the band of the year. "It will be mild and wild 'cause every one will be in the latest style. Plus COATS and TIES coats under the new policy jive dig your scribe. For he feels its great to be alive os skin get in. Knock yourself out the real date. March 26, Friday Nite. The best Bands of all move to SKATELAND HALL. "TAN TOWN" Newark, N. J. Billy Eckstein and Sarah Vaughn grooving the vocals." Virginia Farrar of Hackensack now loving in New York is one of those smooth elite chicks who is as smooth as velvet upon the dance floor. One person who Buster Jamerson the smooth one of the Dancers Appreciation Society praises as the top notch girl performer in the art of Lindy Hopping. Her movements are like clock work designed for speed and gracefullness, Pop's she gone into the Sun really the only one. "FASHION FLASH" Jersey City's Ella Hill delightful personality attired in black dress with trimming in white lace black suede shoes medium heeled, green coat with a brown exquisite white shirt pocket ahndkerchief, grey blue suit.

lounge typecut double breasted blue figure, tie, black shoes. Mary Davis in new outfit. Ernest Mays still a well dressed figure around the nite circles. Rene Starks will shatter all records no doubt, after glancing at the lineup of models who represent the better dressed. LaRue Jordan, Martha Gordon of Jersey City. The Cameo clubs affair at Ambassador exquisite elderleys charming. T. T. SOCIETY "Jasper Brown" golden boy nov a private with Uncle Sam is i California the land of sunshine Received that card from Eugen Chavis and JaJmes Cox invitin to a Sadie Hawkins Party some thing. new and novel "Who ar 1943 Victory Models?" Was sorry to hear of Rose Carters illness Vernice Shell a lady vim and vigor blazed a new trail on Wes Market in that red coat. Sammy McKinley Cuthbert at Camp Stewart, Ga. sends regards to all the lads and lassies. Julia Ryans the ambitious young lady who seems to be climbing up the ladder o success, has created a name in the dressmaker's world that one can compare. John R. Houston one of the best cab drivers will leave for service, 25th Alice Murphy cute like Betty Boop. Clem, Al Ernie Ransom will soon be together for Sun Matinee Session Miss Turner, vocalist looking stunning as ever around town putting it down. Lenora Anderson of Wacks back. Life has not slowed down despite the war, and we still need music as a lift to better feeling when we're blue. The Savoy Record Co. has indeed come

to the swing shifts need with talent that is better than the best on Wax. Ross Leonard a band with finess has grooved tunes that are super. With his vocalist from New Orleans, the records were made in Mexico City "MOON NOCTURNE" I Can't Be Wrong" from Warner Bros. picture Now Voyager. "When times goes on" from the picture Casablanca. Sax Solo's and piano work with feeling beyond compare. In this scribes opinion "Moon Nocturne" will out sell "Basie" in smooth rich harmony that blends. Heard the test and they are great danceable numbers. Remember the Savoy Record Co. of 58 Market St. started out bringing you the Savoy Dictators records that were your wildest dreams. Also discovered Bonnie Davis of the Bunny Banks Trio a record that is a hit on the hit parade. No 1, Allen Courtney's program Wednesday nites three weeks. Hal Mitchell left Benny Carter, just in from California will start a new recording band for Savoy Record Co. as soon as the record band is over. "Don't Stop Now," "He knows how to knock me out. "FRANTIC INTERLUDES." "The Best Bands of all . . . Move to Skateland Hall." Claude Hopkins and his Twentieth Century Band will gas you and blow your top with news for your dancing shoes, so be sure and dig the lad cause he is mad. The Swing Club has went to a great deal of planning to make this an eve of entertainment. So gate don t be late, Sat. Nite. March 20th. The Zoo comes on with something new. Who are the 1943 Victory Girls? Dandy like Andy big hats are a feature with Mrs. Jackson. enus Waters in green designing chick. Spotted Ida Barnhill asked her what was her story morning glory, does'nt get around much anymore. "Shoot the boot" He has the loot. Comrad Butler Pvt. with Mrs. Abbey Jackson no one bartender now in defense plant formerly at Pic. Moselle Diggs sipping not tipping, Doc Lomax and Louise together. Scrap I need a nap. Do a jig and eat a fig. Ethel McCray is a sweet not the kind you'd eat dig dig. Pushed and shoved love and hugged the shores of Jersey were gone on. Slick Herman Taylor was gone with the come on's. Matty Alston tuff M. C. Joe Timmons with Southern Son at the Appollo and Tiny Bradshaw. Cootie greets the Duke twos booted. Helen Miller yellow gold playing the role. Ruth Turner, Moses Matthews and Bro. Leon Gibbons. Sighted Helen O'Connors, Dukes son Mercer with cute little blond. Oliver Precia about to lock horns. Virginia Lee demost rating styles of her own. Ofays like daisies in May. Met Mrs. Manley, owner of the Newark Eagles, one woman with a designing personality. The Cohorts Basketball game and dance at the Y. M.C.A. Friday nite was fine as wine and twice as dandy. Marie Anderson one of a million. Venue Waters the it girl. Charles Whigham and dainty Marie Foster closer than leaves on trees. Ernie Phipps still the band leader of the hour. Clarence Mack big Bass any place. Rose Love cutes of them all.

Tw's gassie and in not like a sin, So gaps you sap don't take a nap. Spring is in. "P. S." What's one's conception of Jersey City's popular Sportsmen Show. Rumpus on teh Campus? Peek you Sneak. Snap you turtle get in your shell. "Oh, Well Spotted our boy New Jersey No. 1 M. C. who has already invated New York's and the furtherst points, West and South. Yes none other than Satch Robinson in from Montreal, Canada. Dottie Lincoln thee long tall mellow yellow in ones design upon living. Dug the Slander's issue put put by a rival newspaper concerning Skateland, which I know is not true, but please keep this in mind. Persons who think this place is up to

standard should visit the place and see for themselves. And not stock in any thing written that might be given false statements, lone in a political way; Happy Birthday to Lenord Hurd, Katherine Cooper thee brokn skin glamour girl of Orange pull a fast

one on her closest friends. Did a here comes the bride to one of Uncle Sams lads. "Who are the 1943 ViVctory Models". See you soon along about noon and we will spoon. Hear the "Baron's of Rhythm" as soon as possible, chum just for fun."



The place was fine as wine last Friday and if you note Father Earl Hines' band romped all over and almost set the place a fire with his terrific pace. Billy Eckstein sang beyond compare. Sarah Vaughn was on. Scotty did his. Or was it that method to madness Burrel Sound System that contacts the drop of a pin or softens a screaming lullaby. Sugar Mama's with coats of ton, Mrs. Sykes of Tummit, Thee Elizabeth Pegram, George Oliver smooth, Dorothea Stalks and Catherine Terryin Gloria Byrd who wouldn't give me a word. Chauncey Talbot, the glamour boy Bob Brown, Stardom Clair Knight & Lucille Johnson two ice cream girls namely Vanilla, Mayo Matthews, George Alford, Leonard Hard bugging and rugging with the one and only Annie Rubber degs West. Bro. Leon Gibbons knocking self out with mad D. B. (Bennie) topcoat. Adeline Gatlin looking enchanting. Sis Alberta Van Riper cute as ever and Bloomfield Sis Jones. Twas in an no sin not one misunderstanding no fights. And It can be said there is a new very intelligent respectful crowd that caters to these affairs so come on out and see what its all about. Ann Goodson. sweet girl. The Savoy Record Company of 58 Market St. are now featuring the most talented Negro's in the Eastern part of the County. And this is straight so get it gate Bonnie Banks' latest recording "He knows how to knock me out." plus many others. Jam this in your cranium "With the war in operation snatching men here and there, I've come to one conclusion." If the Savoy Dictators had not had so much bickering in their organization when they were struggling to name themselves supreme, by now with all their deferments this band would have topped the greatest. But lack of understanding has defeated one of the greatest musical units you and I will ever see. But I've learned from reliable sources that after the war they will be rounded up and reorganized with heavy sugar as backing. Yours truly also sends his sincere sympathy to the family of James Jimmy Lassiter, one of the finest lads in life. And to the passing of Mrs. Whitaker, mother of Jake, Ben and Little Budry.

FASHION FLASH—Miss Francis Foster of Downtown Newark look designing and petite last Sunday at Groves'. In a knee length fur coat, brown black. A white lace trimmed blouse and skirt with fan pleats all around. Plus a twin black hat set like a flower vine, white gloves and black bag. Sunduke, the scholar of the old school spotted at Afro Club sipping. Grey plaid S. B. 2 button lounge with slight twin lines of brown an red. White slot grey stripe shirt, burnt red splash figured tie. Blue fly front topcoat. White hankie in breast pocket, Black shoes and Paarkie Pie Hat. Nobby of 121 Springfield avenue is now featuring a wild new stock of mens furnishing galore. Things that are becoming very scarce since th break of War.

T. T. SOCIETY— Living Costs and high rents are driving our social leaders into the outskirts of town where they have at last took time to purchase homes of their own. Which is nice.

"Who are the 1943 Victory Models?"

Recently this scribe had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rita La Rue Frieson a lady who in her quiet way is somewhat of a celebrity you and I could have never dreamed of. She has toured from North to South and East to West and her friends are some of the very best, such as Eddie Rochester, Hattie McDaniels, Lena Horne, Willie Best and a host of others. She was formerly a personal associate of Mrs. Bob Crosby who tours with the band. Surprise but received letter from Frank Carrol in answer to that misunderstanding.

494th Port BM 2C
Co. C N.O.S.A.
New Orleans.

Hello Tiny:

I trust this letter finds you in the best of health, wealth etc. I guess you are surprised to hear from me. But here I am regardless. I am writing you from the bottom of the U.S.A., New Orleans. Really groovey creoles, mullatoes, spiced with negro and whites. I went to the city last week and had a ball. I ran into litte Buster and Jack Johnson. They are stationed nearby. Harold Ray (Dark Count) Bob Alves and Wallace Taylor, Lin Wright Louis Brown, Roland Hennigan and other Tan Towner's are here and also Warren Evans the lad who wrote the popular "Baby Don't You Cry" for Buddy Johnson. We are rapidly getting the knack of things. Our only regret is that we are so damn far from home. I read the articles you put in your column about the Commando affair. And I want to tell you I had nothing to do with the letter sent to Mr. Singleton. Broadway Blue, Harold and Wallace didn't either. I'm not saying this because I am away but because I resent people thinking of me that way. And I trust you have forgotten the matter entirely. I must close now hoping to hear from you soon. Tell Leonard Buster Jamerson, Herbie and all the gang I said Hello.

Sincerely
Frank Carroll.

Jersey City's Teabits: The Sportsmen have ended their popularity campaign as one of Jersey's leading clubs. Alfred Brown youngster age 15 was picked Junior glamour boy of youngsters set. Miss Lillian Moultrie was selected glamour girl of older girls. The uarty given by Jimm Cox and Eugene Chavious sent the elite. Among guest they say were Miss Billie Stede of Trenton State Teachers College. Harold Halloway and playboy Charles Olston wined and dined at the home of Marion Berry of Caldwell last Sunday after hitting the high spots of New York. A new club will come out sometime in April. Who are the 1943 Victory girls?

"FRANTIC ENTERLUDES" — The best Bands of all move to Skateland Hall. Stash the cash and let's go with trash. Marie Anderson munches and crunches on 3 cokes, 3 slices of cake and 2 sundies. Chancy Wirl home on leave. Venice Water conversing with our new sawbones. Scratch and hatch dig the latch. Billy Burrell with a pipe that doesn't smell. Martha Brent, Effie Brent & Beula Brent glamourous and stammers. Pegg Sherman of Brooklyn stuck up not having any luck just like a duck.



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS:— Four-B flat feet don't fiddle with my middle, Mr. Kettled. Don't bury me deep in no forget me quick joint. Dig this spiel and knock yourself out Saturday, October 31 at Laurel Garden, cause poppa stopper, it's going to be a rocker. Andy Kirk is going to send you to variety music heaven early or late, you will be straight. It will be wild and in style. It's out Jimson, knock me a steed, 'cause it's like the Chant of the Weed.

The Savoy Record Company has released the Savoy Dictators Record, "Rhythm and Bugs," written by the writer of "Jersey Bounce," Bobby Platter and Clem Moorman. The other side features the number, "Tricks." The personnel of the band: Piano, Clem; bass, Al Henderson; alto sax, Platter; tenor sax, Count Hastings; trumpet, Hal Mitchell and Chippie Olcott; trombone, Howard Scott; guitar, Willie Johnson; drums, Danny Gibson. It's a killer and fine as wine, so cut down and get one feature by Jersey's own lads. There has already been a demand for about 15,000 and they are going like hot cakes. P.S. They are sold exclusively at the Record Shop, 58 Market street.

The Pre - Hallowe'en dance, sponsored by the Hunton-Hi-Y Club at the Court Street YMCA, October 30th, promises to be a sender. Gus Young and Alib combination are being contacted thru Yours Truly to make records for the Savoy Company. Also featuring Gus at the drums. Tough man at the Alcazar. Pop Durham's hot spot. The Flamingos Conga Club presents three nites of swing carnival, featuring Bermuda's Boston Trio, truly a swing three from the Orchid Room in Harlem, at the Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston street, Friday, October 30, Saturday, 31st, Sunday, Nov. 1st. P.S. The Amateur Nite at the YMCA is postponed until a later date.

FASHION FLASH:— Lilburn Hurdle, a member of the Townsmen Social Club at the University Club affair in white tie and tails. Leo Guy, one of our boys, attired in the latest U. S. Army Lt. uniform. Mrs. Ruth Eubanks in Groves Pharmacy wearing red dress, curly fur knee length coat, black bag, suede shoes and turret top hat, an issue of feathers.

T. T. SOCIETY:— To the nursery children: Little Jean Melvin celebrated her 8th birthday, October 23 and this was the evening of festivities. A huge 15 pound turkey served with salads of taste. Sweet drinks of punch and a huge white cake with a variety of layers. The guests were youngsters of her own age, sepian and ofays of noted families. She received many lovely gifts, including a hundred dollar bill from her uncle in Rice, California.

The Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks are giving a mad fling November 6th, 'tis being whispered at Ann Gordons. Here's hoping your invitation is in the mail. Doc Lomax and his lovely ballroom partner, Louise Hawkins on their way to the Victory Ballroom in Bayonne, where they are the current feature. I wonder where Ruth Palmer is.

Carl Younger left for the Army but memories will be forever a splash given in his honor at his home. Present were Lt. Norman Townsend of West Point, engaged to Marie Carnegie; Gladys Martin, who will probably consider a trek to the altar with Private Louis King of West Point; Theodore Green, Edward Waters, Obecta Warren, Earl W. Williams, Buddy Lawson, Edward Huntley, Lula Huntley, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Dorothy Thomas, Oliver Brown, Jr., Mable Murphy, George McDonald, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Strong, and Mrs. Smiley. Carl is also engaged to Miss Sophie Green.

Golden Boys of the month are Lorway Ray of the Platons, a fine boy, and Harold Potts, a working member of the YMCA. The Clifford hite surprise birthday party last Saturday nite featured the debs and playboys in the know, Bessie Dudley and Corporal Richardson, Mary Robinson and Gwennie of Harlem Hospital; Evelyn and Madeline Wilson, Elmer Henry, Julia Burrell, sweet, Jerry Bland, incomparable, Dark Count, wild. Milton James, Larry West, alluring Bobby Peal, Bo Phillips, Evelyn Walker, Gloria Bell, enchanting Dolores Brown, song bird formerly with the Hawk' — Erskine. Bill Stewart, gentle Clara Saunders, the new girl at the Gloria Floral Shop, Oscar Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, Harold Ray, Mrs. Lillina Lawrence, Francis Foster. 'Twas a cozy alive glamour evening. From there we trek to the University Club's Pre-Hallowe'en affair at Ambassador to see Miss Myrtle Bowers win a scholarship to the exclusive New England "Smith" College. Tingking, Helen Chandler, Putt Thompson, Hattie Scruggs, Julia Barrett, Virginia Alleyne, Gladys and Catherine Cooper, a few of the faces seen enjoying the music of Lin Wright.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— "Yank my tie and call me a Yo-Yo. Scream 'cause I'm mean. Dot Frazier featured girl of the week. Dig Symphony Sid, who will appear at Skateland on October 31, with a tough Jam-Band. Tacks in my slacks. Dorothy Spence of East Orange, the swellest girl since. Savoy Shorty, the mad love thief is like Shylock, the Loo. Of late he doesn't know what to do. Dig pig. "Too many frails on his tail."

Cousin Ida, the latest modern bit of comedian at the Pic. Knocks you out advertising for a man. P. S. A song. Corn can't be put in cans, since tin is so scarce, so I'm handing it out on a cob.

The Nest Club, a place of tune spieling, hep music and show that really comes on like Nix — bean style — cop a gap at Kelly and guest from Elizabeth; plus Mrs. Daisy King and Private Arthur Mosley, one of the lads doing his bit.

Happy birthday to Lorraine Jones of North Newark, who celebrated Oct. 24. Charles Pearson and Kenneth Rose will be missed. Uncle Sam's nephews. Mr. and Mrs. U. Richardson, a delightful pair f conversationalists. Spank the l ang and dig Yours Truly at Shanks. Let me help you select yours.

The Gwen Debs giving Groves their time: Bell Anderson, Ernestine Bennett, Elizabeth Johnson, Margie McClanny and Wilbury (Curly Head) Jeffries. Don't fail to collar this frantic issue: Bobby Alves leaving for the Army soon, also Harold Collier, also gum-beating poppa, dig my wig, its itchy. Put clamps on stamps.



"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS—Salutations and greetings friends, cause here we go again—like little Jenny Wren. Boggie Woogie is the play and jive is here to stay. November 7th, Saturday Night, the Sons and Daughters of St. Christopher will give one of their ever popular affairs, featuring music by that up and coming band of tomorrow, Ernie Phipps, the lad that's bad.

Nobby's Shop, Springfield avenue really features the latest pardner and comes on with the best for the mess. Have you seen the latest Zoot shirt, issuing a mad collar about four inches long, frantic, plus those madder than murdock soft felt Hombergs, which are in to stay.

Yours truly would appreciate contacting Richard "Blue" Singleton and casting your vote for your favorite football player in the local high schools. Vernon Biddle, the piano picking lad, with "Sweet Potato" Slim, six hound, Wesley Clark, the bass fiddle. Well they're too tough and good enough, featured at the Hi-Spot. Babs Brown and Lena Horne, the Negro songstress in "Panama Hattie" are quite friendly on the California coast. Babs is out their lobby-nobbying with the film globs. Julia Ryans of 115 Newton street really comes into her own of late. Glamour girls of nite life consider her as the modern thing when it comes to dressmaking. Nakie Sakie Jackie, the cat who is recognized by the Dancers Appreciation Society as Number One funny man, threatened to leave for coast, where he will probably be the heppsters toast. Irving Goldfinger, the once promoter of colored artists, will present Jimmy Lunceford and Billie Holliday at Laurel Garden of December 25th —a preview that's new.

FASHION FLASH — Buster Jamerson stashed in a green flannel patch pocket sack coast, engulfed in fine hand stitch brown shoes and pants and tan shirt. Louise Hawkins, a red velvet suit with fur to the extreme, red velvet hat, trimmed in fur, black pumps with a muffler pocketbook.

T. T. SOCIETY—As the story was told to me. Everyone in Wilson, North Carolina, took note when J. Melvin, the sportsman, strode from the station attired in black herringbone suit, light Hollywood white overcoat, white hat, black band, green accessories, black gloves and a hand full of diamonds. The hounds were baying as he pary of jolly good fellows like Undertaker Artis, Doctor Coward, Richard Artis of New York, James Fox of North Carolina bagged three coons, twelve rabbits, and several squirrels. At Slaughter's Hotel in Richmond, Virginia, these irrepressable gents gave a champagne party that will long be remembered.

The Modernistic Girls are still the tops and really gave a very gay rumpus at the Nest Club featuring the one and only Pete Diggs, on last Wednesday night. The Y.M.C.A. gave a classified swing Pre-Hallowe'en stomp—that to talk about. Everyone was there and all enjoyed themselves. Eyes only for each other—Lin Wright, and a lovely charmer—incidentally, the same one as always. Helen Goode, a teaser from Belleville. Bobby Peal playing the field, engaging Gertrude Jackson, Vivian Maxwell and who? Shirley Bumpass, sister of "Teeny" escorted by the Dark Count, Bob Alves, the talked of man in Jersey, who is waiting his call to the Coast Guards, Marion Davis in red, with cousin, Dorothy Davis; William Smith, brother of Herbie Smith. P.S. November 20th the Co-Hawks are giving a splash at the Y.

Juanita Shawl, sweet and stout. Allen DeWitt, the president, enjoying himself; irresistable Katherine King, Johnny Jackson's band romping. Gus Dawson and Thelma Ward, someone to meet; and sweet Evelyn Champion.

The Hallowe'en Spree given by the Junior Auxiliary Guild of the Community Hospital, really drew out who was who with the goblins, witches walking in and out of the gay cultured pamarour. I pause to remind you that the proceeds from this will go to the Community Hospital. Lovely Norma Lett in flaming red dress. Bob Lett, her brother, in an army lieutenant's uniform; Madeline and Evelyn Wilson, Bill Murphy, Doris Womack, Wendy Felton, Adeline Gatlin, with eyes as flashing as ever. Wilbur Jeeries, the glamour boy Harold Ray; Frank Carroll and Wally Taylor with Hattie Scruggs, Grady, No. One lounge lizard, Travvicks; the ashby twins, smart as ever; Fannie Womack in gold colored dress; kelly green accessories; Georgianna Hunter, Lillian McDaniels. Eva Farrell. I wonder what Richard Bland has on his mind? Sally Carroll; social elite Margaret Johnson, Venus Waters, Gloria Crocker, the Platons, Wacks and Tweedsmen were there; and Clara Saunders.

Gum beaten Mama, dug little Louise Gray of Bloomfield at Anly Kuk's dance. Eddie Dowell, N. J. local trainer, sporting them up; Jimmy Anderson coming on like mad with his sax, promises to become a favorite. Mary Paterson better consider that lovie blooey offer. Dig Best, to the mad to the sad, bass play any place. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stanford of New York, giving Tan Town the once over. Harold Collier, the Platons' one and only, has been assigned to a Commission in the army. Robbie Kirk, the singer, looking very kissy. Dorothy Moss and Mamie Lloyd keep you guessing. The people at the Pic are talking about the Mass. car bearing plate 008500, two fays alone who spot up at the place. Pal Williams still wild and in style. Gag in the bag. Let's play tag.

The cat who expanded his chest and the seat of his britches a little. "Oh, oh, I've opened a second front—behind." Tacks in your slacks. Gone like mad, so frantic and bad, something like the buzzard had. Evelyn Boyden really gets around like mad of late. Alvin Hayes, the piano mad protegee visiting downtown Cafe Society. Did you at the Magnificent Wacks affair on November 6th. 'Twill be super-fuller divine and fine.

Tiny Prince Picks Girls Of The Week



MISS DOROTHY FRAZIER

Miss Dorothy Frazier is the daughter of popular "Pop" Frazier of 264 Orange street. The sweet-tempered twenty-year-old Miss is a colorist at Lorston Studio.



MISS MARGIE McCLAMMY

Tiny Prince picks the two young ladies pictured above as the Girls of the Week.

Charming and amiable Miss Margie McClammy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Baron McClammy, who has hopes of becoming one of more noted designers. Personable Margie expects to leave for Chicago soon to take up residence with her older sister.

Magnificent Wacks Sport Fling

Ann Gordon's Scene Of Big Gathering Of Younger Set

By TINY PRINCE

The Magnificent Wacks were hosts Friday night at a Sport Fling given in Ann Gordon's on Elizabeth Ave.

Officers of the club are Ralph Jones, president; Julius B. Hewlett, vicep resident; Leroy Anderson, financial secretary; William E. Hutchins, business manager, Henry H. Powell treasurer. Members are James Adams, Anthony Jordan, Ralph McNeil, Robert Alves, Gus Dawson, Grady Tavicks. Honorary members absent in the service are Sgt. Edward R. Hutchins and Pvt. John M. Coppack, who is in the air service.

The Wacks donated $25 to the Court Street YMCA after their first affair.

Friday night Pancho Diggs furnished music. Guests present from left to right by sight were as follows:

Harold Spencer, Mary Williams, Ann West, Mable Brown, Henderson McIntosh, Edelrle Brown, Emma Ethridge, Alice Chavois, Thelma Green, Maceo Matthews, Ruby Brown, Adeline GGtlin, Helen Goins, Edward Sheppard, Janet E. Watson, Irene Clark, Ralph Wall, William Miller, Benjamin Saunders, Dori M. Jones, Zoma Maxwell, Wesley Cox, Jean Johnson, Eva Harvard, James Stanford, J. Stanford, Betty Majors, Harod Copelan, Ruby Murphy, Mildred Wright, Vivian Walker, Duke McCall, Samuel Williams, Robert Pope, Dolores Russel; Hal Brown, Oliver Brown Jr., Robert Scotta, Barbara Reed, Herbert Sivero, Willie Ruth Brown. William Harris, Betty Marsh, Marie Foster, Charles L. Higham, Geneva Epperson, Betty Adams, Gerry Lee, Roland LaNier, Winifred Hauser, Christine Green, Helen Green.

James, Florence Bristol, Burton Riggs, Evelyn Thompson, Noble Adams, Mary Baskerville, Clarence Baskerville,

Also Arthur Laws, Inez Contri, Arthur Williams, Jean Brown, Marshall Barnes, Elizabeth Smith, James Minfee, Ann Ruth Henderson, Frank Guess, Gertrude Monroe, Alvin Daniels, Vivian Kirkly, John A. Herbert, Chester Tatum, Marceline Day, Frau Taylor, Eleanor MaGruder, Marie Phillips, Leonora Chavious, Melvin Golden, Annie Allen, Miriam Aklen, Dorothy Pines, William Davis, George Johnson, Ernest Wilson, Marie Brito, George Alford, William Ruck, Antoinette Brooks, Wallace Cobb, M. Johnson, Elizabeth Johnson, Leslie Hurdle.

Juanita Blansham, Mamie Lovett, Elmer Henry, Anita LaNier, Benj. Smith, William Squire, Margaret Squire, Evelyn Crowell, Cornice Byrd, Dorothy Bould, Isaiah Lyman, Owen Tarlington, George Roberts, Margaret Johnson, Geraldine Hayes, Ruth Wheeler.

Also Hortense Powell, Martha Jackson, Lorraine Jones, Wayne Williams, Thomas Jones, Eddie Thoms, J. Kinch, Nathaniel Brown, E. Cave, R. Kirk, Leonard Herald, Alice McMillan, Henry Mapps, Harvey Grimsley, Betty Jones, Dorothy Moss, James Green Ruth Sanford, Jenette Brieto, Joe Brown, Stella Lewis, Bernice Waugh Gertrude Jackson, James Scott, Roscoe Jennings, Marguerte Clark, Oliver Jacobs, Marion Simmons, Edward Simmons, Phyliss Brooks, Aleese Smith, Ruth McNeil, Pvt. William Albritton, Charles Wells, E. Bennett, C. Bennett, Marie Anderson, Marie Pope, Margie McKinney, Radciffe Darben. George Jones, Jeanette Brooks, William Frye, Mary Davenport, Millicent Brown, Mary Williams, Thelma Pine, J. T., Scott, Geneva Davis, Marguerite Ballott, Edith Hall, June Ross, Forank Yearwood, Theodore Powell, Hrry Harris, Catherine Rogers, Louise Hall, Cecil Williams, Evelyn Moore, John Payne, Rosemary Dalton, Geneva Brito, Dora Sheffield, Anna Middleton, Herbert Killibrew, Elijah Brown, Herman Folkes, Andrew Price, Wesley Holmes.

William Bernard, Ruth Lee, Annie Hardwick, Fannie Sales, Louis Tate, Ethel Anthony, L. R. Faulk, Lucille Orr, James Wiltcher, Marian Gould, E. B. Reddin, George Smith, Andrew Prive, Moses Matthews, Catharin King, Tracey Singleton, Louis Frisby, Ruth Costa, Edward Powell, Vivian Charles, Rose Carter, Willie Self, Amy Stone, Geraldine Lee, Thelma Green, Annie B. Lewis, Ruth Herring, Maeie Cole, John A. Yates, Pichard Stone, William Andrez, Doris Minfee, Alexine Dyson, James Holilnger, Homer Hetrick, Madison Flannagan, Leroy Hawk, Allan Griffin, Mary Pitts, Carl Gibbs, Dewitt Allison, Leroy Raney, William Malone, Hen Williams, Pauline Killebrew, Fred Slalks, Larrie C. West, Leon Gnandy, Calvin Cain.

Also Harry Williams, Grace Elmendorf, Leon Blackwell, Burnell Hamie, Lin Wright, George Miller Frank Z. Sneed, Barbara Chisholm, Henry Houston, Marion L. Jones, Richard Davis, Count Thomas, Buddy Powell, Harriet Scruggs, Hollace Taylor, Mattie Holmes, Chris Walton, Talmage White, Rose' Love, Dorothy Perkinson, Joseph N. Slade, Roy A Page, Ethel Boyden, Helen Williams, Victoria Chavies, Barbara Stevenson, Julia Ryans, Jeanette Camobell, Christie Korneagy Earl Williams, Helyn Chandler, Leroy Harrell, Theodore Cook, Roscoe Griffin, Joseph Jackson, Richard Ghee, Alexander Woods, Jesse Jacob, T. Stapleton, Luverne Morris, Leonard Johnson, George Wilson, Lugenia Williams, Margaret James, Doris Payne, Edward Jones, Charles Herod, James Pace, Sarah Smith, Benny Tate, Walter Wilkie, Mary Wilkie, Herman Jones, Myrtle Meeks, Ann Howlrmd, Margaretta Rowland, Joe Hicks, Ruth Johnson, Alice Johnson, Hazel Snell, Elsie Bryan, Marie Cole.

Also Ruth Roberts, Dorothy, McGarrah, Louise Anderson, William Taylor, Thelma Tarry, Fred Austin, George Blount, David Smith, Harold Jones, Rozell Reed, Elsie Reid, Leroy Anderson, James Rollins, Lucille Marshall, Aron Saunders, Sarah Turner, Mabel Tate, Mary Louise Tate, Florence Gatlin,(Shelvia Thomas, Susie Thomas, Patrick Turner, Eleonor Taylor, Victor Conwell, Inez Greene, Gladys Armstead, Earl Hill, Ethel Bernardo, W. Bernardo, Vermell Frison, Joseph Watson, Gloria Crocker, E. Ferguson, Anna Fleming, Ruby Hawk, Wilhemina Lee, Ralph Galloway, Louis Brown, Alfreda Perry, Myra Davis, Ethel Edwards, Gwendolyn Williams, Bessie Lanier, William Chavis, Helen Foster, Helen Anderson, Bernice Russell, Z. Briscoe, Nell Cauley, Emerson Graham, Audrey Thomas, Lucille Johnson, William Grayton, Evelyn C. Valentine, Eva Dunn, Ruth Thomas, Jack Gregory, Bertha

Make this a red, white and blue Christmas: Buy U. S. War Bonds



GAS:—Why don't you join the Dancers Appreciation Society Youth Council? I am going to give it up though, cause I've had it long enough. You've peeped at the Sun and stood under the moon, but if you don't dig this spiel on the field, your crazy as a goon.

Ernie Phipps, 1953 band of the future will play for the hythm and Buggs Social Club, who will feature an Acquaintance Dance for those many young ladies who are coming in from out-of-town, namely at the Prudential. On November 20th the Co-Hawks are giving their initial affair at the Boys "Y". The Savoy Record Coming is still on the lookout for Negro talent, despite the cry of discrimination.

Football players may come and go, but your favorite must be in the know. So cast your vote with Richard "Blue" Singleton and boost the lad who is most deserving. Lately I've been asked by various clubs about where and what is the place to give affairs to help build their treasury department, and so as before my answer has always been State-land, for in spite of anyth[illegible]d my number one reason is you can use any band or non; second it is cheaper and can easily be decorated; third, if it is an invitational affair, only your guests will be admitted; and last but not least, the owners are the only ones who are ever willingly glad to sacrifice their hall first for our benefits.

Clarence Mack, bass fiddle player of the Barons of Rhythm of Shady Rest fame considering offer to go with Eddie Durham's girl band, formerly featured at the Savoy. Willie's Shoe Shine Parlor on 103 Morton street, really comes on with a satisfying shine, so keep him on your mind.

FASHION FLASH:—Marie Foster in white wool dress, black chubby fur coat, red hat, black bag and shoes. Venus Waters attired in black dress, red coat and hat to match, black bag and shoes. Stunning Sunduke, lad about town, in the latest grey plaid suit, blue stripe shirt, blue tie, black shoes, blue single breasted top coat and Pyrelean soft-edge hat. Honorable mentioned of the week goes to Harry Caldwell, Jimmy Anderson, "Big" Edgar Pope, John Rollins and Gus Dawson of the Waacks.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Last Sunday Yours Truly visited Small's Paradise and saw Satch Robinson going over greater than ever. Favorite personalities watching him change into his many suits were Smiley, Sonny Banks, Lolita the Rose, Bob Smith, the latest sparring partner of Joe Louis is in 1-A; Ruth Scott and Martha Reeves, two of those Washington, D. C. lovelies seen taking in the wee bits of sights with Billy Burrell and Dark County.

When speaking of lovely Jersey girls, one never wants to forget the sweetness of charming Ruth Roberts. Conrad Butler arrived in Tan Town last Tuesday and was gone before any one could say Jack Robinson. Jack Johnson also home from Louisiana, pitching woo with a lady in the know. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Also wishing a speedy recovery to Mrs. Mary Woodson and little Wallace Alton, who were stricken with illness last week. Wonder what Myrtle Meeks will do and say now that Herman Jones, president of the Silver Spurs will leave soon for the army.

Watch for the date on the Y.M. C.A. Benefit Amateur Nite and Dance. The younger set also wish to congratulate Dr. Hill, our new assemblyman. Kenneth Cunningham still a gentleman, a fine fellow as ever. Bloomfield still possesses that girl of charm and fashion, Lillian Watkins. Wonder where Sis Jones is? And also the Pine twins of Montclair. Jimmy Simmons home again, but not so well. Recently suffered a nervous breakdown. Mr. and Mrs. Pancho Digg. sipping a light soda at the Pic.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Charles Lawson, that frantic fellow off to upstate at any rate Lena Butts, the girl of a million-billion smiles with her bosom pla, Lovena Bowery are still the apples in two Adams gardens. Dig my wig. Clarence Hayes "bust" his conk since Mary Mitchell promised to say "I Do." Helen Miller of Jersey City in the running—sweet as ever and not deferred. Do you dig the Floogie Bo? Lillian Lynch of J.B. fame has branched out for bigger game. 'Twill be a blessed event for the Thomas Swangins soon.

The picture "Wake Island" made some people so mad they left the theatre mashing their teeth. So spread the eagle and giggle. Grace Smith is taking a much needed rest. Orchids to her. Helen West, it's a mess. Bobby Peale and Madeline Wilson seem to have a lease on love too-too-too— what's new? Clip, the grassy grains, 'cause here come a square from Maine. Pittsburgh Joe, the playing cat, I know takes it away with a swoop and sway, but Uncle Sammy is taking him away to stay—for the duration. Adeline Gatlin, the girl that heaven misses, Tampa-Yaller. Yes? or No? Annie West, New Jersey's Number One Lindyhop girl, and Buster "Smoothy" Jamerson glaze and blaze a new trail through the Savoy Ballroom setting a pace for the jump cats grace. Johnnie Bee cut out for Albany. The Debonaire Club's formal on November 20th will really knock Tan Town out. The president is Pauline Killbra; secretary, Lugenia Williams! members, Shirley Cox, Clara Dixon, Minnie Nicley.

Sash, dig this and stash in your blue or black suit and bow ties, dig me gator, call the waiter.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Nov. 14—Formal Dance, 10th Anniversary, The Friendly Club of the Oranges
Nov. 14—Upperman-Cobb Wedding, 6:30 p. m., Church of Incarnation, Jersey City, N. J.
Nov. 15—Cocktail Soiree, Phi Chapter Iota Phi Lambda Sorority, Ambassador Hall
Nov. 20—Jas. Weldon Johnson Literary Guild Dinner, New York
Nov. 26—Thanksgiving Night Victory Bond Ball, Progressive Beauticians, Y. M. H. A.
29—Burgess-Biggs Wedding, Bethany Baptist Church
29—Coffee Hour and Musicale, Orange Y. W. C. A.
5—Erskine Hawkins, Laurel Garden, Volunteer War Service Committee, "Keeping Entertainment Rolling to Fort Dix"
11—Harvest Festival, Twilight Debs, Orange Y. W.

Is Girl of the Week



MISS INDIA NICHOLSON

According to Tiny Prince, Miss India Nicholson, is the Girl of the Week. She is a social worker, who resides at 759 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City. The popular and beautiful young lady is the 22-year-old daughter of Mr. Mrs. Edgar Nicholson.

The charming miss is one of the young ladies in Prince's "Girl of the Week"



GAS:—Who are those glamorous twelve girls of the Joy for Victory Society? Spring came at last—summer has past. Fall we are out to ball. Now dig—don't jig—the first fall affair, Saturday, November 21 at the Soldiers Center, 101 Montgomery street, Tan Town (Newark) given by the Friendly Seven, who will be featuring music by the young band in demand, Ernie Phipps and his band of the future. Blackout time 9:30. Can you sing, dance or play a Musical Instrument, if so send your name to the Y.M.C.A., so that you can enter the Amateur Night Dance, featuring a band you want to hear. Dig me? It's a date. Yours truly as M.C.

Gus Young, New Jersey's number one drummer, is really being missed by his many young J.B. friends, who have been clammering for his appearance. Although Gus is appearing at the Alcazar, the Zoo, intoxicating the elders with his frantic drum rhythms.

Jimmy Lunceford's band will take off like a bird Xmas with Billy Holiday doing the vocal honors at Laurel Garden. The Debonaires Club Dance, November 20th, will be a sender. Here is hoping that you remember. It is optional and you can dress any way you care—sport, semi or business clothes. 'Twill be on like a dog at Ann Gordon's, 25 Elizabeth avenue. Yours and mine and right in line for these girls are neat. 'Tis a blackout issue. Dig Leon Eason, Tan Town's boy of the trumpet, who is doing alright in Albany. After sitting in listening to a few chirping canaries, I think a few of our locals should be given a chance. Earl Hines, the Poppa Sopper of them all, again breezes into Tan Town to play like I know he can, Thanksgiving evening, November 25th.

FASHION FLASH—Katherine King Sunday nite in blue dress with hand stitched buttons with numbers, blue hat to match, dress trimmed in fur, black coat, fur collar, red turret top hat, red shoes and bag. Richard "Blue" Singleton in blue herringbone suit, tan shirt, diagonal knit tie, white handkerchief, black feather weights, grey hat, blue top coat. James Faulkner wearing dark blue smart cut suit, white short roll shirt, maroon tie, stripped white breast pocket handkerchief, cover topcoat, black hat, tan shoes.

T.T. SOCIETY—November 6th, U.S.M.A. Calvary Sq. Third Annual Ball at West Point, New York, was really the talk of the military circles. Swing music was supplied by the only Cootie Williams, representing Tan Town, Newark, was Miss Gladys Martin wearing blue gown, sister in red and white, Sophie Green, Christine Nelson, Alfred Underdown, gay Shirley Cox, Gloria Morris and Phil Gladys of 13th avenue. Mrs. Juanita Morris, of course Elton Morris in uniform and Harriet Martin. Visitors were from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Ohio and Highland Falls and outdid themselves as guests of those fine boys in the Corps. Lt. Norman Townsend, James Baker were also present. Connie Jeffries, the heartbreaker, did a short jump from Virginia's St. Paul to pass a few days with family, has been touring with his school's boxing team, expects to whip Penn State in the next engagement.

That attractive appearance of Dorothy Dailey of Vaux Hall. Some people have said Pancho Diggs was not to be classed as New Jersey's King of Swing and I also, but today I wish to retract my statement, and as your Dance Commentator, I do say after his recent public appearances, I do declare Pancho Diggs New Jersey's King of Swing, until a better band through a vote or battle with judges prove otherwise.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Albinnie Jones, the blues singer, who has modernized the old Bessie Smith style, really comes on at the Zoo and when she sings you don't know what to do. Bob Olves, Dark County, upon his mount, features a new baby, Mary Elizabeth Wilson of Washington. Pops those queens down to the Pru come on like foo my goo, sassily and nassiety. A duce of wide lads are Harry Paterson, croon bird, and Eddie Gilbert of D. C., not dog catchers. Lucy Robinson really has that brown stick around soft as cotton, never be forgotten skin. Like Toots King, she is in. That house jam at 41 Lewis street was a diller, man.

..Stash. the flame and call my name. 'Tis a blackout issue. Georgiana Flemming, teasing, and Louise Beens of New York, visiting our sweetest LaVerna Finley of Camp street. Alvin Hayes the Basie Boogie Man, still around in sp ite of what Uncle Sam's putting down. I wonder where Mabel Dillaird of Jersey City is.

New Jersey's playboy Larry Ray is hep to stay. Doing all reet with Marion Davis. Baltimore accept a designing love thief, Harold Ray, and his chick, 'tis said. Matty, Girl of the Week, is in love. Yes-No, June Bailey is it John Keen, a screen of lean. The Dodgers Grill band really blows a yonkey tonkey op. Mary Garland of Ohio is so wild with frantic looks she should be caged as good as gold and plays the role. Samuel Williams groovey as a grapefruit Friday nite. Eulile Ferguson misses Conrad.

This week Warren Clack, William "Billy" Rowlett leave for the army. Billy Spargo is already in the Air C[illegible] Slim, the outstanding sa[illegible]layer at the High Spot, rides so[illegible]uch horn that he has received a ra[illegible] offers to cut out on the road, [illegible] modest Slim promises to leave [illegible]y when he has reached his [illegible]. Take a peek and get a tre[illegible]a lad who is frantic and ba[illegible]

IS WITH ODB



MISS MADELINE WILSON

Introducing pretty and alluring Madeline Wilson, age 20, daughter of Mrs. Helen Wilson of 88 Barclay street. She is an all-around girl, who enjoys basketball, football and loves dancing. She is employed at the New Prudential Building as a secretary and is seen at every popular social affair.

Miss Wilson was picked by "Tiny Prince" as the Girl of the Week.



GAS:—The Y.M.C.A. Amateur Nite will come on like fancy candy, January 7th, Thursday evening, with the Pic Pippers. Say Miss Moore, dig the score and get off the floor. Jackson "Jimmie" Jones better stop shaking those bones or else he will be cooped up like chicken all alone. Dig, Pig, before the squeal and stay in the open field.

Earl Hines will be straight like a Cadillac Eight and promises to knock Tan Town out Newark, Laurel Garden, Wednesday evening, November 26th at the Breakfast Spree.

Strictly to you—The Dancers Appreciation Society will give an Informal Swing on Sunday, December 13 and 20th, featuring something new and different—A Matinee—plus the girl of the week as hostess and other celebrities. So keep your eyes on your mail, for it is invitational only.

Its really a shame the way Clark, the fine lad in the Trio at the Hi-Spot beats that bass unmercifully, pardner, and one of the finest in the business. Cats, he really has that dog house talking and doing everything but walking. Yes, keeds, that man is in again, promoter Ernest Royal, fronting for the Volunteer War Service Committee, who presents Erskine Hawkins in from Los Angeles, where he was spotted at the Casa Mannana.

The Nest Club still swings on and Mrs. Reed, the popular nite club matron, promises to give even more despite the grandest of her featured show and band, Pete Diggs, which is the talk of the Moderns. Albert Brown and Yours Truly will present Jimmy Lunceford, crack express and Billy Holliday, whose unique voice is still a lure to the hepsters. P. S. 'Tis rumored that after the first of January, men will receive rationing cards for clothes, so cats jump on down to the store and demand your clothes now. Who are the glamour girls of the Joy for Victory Society?

FASHION FLASH: — Regina King, stunning lovely attired in stylish green suit, brown pumps and Vogue's latest brown kersey overcoat with velvet collar, plus leather bag. New Jersey's fashion plate, who has been over running New York with his presence—Ralph Smith in grey birds eye suit, tab eye-let shirt; British tan striped tie, black shoes, Stetson with hat and lounge Chesterfield. P. S. Dig the Moses W. Squire tweed grey California lightweight overcoat.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Duke Anderson, former arranger, piano player, now featured with Tiny Brad[illegible] Fort Lee, Virginia's Officers Training School is indeed honored by the presence of our own Mr. Holmes of the Y.M.C.A. Received over a hundred letters and post cards about Madeline Wilson, former Girl of the Week. Miss Eva Christine Kornegay and James "Jimmy" Adams, one of those lads of the Magnificent (?S.) Wacks will wed on November 30th. They are still talking about the way Miss Venus Wi[illegible]ers social gathering topped [illegible] many. Groves Pharmacy is [illegible]s out the juke box due to thos[illegible] with welcomed people who joined in not needed loud mirth and profanity. Remember the [illegible]e not the young people of [illegible]nner [illegible] who appreciate [illegible]

Bob Alves "Dark Count" is really in love with Miss Shirley Bumpass. Basie protegee, Alvin Lammar Hayes seen taking in the Pic. Edith Ashby and Norma Lett's pictures look cute. The Debonaire hop was not packed to capacity, but really enjoyable. Johnny Jackson's music this side of Heaven. The Wacks Table found William Hutchins, gay-away; Arthur Pratt just sat. Evelyn Boyden, super allure. Elsie Reed, speed. Hazel Snell, Gus Dawson, playing a Boston; Moses Matthews and brother chasing one another. Lucille Orr and Rose Carter, elite and petite. Alice Johnson, —Leroy Anderson, stirred, but not a word. Rufus Jones not alone; Mary Baskerville and brother, Clarence. Radiantly alive with beauty Washington, D. C.'s charming Alice Jackson with Eveny and Kitty Quinder; Thelma Edwards and Myrtle Hayes.

Friday nite, 27th the Townsmen of New York are giving a mad spee at the Manhattan Center with Earl Hines and Band. Going over 'twill be tough. Ida Mae Christopher and sister looking charming as ever. Morris Allen should know. Mr. Edmonds, a man who has built a respectable business of fair dealing receives a draft call. . . . with the Draft Board knowing he is far over age. December 12th, James Fleming, Fred Saunders and Norman Threadgill leave for Dix.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — The latest records out by the Savoy Record Co. are "Hay-fus-Gay-fus", and of all things a love song, "Words Can Not Express" by those lads of Rhythm and Bugs—the Savoy Dictators—they are sold at 58 Market street.

Copped a gander at Priscilla Morris. She is in a Broadway chorus. Carl Younger with machine gun unit at Fort Bragg. Lillian Watkins of Bloomfield, as sweet as a Sunkist orange. Is it Charlie or Herbie? The little grey hen is at it again. Sipping at the Alcazar, Miss Glamour Zoo Bernice Bennett and Juanita Harris. Juanita in like spring—to a desert illusion.

S Sara Turner peeking a peek-a-boo. Ever heard Ella Fitzgerald's "Flying Home", the Negro Anthem with keyes? J. B. best dressed lad of Tan Town going easy with Helen, of West Orange.

A telegram:—"Prince arrived with Benny Carter, Chippie Alcout, trombone; Earl Hardy, same Teddy Brannon, piano. Boys doing fine. See you about January first. . . . Hal Mitchell". Ollie Prescbe doing all rett. Says DeD. Slaton. Ernie Phipps the maestro of the band of the future, knocked the keeds out Friday nite and grooved them to a nutty frappe. Co-horts in background exclusive. Sally Carroll, tempting, giving diverting attention to certain man about town. Irving Margo in the show business. Kathrine Smith of West Virginia visiting the spots with Katherine Green, Edith Plunket, Jean Harrington, Christine Green and the former Miss Adams. My latest addition to this column is DRAG IN THE BAG. I really thought Marion Jordan was one of the intelligent ladies from Washington, D. C., but she really shows her ignorance when she openly explains: "Newark was a drag socially and morally." P. S This is one of the girls that left Washington for a job at the Pru.

HERE CHRISTMAS



Jimmie Lunceford, heading one of America's outstanding Bands will make his second Christmas appearance in Newark and first appearance at Laurel Gardens, 457 Springfield Avenue. On his first appearance last Christmas night he played before over 3000 frantic Christmas fans at Krueger's Auditorium. Mr. Irving Goldfinger, popular owner of the Boyd Casino and Pasadena Club is sponsoring this monster Christmas Fete. Our own Tiny Prince, columnist for the New Jersey Herald News will be the Master of Ceremonies. Christmas favors and balloons and all the air of Yuletide will be on hand.

SHE IS 20



Above is charming Lucille Orr, 20-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Orr of 82 Wickliffe street. A graduate of Weequahic High School and now employed in a defense plant, the charming Miss is a former secretary of the Hellenstic Debs, and member of the Alpha Kappa Delta Sorority and the Metropolitan Baptist Church. She enjoys reading, swimming, dancing and cycling, and would like to join the W.A.A.C.'s after her 21st birthday. Sergeant Vernon Williams of Bloomfield is the lucky fellow.

Tiny Prince Spiels

GAS:—"Negro Youth Anthem" —"Flying Home" and "Rhythm and Buggs." Iz wild and dizzy like a lizzie on the down grade slade. The Hawk's here . . . getting in the groove to some lanes. Just like Donald's ancestry in . . . And high-blowing the ace-man in the racket in this groove as cat, papa Erskine will raid the joint and be do Junction, Laurel Gardens, Saturday, December 5th Early birds snatch the worm. Dig?

Voices in the night seem to be about those places that are charging 40 cents for skimpy pieces of chicken. 'Tis being said by the majority that if it doesn't stop, they had better put their chickens in the coops, cause the people will start keeping their money in their pockets—a word to the wise.

Albinnie Jones' birthday party at the Alcazar (Zoo) caused a great stammer and stutter Everyone was a-flutter. 'Twas fine as wine. Everyone who was someone was there and Albinnie grooved them to Rockabye Heaven with her popular singing.

When buying at Shanks, demand to be served by Yours Truly, and hurry cats and get your early suit or overcoat. They will be rationed January 1st. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Variety and spice is nice. Vernon Biddle, top piano thumper and "Slim" personality sax hound and your boy and mine Westley Clark, bass fiddle player at the High Spot come on with some fine swing riffs. Like the spring, they give you a lift. Count Basie and his All-American Swing Friends will knock Tan Town this week. Dig them at the Adams. Also dig Alvin Lammar Hayes, Count's new protogee take off on a few solos with the band. Who are the popular people in the Book of the Year?

FASHION FLASHES: — Miss Elizabeth Jackson, alluring attired in yellow suit of own creation, tan top coat, velvet collar, hat and bag, plus suede pumps. Charlie Mae Richardson from Philly, tipping at the Pic in slate gray dress and nappy curly coat shoes and bag. Walter Gatchett Lord of London, in sandune colored pants, triangle square yellow-brownish green sport coat, tan sport loafters and small English hobby cas, plus Windson knot in tie. Billy Edwards, popular lad of the Tweedsmen, home in nation's best outfit, tan uniform. He is one of Uncle's lads in from the coast.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Ernie Phipps and frantic band will do all honors when appearing in Book of Year as band of future. These lads do have something on the ball and play deep variety sweet for society and romp and stomp for bugs. Dig them on their next engagement.

Vivian Tuck of the Lincoln Hospital, Bronx, was guest of her charming cousin, Mary Baskerville, No. One Deb of '42, on Thanksgiving Day. Blanche Clash and Golden Boy Julius Hewellett, seen looking like words can't express. Whispers are that Alpha Kappa Deltas were in down-town New York balling Saturday nite. Mr. and Mrs. Starks of Orange at the Grand Hotel eating a snack. Oliver Precia gave a fling last Sunday at his home that survived with more lassies than laddies.

ar Buried Bridgeton

n interview with John Borica New York City, 193
hich would you rather do. ... Mars or paint pictures?
would rather be known ... Antoniist than a runner."

by ... vards, Tusca
... dwards, At...
... Goens, Mu...
... Grayson

)GETON—John Boric... here Saturday ... restricted to close ... from his home at a ... ad two lives, both ending at 29 years. ... nost publicized life was that of the flashing track ... se amazing striding power down the home stretch ... e made tens of thou- ... anss rise in their seats

... s publicized life was ... ering around his art ... thousands of friends. ... people. although they ... track reputation, ever ... his more private life. ... biography of Borican ... er be complete with- ... g this side, too.

Borican told me he was ... interested in his oil ... than in track. In his ... s apartment on Sugar ... oors were stacked with ... rawings and cartoons. ... would finish one of ... sat there. He special- ... nen's faces, gathering ... from a hundred cities ... e world. All the ... e noted beauties.

Was Dramatic

... carried some of his ... around with him in his ... roud of them as though ... e his children. Borican ... of all, an artict, even ... ck. ... track he always dealt ... matic. Everything he ... orful, even the track ... wore. He was not ... re athlete out there, ... Garden track meets ... e many Saturday, ... e past. You knew ... e was on the floor, ... rounded by hundreds ... athletes, colored and ... ican always did some- ... t made you recog-

by ... the ...

...bered Friends

... ivate life and in the ... ays stressed the dra- ... ainted exotic scenes. He ... ends delightful oddities ... aii when he visited ... wrote little notes in a ... no matter how big ... hs or where he was. ... him in the headlines ... the next morning you ... a note in your box if ... is friend and the note ... n mention the triumph, ... ritten right after. ... was an artist in his

...tinued on Page 2)

Borican

(Continued from Page 1)

very widespread social life. He never limited himself to the purely school set like most athletes. He was at home at a formal given by Brooklyn or Philly's oldest and most conservative clubs as he was at home in a shin-dig down in Shellepile, N. J. where he painted many pictures of that "beyond the tracks", albeit, romantic settlement of fishermen.

Was Word Master

Borican not only ran as an artist, painted as an artist, but often talked with an unusuall mastery of words.

Two years ago he ran a race in California, then hopped a plane to Newark, traveling the 4000 miles in time, he hoped, to run that same night in Elizabeth, N. J. We met him at Newark Airport, but the ceiling was too low for the transport to land. Borican got mad up there in the clouds, insisted on landing so he could make his record. The pilot refused, until a late hour. The one time I saw Borican actually angry was when the transport door opened on the ground hours later.

A photographer, Dewey Ackis, focused his Speedgraphic at the door just as Borican was coming out. For once the champion did not stop, as he always did to oblige the press fotographers. Ackis, however, shot the picture anyhow and it remains one of the best spot news fotos for that year.

Is Late For Meet

Once on the ground Borican raced for a waiting car, was sped through the rain to the Elizabeth Armory, still determined to make the race. He was too late, but soon regained his temper and started telling of his western experiences.

We carried him to the home of Dr. Johnson in East Orange and there at a tastefully set dinner table he continued talking of that transcontinental trip back to Newark and what he saw from the air. His words that night were those of a poet. He described the Camden-Phila. bridge from the air, for instance, as a "string o' pearls dazzling the night". An though he should have been tire with all that travel, he insiste on playing table tennis in th Johnson cellar, and he seldor missed a shot.

Friend Of Great

One wonders who will fall hei to Borican's address books. He kept the names and addresses o all his friends. These included Governor's and Senators, world known violinists and famed other athletes, girls and men from every state.

Borican was also an artist when he drove a car. He would speed from New York to the Jersey shore, handling the wheel like an ambulance driver, never an error or even a hint of one.

Borican was an after dinner speaker who was also an artist. We gave him a dinner in 1939 at 78 West Market Street. He talked of his travels in Germany. He disagreed that Negro athletes there had suffered any particular trouble. He knew German figures, then in the limelight. His descriptions of Berlin were picturesque and accurate.

Borican had plenty of courage. He would walk in anywhere regardless of color bans and usually won his point. He refused to hold feuds against anyone.

Missed At Xmas

He is being much missed during the Christmas holidays. At all the old holiday formals he was the most discussed guest. Some of the girls did not like him, but they could give no reason, except they felt he liked himself too well. I have never agreed with such an opinion. When I first interviewed Borican early in 1939 in New York he talked of everything but his track exploits.

He always insisted Southern schools made major errors in not sending their best athletes to the big Gotham meets.

Never "Pocketed"

He battled race prejudice on the track and it was beautiful to see him weave his way out of a trap being set on the Garden boards by great rival athletes to pocket him. Every time he worked his way out.

They said he did not train enough. Now his death revealed he trained too much. Such was Borican, who never allowed his personal interest or troubles to worry other people.

Even when he was dying and probably knew it, he told no one.

Borican was an artist in the way he dressed. If he wanted to wear a bright plaid shirt to an infor-

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GAS—Greetings and Salutations—may the New Year be wild as a new born bear. Dig squirrel—a mad world. You spend a little cash and I'll talk a little trash. Oh, babes, maybe pause. Kindly ladies and gentlemen about or on the 5th of January, 1942—New Jersey Nite Lifers and those from elsewhere have a splendid treat in store in the form of an Instrumental Quartette, to be present at New Jersey's foremost gas spot. "That's Right"—The Piccadilly Club. Please absorb deeply they float under the title of Manhattan Demons. I dare you to drop in. Eddie Mosby, manager of the Pic with his staff, chirp a soldi sending New Year to all, big or small. The number for speed and service still seems to be Market 2-6480, Cab 569.

The entire Tan Town seems overjoyed and the presenting of Tiny Bradshaw and Lil Green New Year's Eve will be a solid sending session. So gate, don't be late—cause things will be straight at Laurel Garden. Scotty, formerly of the Savoy Dictators, received a fine cigarette case from Earl Hines, incidentally the lad is now featured with the Hines band. Remember Sarah Vaugh, she is also with the Fatha.

FASHION FLASH—Jeannette Campbell wearing red dress, believed to be woolen, all red hat trimmed in black; red bag. John Walker, grey sharkskin lounge drape, white long collared shirt; black knit tie, shoes, mad Bowlo hat like derby blue; D. B. Pic Overcoat. Roberta's Beauty Salon of 216 Newark street, really comes on with the New Year's spirit and hair dos which are mad as new. Be sure and have your wig curled and be the glamorized Miss of '43. Be like a page of the age in Vogue's newest styles. The Nobby Marlboro shirts, scarf sets, hand-stitched pig skin gloves, Londonary knit ties that are mad for the New Year's gift.

T. T. SOCIETY—Mr. Pittman dropping in at Groves Pharmacy to sip a soda. Claire Saunders and Marie Anderson two sweet young ladies conversing. A family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Regina Mitchner of 214 Orange street by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Gibson, in honor of their children and grandchildren. Mrs. Mitchner is the youngest of the children. Those present at this lovely traditional Christmas Day dniner were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gibson and daughters, Bobby and Delma; Mrs. Alberta Brinson and daughters, Boots and Carletta; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Yancey and daughters; Jean and Brenda Mitchner, Miss Verna DeMahey, Mr. Wilbert Edwards and Mr. William Black. A toast was drunk to their grandson, Private Arthur G. Yancey, Jr., who is serving with the armed forces at Fort McClellan, Ala.

Arthur Pratt, proprietor of the shoe shine parlor, 103 Morton street, Willie's by name, boasts of a reputation "A satisfied sole." Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brake, drummer of Pancho Diggs bands, gives you their personal New Year's greeting, along with the band leader, Pancho Diggs. Irvine Turner, the so...ite, with another glamorous young lady, stilling into the night. The R. Y. affair Saturday night really was super and sweet Rachel Jackson, Dora Thompson, Marion Davis, Dot Davis . . . Belleville blessed the memory of the beloved mother of Helen and Rose Goode. Gloria Smallwood sweet and petite, Margaret Johnson, who is causing the battle of the century. Two Casanovas worrying about her love.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES— All through the year this column has been dedicated to those of you who are young and old. People who enjoy reading what's what and who's who in their dance and musical world—like the foremost lindy-hoppers of the Dancers Appreciation Society—Herbie Smith, president; Buster Jamerson, Annie West, Leonard Hurd, Arnell Bevens, Evelyn Jones, Moe Squire, secretary. Bands like Pancho Diggs, still King of Swing—from the Wacks affair. Barons of Rhythm, High Spot Trio, Ernie Phipps band of 53; Johnny Jackson, Don Linton, Pete Di..., Joe Crump and those ever popular Piccadilly Pipers, you and I enjoy their music, also Lin Wright, Gus Young, Mandy Ross, mild and wild.

Slang has always been an enjoyment to those who speak it and will be picked up in the frantic issue by those who want to learn it. For '42 sweet girls voted are Mary Baskerville, Dorothy Frazier, Helen West, Julia Davis, Mary Davis, Regina King, Marion Perkins, Ruth Roberts, Barbara Salley, Barbara Chisholm, Rose Love. Playboys: Harold Ray (?); Frank Carroll (?); Jimmie Simmons, Leroy Dobbs, William Smith, Jerry Bland, Oscar Watts, Jimmy Adams left for Army duties; a member of the M (Speak softly) Wacks, Clifford White and Lowary Ray. Golden Boys: Douglas Lett, Ralph McNeil, Gus Dawson, Arthur Pratt, Hank Powell, Jasper Brown, Bobby Peal; Julius Hewellt. Colunist Blue Singleton, Nightlifer, Sally's Chatterings; Evelyn Boyden's Two Debs; Harry Webber's articles; William Malloy's maneuvers.

Girls of the Week. Lucille Orr, Mary Patterson, Madeline Wilson, India Nicholson, Margie McClammy, Dorothy Frazier, Elizabeth Jackson. Lounge Lizard Grady Travvicks; Savoy Shorty Starks; Dark Count Bob Alves; Jasper Brown! Sundue Walter Stewart, Richard Harvest in sergeant's uniform; Morris Parker, mug manager of Pete's Luncheonette; Bob Smith serving Uncle Sam; dynamic Daniels, Carl Younger, Harold Collier; Pal Williams, the anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jones and the New Year's baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Edwards.

Nacki Sackie No. One M. C. Wally Taylor of the Harvard. shouts with all the others "Hello".

As the curtains fall on each passing year, it brings memories of scenes of the play of life, ruined by thoughtless acting. Well, that's my spiel and even though I'm a wheel, let the curtain go up or down as you have your dance commentator to hip you to the latest. Dig yuo next year.

to y...



FRANTIC MEMORIES OF THE ATE '42: — Yours Truly were uable to end last minute publi- ed notes on who was who. So te this straight: Glamour girls ere many— with Emma Kaye, deline Gatlin, despite rumors of eir blue blood desires. Catherine ng, Roselle Reid, Larry West, ttie Scruggs, Gladys Martin, arion Martin, Marjorie McClam- , Mary Roberson, Belle Ander- n, Sally Carroll, Venus Waters, anita Harris, Mary Mitchell of n Town (Newark); Lena Butts, vina Bowery, India Nicholson Jersey City; Kathleen Saubury Orange; Marion Davis, Doro- Davis of Belleville.

Things that were wild and seen: e gold ring— a gift — trainer die Dowell of sports. Irving ddfinger proving he is stilll one the best liked dance promoters.

o truth about Sam Ellerbee and udine—they are really Mr. and . Alfred Dawson, who is la- to be fooled by our Uncle Sam d be accepted. The anniversary Mr. and Mrs. Chevons. Those ispers that Vernon Biddle, now h the Hi-Spot Trio, who plays ean piano, will leave for Kel- Stables in downtown New rk—will be replaced by Duke lliams. Leila Murphy, one of sweetest girlls in North Jersey, recentlly a glamour gal, shouts llo", to her many frineds since recent illness.

AS: — 1942: Will they ration or me? Hope not or we may forgotten. Dig sham and cut ham. Laurel Garden will cal and be covered by the when the Lincoln Civic As- iation presents by popular de- nd, Andy Kirk and his Clouds

f Joy and a South American Fi- sta—latin style— January 16th— at. nite.

Cats, get out your costumes and et's do things right. Fiesta Gad- ies will be heaped on tables for our enjoyment. Symphony Sid ill present prizes for the best cos- umes. So gate—don't be late.

Arthur Terry, who is still one f the most talked about person- lities at the Pic, still comes on ith your songs and mine. Dig m. The Pic Pippers are off to hilly, starting a six month tour. rnie Phipps, who lately has be- ome the Dean of the Younger et, is still climbing and spread- g the rhythm around.

FASHION FLASH — Harry B. Webber, Editor of the Herald ews, attired in latest grey her- ngbone tweed, blue shirt, dark ue tie, black shoes, homespun sorted tweed overcoat, dark blue omberg and gloves. Mrs. Rose rguson looked divine and fine in hite wool dress; trimmed in kel- green—green hat, topped in hite with green shoes. Alluring. ohnnie Wright, noted beauty ex- rt of the Hollywood Shoppe, oves a head to perfection. Chiks om far and near cut to his stair. girls for one of the best, I pe you dig this mess. Shanks e cat that keeps you dressed in e million dollar ranks, says to ar in mind the clothes ration at dues to take effect So come down and let Tiny Prince, urs Truly, help you select yours 66 Market street.

P.S. DON'T FORGET T... OST - HOLIDAY C... RTY GIVEN BY TH... RS CLUB at the A... R HALL, Belmont ... NDAY, JANUARY ... t be missed—.

P.S.S.—'Twas a boy for...

T. T. SOCIETY: — Buster Baker was home on visit and a session was had looking good after recent illness. Pvt.—That champagne party of the one and only James Melvin really drew out noted celebrities from every walk of life. That holiday card from Ralph Cooper, No. 1 Radio M. C. Dorothy Frazier, one of Jersey's girls of the week—gave a holiday party for the younger set, which included those from far and near.

Clinton Manor gave way to the New Year to music by Johnny Jackson, vocals by the one and only Bob Taylor. The club presenting this affair was the Captivators. Ran into gorgeous little Phyllis Brooks, who wears that sparkler on the second finger, left hand. The lucky lad, William Hutchins, secretary of the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks, who are planning a surprise for you and I. Lounge Lizard Grady Travvicks, who will leave for college, January 9th, surrounded by the fairer sex.

Julia Burrell, escorted by good-looking Jerry Bland and brother; Lillian Lambert, sweet Evelyn Marabile of Ohio; Love Finley looking finer than ever; Larry and Lonny West looking ever so good; Annette Turk home from school; Mrs. Rosamond Stewart, the top-flight society beautician; Mr. and Mrs. Baskerville, leaving for Brooklyn about one o'clock; Miss Gladys and Katherine Cooper, sweet as Cuban lovelies.

Gladys Armstead, charming; Connie Jeffries, athletic figure of St. Paul, believed with Adeline Gatlin; Joe Raymond of Orange, and Monty Irvin of the Eagles ball team. John Kean, Lin Wright, Eleanor Myrrick, Iris Welsh, Miss Marshall of the O. D. B., Dark Count Bob Alves, who received for Christmas a gold chain from Doris Jones of Los Angeles, California; John Coppock, former member of the M. W.; Lois Terrell, Mary Pitts, ultra modern brown; James Murphy and his sweet girl; Murdelll Alson, William Williams, Clifford White, gay Venus Berryman and sweet Mary Baskerville. Leonard Hurd and Herbie Smith of the D. A. S. Muriel Washington of New York.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Jumping like a bumble-bee—here comes 1943. Gone wild. That Fifth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Pancho Diggs, January third, rocked a hill-top. George Leak who will probably top his peak, was seen doing down the street. Wickliffe street — Yes or No? Jeeps—creeps — that Montclair dance came on with lovely maidens—breakfast I mean frantic to be seen. Mabell Adams teasing — tempting devouring. Watch out wolves — I got the first look. Bobby Peal is still in the field. Alice Foster and Frances Foster sipping at Groves. Evelyn Walker, the trespassing yellow-banana-skin, rare as air, beneath the surface.

This month's Down-Beat features Duke Ellington as Swing King, nosing out Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and other white favorites, selected by 15000 musicians. Mattie Johnson, my favorite waitress at Wings' Chop Suey. Otis Thomas, Jim Logan, Judson Morris, Teddy Stevenson, munching and crunching after hours. New Year's nite Slammer Joe says take it snow. Dig the issue on tissue next week.



GAS:—Vanila gals, marshmellow grays and Hershey chocolate. Jumping and romping Jack, our town has begun to look like the



poor man's Hollywood—Newark to you lanes . . . Dig Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, cause I'm in another world.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. AND MRS. NITE CLUB OWNERS—It's not funny about the shortage of oil, but it is something that can't be helped. Due to this shortage, patrons will still look for the best in amusement in Newark's hot spots near home. Why should you work yourselves into a nervous breakdown trying to secure named talent from New York's limelight to satisfy this great demand? In time you will begin to realize we have some of the finest talent there could be. Personally, let's take up the case of Bennie Jenkins, vocalist, who appeared recently on Harlem's Amateur Hour. This lad has broken all records and will appear at the Pelican Club in Greenwich Village for two weeks. This is just one of the good talented lads who would do very well in one of your better spots around here, if you would give him half a chance. So in the future, if you are in need of the best in local talent, kindly call and consider the advice of your Dance Commentator . . . Tiny Prince.

McShann and his terrific band of mad men will romp and stomp at Laurel Garden, Town Town, Saturday night, 23rd. 'Twill be messy like Aunt Bessie and straight like a Cadillac Eight, so come on up and bring your bait—dig a frail. A Georgia Ball—let's go home—be like we used to be. But only with a modern trend. You'll be my guest. So come out and dress. Plus swing the Swing Club. So you there.

FASHION FLASH — Hannabelle Anderson, sweet Brown, dressed in greenish peppered two piece suit, light blue coat with lynk fur boat, blue hat, brown shoes, tan gloves—fine as wine. Dapper Dan Gibson, formerly drummer of Savoy Dictators looking great in gray sharkskin suit, blue shirt, black knit tie, mad bolow hat—darby to you, blue overcoat, red scarf and gloves and black shoes. Tough — good enough. Ralph McNeil in neat brown overcoat, Harvard's Hat Shop, 46 Market street, features something wild in derbys. The hat that is becoming a demand around our young social centers. See them—your's for the asking.

T. T. SOCIETY—Friday night the Guardsmen—strictly formal affair—tails and gowns was something to always discuss. Jersey was well represented: Miss Wallis McGee, Mary Davis, Summit; Emma Kaye, Lucille Ware, Jersey City, also Lillian Moultrie; Alice Kelly, Wilkie Moore, Harold Ray, Golden Boy of East Orange; Harvey Judkins, Plainfield; Warren Dillard, Billy VanCroft, Frank Carroll, golden boy; Johnny Johnson and Tommy Johnson. At the Tweedsmen's Box were Dolores Brown, Rudy Williams, Su... Anita Wilson, with the model Mildred Stent; Hazel Burden and Cameron Haines, all of New York and Brooklyn.

Did you hear the call to youth by Hon. Prentice Thomas—legal staff of N.A.A.C.P., presented by the Junior N.A.A.C.P. Council, Mrs. Guy Moorhead, advisor. Subject: "Youth in a Just and Durable Peace", Tuesday evening, January 26th at 8:30 p. m., under the auspices of the Men's 400 Club, at Bethany Baptist Church, 117 W. Market street, Newark, Rev. William P. Hayes, pastor. Dr. J. Otto Hill, president; Oliver Bryant, recording secretary; Dr. E. P. Patterson, secretary. P. S. Johnny Wright and George Johnson will be baptised at Bethany Sunday coming.

Happy Birthday to charming Mary Baskerville and also Regina King and Catherine "Kitty" King. The matinee given by Dora Matz was truly a success, in spite of the certain group who did not rally behind the affair, to which they would probably benefit. Joe Crump and his band of a thousand t...emes, Geneva Turman, Fred Scott, Mitchell Kelly, Dot Frazier, Leonard Hurd, Arthur Prince Hall, little Jackie Sakie, Ernest Evena Ellingtonk, Winifred Matthews, just a few of the many who were at the Ambassador Sunday. 'Twas fine as wine. Bo Phillips left Monday. Jasper "Golden Boy" Brown will leave for the Army Thursday with "Beans" Jackson, a noted figure who will be missed by all who know them. That gay gathering at Venus Berryman's home in honor of Cuhtis Brown of Bombardier 64th Air Squad, A. F. C., Baerfield, Fort Wayne, Indiana . . . Miss Emma Beatty, Mrs. Alma Goines, Leanard Hurd, John Brown, Jimmie Davis, Joseph Raymond, Austin Davis, Jr., Mary Baskerville, Manford, Irvin, Harvey Grimsley, Sally Grimsley, Barbara Ligon, Margaret Ligon. They wined and dined. Monty Irvin eased and teased charming ladies.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — "Stash" your cash and dig the gig. Your boys and mine, the Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks bring to you an invitation to be with them February 6th at Ann Gordon's, Elizabeth avenue (Tan Town) Newark, from 9 until. Doors close at 12 sharp—so let's trek and truck and enjoy the luck with the social elite youth of '43.

Coped a gander while meandering at the Sweethearts of Rhythm dance of cute Alberta Brown in her uniform. 'Tis whispered and keep in mind January 31, Sunday matinee with the Patriotic Nine with Johnny Jackson. Doris Jones enlightened brown and on the ground. Just like the dove, I'm out for love. Skin me pops, let's call the cops when fruity chicks grab a wing. Dig, we are not obliging the ladies without their ration cards. Here is also wishing Mrs. Amelia Whitaker a speedy recovery from recent illness. Bob Smith looking much bigger in uniform also Johnny Harris and George Marshall from Colorado.

Friday's "Y" Shindig—a Boston on glossine. North Newark's finest yellow and mellow, Lorraine Jones, George Hayes being sought by a frantic bird. Lenora Chavious, Dorothyy Friday, Larrie West looking like a picture from Vogue in sport attire. Kathleen and Annie West. Drag in the bag goes to Arthur Williams, who continues to drag himself insulting young ladies—namely Margaret McWhorter. Gus Dawson a smoothy. Thelma Ward, Bland Sayles, Lillian Daniels in blue.

Congratulations to Geneva Davis and Oliver Porter—who will be Mr. and Mrs. Just a hint—a word to the wise. Those two little butter and egg men who have been with San Quenten Quails, better watch out or they will need bail. Here's hoping the understanding is very clear. The University of Newark sponsors a basketball game for the benefit of the Infantile Paralysis Fund at the Red Shields Gymn on Providence and Reid streets. Take 34 bus—Market street — Passaic River Bridge or Chapel street—get off at Providence—walk one block up. Games will be between University of Newark and Montclair State Teachers College—Panser Company vs. Drew University. Date: Thursday, January 21st at 8 p. m. Ralph Jacobs is featured on the Drew University team.

his p

Ethel Ashley's engage[illegible] ring shines brighter these days. George Fair jiveing on air. Bonita Stapleton up after recent illness. Clara Saunders stepping out. Lois Pernell divine were sweet and fine. Gator call the pig because they tell me he wears a wig. Dorothy Spence and Thomassino Goodwin eased and teased the mad lads at the Pic. George Smith home on furlough. Arthur Williams, Kid English to you. Emogen still gassing, Public Service could use her in these War Times. Watch for the Golden Boy Benefit affair at Ann Gordon's. Dorothy Matthew and Florence Bristol doing a wadoles for toodle in the nite. Alvin LaMar Hayes Count Basie protege really had a session at his home, 216 Orange St. last Thursday and leans the fats really came out to his home was full beyond capacity. Twas the lads maddest farewell. Left for Dix Saturday morning. Here is also wishing Bill Ballard a speedy recovery. In Ward 2, City Hospital my school chum. The wildest copper colored lads aroundDoodle Town are namely Pops Squir, Warren Raiemo, love thief and heart breaker Gol-

len Boy Clarence Baskerville. Skin their in. So dig my dirt and wash my shirt. Ben Skolnik eased n from California land of Sun or fun wearing Corporals stripes. Former salesman of Shanks Clothing store. A sharp studd. Let ut the gas and let me pass. The est bands of all move. Move to kateland Hall—Cab Calloway? enny Goodman? or Count Basie? pril 30th so dig 'em its a date nd don'e be late. Who are the 043 Victory girls? Golden Boy asper Brown's Slogan—If you it on wood it must be good.
Evelyn Boyden, younger set ribe is NOT "Taking a trip west."

"Hedonism" Grips Young Workers

Teen Age Girls, Making Big Money, Take "Last" Fling, Promoters Having Holiday

"Ah, fill the cup—what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath out feet
Unborn tomorrow, and dead yesterday
Why fret about them if today be sweet"
—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

By HARRY B. WEBBER

The philosophy of Hedonism has gripped the teen age defense workers who are no longer short of cash but draw down a hundred or more every two weeks. "Hedonism" is the dominant philosophy made popular by Omar Kahyyam's famed "Rubaiyat" and means, in a few words, "Eat, drink and be merry for tommrow you may die."

The defense working girls and boys who were formerly only high school students or plain jitterbugs now have the money to be independent and do what they want. And they are doing it.

A spokesman for this group and one who knows them in all social classes is Carl Brinson, better known as "Tiny Prince."

"They go to be and make defense plant time for six days a week," he says. "But oh, that 7th day. They're out to 'live' on that day and they want enough pleasure to last all week

"First they start out shopping. They buy all the little and big things they always wanted. This means not only clothes but ukeleles and a batch of the phonograph records they always wanted and the radio-phonograph combination they used to dream about. Then they start balling in the evening and this usually means parties



Dance Promoters Holiday On As Youth Crowds Affairs, As Above

or one of the big dances. Some of them get their 'bug juice (liquor) somewhere. Some don't bother with it.

"Usually from two to six and seven girls travel together. Most of the men are in the army, but the few left behind are quickly tied up if they are not too bad off physically. There are a lot of marriages, mde in fear there will be no more men around soon. Unions of girls of 18 with men nearer thirty are becoming more common.

"The former riff raff, children of parents who have known only poverty, are quickly integrating themselves into society because they have the money to put on the 'front.' Compare the affairs of today with those of a few years ago. There is no more blue ribbon social life among the young. The daughters of the best families mingle with the enriched daughters of the slums when Lunceford or Basie or Hawkins come to town. The Sunday cocktails also mix everybody together.

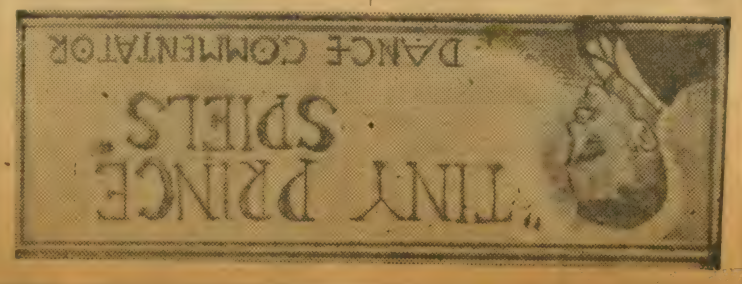
"Everybody seems to be thinking that this week or this month or this day will be their last on earth. They are living too fast like they think the world is going to end and this is their last chance."

Brinson did not mention the promoters heaven which is supported by these money making children. For weeks every dance in this area and every cocktail party have been huge successes Patrons pay anything demanded. In halls like Clinton Manor $1.10 is charged for admission, 25 cents to check wraps, $2, to $5 for tables and the bar there jacks up liquor prices to a 50 cent minimum and sells beer at 15 cents for a little glass and every one pays off with a smile and no protest.

The lush teen age girls don't throw their money away treating the boys who have no such jobs. however. In fact the girls still expect the boys to pay the way of both. However, the girls don't mind too much if their friend goes with other girls in her group. As long as there is nothing serious she doesn't mind sharing. The girls are more independent than ever because they can afford to be.

Who are the April 1943 Victory models?

GAS: Swing you Camel, but don't you ramble. Don't treat me cruel. For I am only a fool. The New Jersey Herald News will drive away the blues. Dig deep you over-hep sheep. The best bands of all move to Skateland Hall, 58 Montgomery St. April 30th. When Count Basie, the band that will drive your feet crazy, swings into view, grooveing it like new. Daddy they will set the pace and ease your case. So come out and swing with grace. Plus



or newest policy, COATS AND TIES. 'Twill be madder than a hen a setting. All Tan Towners know that the jive will be alive and you don't have to worry about being palled and mauled. The floor will be easy and greasy so that you can glide about easy. So relax and dig the knack at the track. And the D.A.S. at its best will grove the mess. The Savoy Record Shop's newest tune, "As Time Goes By", selling faster than any of the latest numbers, rich clear with a melodious air that causes one to really get in that frame of mind. "Don't Stop Now" with our feature East Coast attraction Bonnie Davis still No. 1 on all commercial broadcasting stations sixth week of running on Allen Courtney's Harlem Hit Parade.

FASHION FLASH: Mrs. Regina Gibson in grey trimmed cloth coat fur around collar. Light grey dress with edges of Maroon Grey Suede Pocket Book Shoes and a turret top hat with baby daughter Brenda in grey coat and hat matron dress and little white shoes. Cute, eh! Buster Jamerson, plaid D.B. Suit, long roll extreme Lounge Ligh Blue polo shirt brown suede shoes. Plaid Alan Ladd D.B. top-coat, grey gloves, drak grey brown hat. Duke hats are on parade for Easter. Nobby Shirts and Accessories knock you out. T. T. SOCIETY That recent check up in the Third Ward will probably draw a spark of light on better living conditions for Negroes. But it does seem funny that there are so few people to take up and answer those people Down Town. Only one or two such as Harold A. Lett of the Urban League, one who has always been interested in the Welfare of his own kind. And the Herald News plus other persons not mentioned at this time. Why doesn't every one in the Third Ward big or small hold a meeting and get together and back these people in their struggles and statements to the commission.



GAS:—Wild as a rabbit and smooth as skimmed milk. Grab a spade and dig. I'm Mr. Jekyll and Father Hyde, straight from Vaseline College and always got my jive. Tan Town is really jumping —everywhere the cats can stare.

The 1943 Victory Models, who I will name next week, are sponsoring a Girl of the Year Contest which will cover North Jersey's glamour girls from tops to forggy bottoms around Camden, so Your's Truly advises you and you to climb aboard this mad scramble for the lucky chick will come on with gifts from head to toe including wild beautician service.

Last week Your's Truly was absent, but will try to lay the jive upon you. Thanks also for those cards and letters. The Metropolitan Theater going great guns. Voices in the nite wondering if it's a race issue. Satch Robinson in from the Bali Club, Washington, D. C. Dig the Spielers Hand book—a bit of trash for cash. Like Mutt and Jeff in a Lincoln Zeph, I say watch out now.

Cats they say 'tis wrong and J. Lunceford was a drag in the bag at Laurel Garden. Yes indeed, a real lemon and those few wine people who turned out. Doc Wheeler was not so dandy and another band would have been handy. Dig spook, they played a flook.

THE SAVOY IS CLOSED: Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, wrote the Mayor that the police action was entirely unjustified. Charges that servicemen had contracted disease from girls they met there was a lie, he declared, adding this was a poor way to stop the crime wave in Harlem. And everyone knows from the big and small that the Savoy is not a nang out of prostitutes. Jack, it looks like the fay folks have gone made since the Japs flew over Pearl Harbor, and besides taking our youths' blood, they want our amusement places and time too. It's in Harlem as well as the Hill. Are they crazy with the heat or really trying to sneak back a little revenge if so they had better be careful for the Black Brothers think its almost time for him to stop eating horse meat and rise the white horse awhile.

FASHION FLASH: — John Wright, noted beautician, in brown D. B. suit, tan shirt, brown suede shoes, brown hat. Mrs. Gene Dixon in green dress, flannel trimmed in red and white, lace green shoes and hat to match with bag ultra fine. William Malloy in blueish green diagonal D. B. suit, white shirt, blue tie, tan shoes. Lucille Orr in white blouse, white sweater, plaid S. B. jacket, hounds, tooth green jophers and brown boots cut loungine.

T. T. SOCIETY:—

Pvt. Charles Griggs
Company B—532nd A.P.O. 441
Los Angeles, California

Hey Daddy:

What's to it pops? I'm sending this bug to let you in on a little army jive. This is your boy "Blood" writing from the land of sunshine—that's right—you guessed it—good old California. As you probably know, Beans Jackson, Mikes Tin King and Hank Powell are also here. We are really having a ball with these glamour hues. And I do mean there down for double old man. We had the pleasure of jumping up to the Hollywood Canteen — now dig Prince, it blew us all. Basil Rathbone was acting as a bus boy that night and he served refreshments. Edmond Lowe was sharp as ever. Vincent Price was there from off a set where he is making a picture. He was sporting a Van-Dyke, looking smooth. June Lang, Joan Blondell, Lena Horne and a few more were there, but I can't remember their names.

You know how one gets excited when surrounded by such glamour girls (smiles). We also dug Louise Beavers, the Charioteers, Spider Bruce and the Four Step Brothers. I didn't know Louise, as I'll call her, could sing. A U.S.O. show.

Getting back to the folks at home—I know you are one of the sharpest cats around town and will fall out egg day with one of those frantic bags as usual. Well, chap, fly right and take care of things on the turf until we get back. Tell all the boys and girls Happy Easter.

Signed by: Harold E. (Beans) Jackson; Charles (Blood) Greggs; Frank (Tiny) King; Henry (Hank) Powell.

P. S. I'm not very far from Fred Taylor. He's doing fine also.

Dear friends, that was a pre-Easter letter from a wild Golden boy. Mark Pitt Smith training with Newark Eagles. Who are the May 1943 Victory Models?? Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Woodson are not together. It's rumored due to mother-in-law trouble. One little couple, Mary Davis of Summit at Groves looking good since Harold Raye left her. Margo Garling of Wilberforce, Ohio, is visiting Miss India Nicholson of Jersey City. Mayetta Nicholson has been seen often at the Ambassador's cocktail sips. Ethel Ashby is up and around. Golden Boy slogan—William Collier I'm a Platoon.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Scribers so elite and hard to beat. 'Twas a balmy spring eve and every lad and lassie skipped to one hep frolic, at Clinton Manor. They were on hand to bug and sand. At the door you were greeted by none other than Mrs. Nellie Wahlstrom Flemming and Butts Brown, who cried greetings gate, let's educate upon steps where gay things creep. I sighed as I glided up to check from Sally. The music was mad and Johnny's band was greater than ever. Every note with a hearbeat, soothing waltzes that drew people like Eunice Berryman and Buster Jamerson closer together. Jerry Bland with a young lady as sweet as wine. Norma Lett still sweeter yet. Jamson things were in giggle-wiggle mood and everyone was fine-fancy candy. Asher Conn's table with gay Louise Harris of Summit. Squee believe me Should have dug those lads George Booker of Philly; Stephen Abramson of N.Y.G.I.A.J., 147 champ and Billy Bryant, home-towner, all of Lincoln University.

Adeline Gatlin teasing and pleasing; East Orange sporty-odee Bob Hunter. Mrs. Arline Morris tempting devil. Mary Baskerville, sweet like chicken meat. Agnes White groovey like a movie, still romping like Richmond kittens without their mittens. Met Rose Marshall of Passaic; George Jones in like satin. Julius Hewlett, golden boy, the real McCoy stashing.



GAS:—The Spring is in the wind. At last the streets are gay. Hep kitties have begun to play and good old jive is here to stay. So dig me Mr. Potato for I'll trade you for a tomato. Exchange Place Main Stem—Spruce and Broome along about noon:

The best bands of all move to Skateland Hall—later date gate. Yours Truly will present Who's Who in New Jersey Celebrity World, Tuesday, May 25th at Piccadilly Club. It will be a groovey nite and every entainer in Jersey will take his bow, plus the music of those mad musicians, the Piccadilly Trio, and your Joe Crump and his band of 1,000 themes. Naki Saki Jackis, your comedian M. C. will be on hand to bug and sing. You will also meet for the first time those beautiful colored girls —the 1943 Victory Models. These girls set the pace.

The Y. M. C. A.'s annual bazaar will be held from June 9th to 11th. On June 10th Entertainment Night will be the main feature. Your Truly will make an appearance as M. C. and president Herbie Smith will feature the Dancers Appreciation Society's exhibition lindyhoppers, ballroom dancers, waltzes and conga lads and lassies. Something new.

The first annual Spring Frolic and Dance sponsored by Edison's Special Products Y'sters will be held at the Oakwood Y. M. C. A. 84 Oakwood avenue, Orange, on Friday, May 21. Music by Johnny Jackson and his band. To date some outstanding events have been held by this mixed group, and we believe activities of this type will lead to a better understanding in racial groups—so if you are a worker in a war industry—come out and shout. Tickets may be obtained from Ann West, 328 Amherst street East Orange; Julia Ray, 192 Parrow street, Orange.

FASHION FLASH:—Miss Rose Marshall, one nice looking little brown-skin lassie, attired in green dress, cut out shoes, white lace handkerchief, hat upon head of black curly hair. Vogue. George Pratt's light cream colored California weight top coat. Mrs. Daisy King attired in pleated skirt of greenish brown, red blouse, flower in hair, red bag and shoes. Moses Squire attired in brown double-breasted long roll lounge suit, tan shirt, brown knit tie, brown featherweight shoes, green gray light top coat, brown soft-felt hat. Nobby's Sport Shop is featuring some accessories that will be things you and I will be sporting this summer—121 Springfield avenue.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Evelyn Boyden, one of the Debs, looking good after her visit to Lincoln University. Heard that Bobby Plater, sax star of Savoy Dictators and writer of "Jersey Bounce" has advanced to Top Sergeant. Alma Mae, one of the best female piano players of Jersey holds his stripes.

Rhythm rocked the house and guests such as Audrey Hudson and Eunice Hudson, Florence Washington, David Hudson, Robert Monroe, Mundell Madine, Alfred Jordan, Catherine Walton, Jessie Hughes, Fred Taylor, Henry Squire, Herb Smith, Mabel Bishop, Frank Carter and Lillie Carter—Yes—Saturday nite yo boy was dined and wined waffled nd chickened back Malone cutting capers as usual. Clarence Baskerville spieling. Alvenia Golden of Bayonne a charming personality. Buster Jamerson wearing sport attire—fine as wine—Eunice Berryman looking as gay as a nightengale. Warren Raimo, a lover such as his name, describes. Phola Tuell arriving late from a defense plant, with that devasting smile. Mr. Mack and I retreating from chicken to our private morsel. Lewis Money smaller than anyone with a sweet girl. Leonard Hurd with eyes for —Norma Lett? Mrs. Baskerville, the mother of the sweetest girl in the world, worked herself until—frying that delicious chicken that makes the mouth just water for more—which was served with waffles, gracious and merriment at its gayest.

FRANTIC INTERLUDE: Stash the frame you lane—cause your coming on like the man from Spain. Mrs. Sprinkle had a tinkle right on her little pinkle. The best bands all move to Skateland Hall. Meet the 1943 Victory Models May 25th at the Pic. Carrie Cawthorne turning in a canary and was spotted flaping her wings chirping. Scale me and hook the whale. Buddy, the home boy, still around in spite of what Uncle Sam's putting down.

Nakie Sakie Jackie now up at the 42nd Club with his loads of personality and shocking bay of 43 jokes. Blow me popa for she is a stopper— Nadine LanNier sweet like chicken meat. Kicking. Doc Lomax in vaudeville with partner ballroom ace.

Virginia Barrett, beautiful brown thing with Catherine Cooper Montgomery, doing the town. Sonny Reid in like concrete — smooth and hard chick, gassing about him as if he were the last. Hype to night. Yellow gals don't do right. Brown-skin mamas with larceny in their hearts. Guess who. Savoy Shorty last summer's rage of the age doesn't get around much anymore. What's cooking? Jazz has sizzled to a small fizzle. The Signal Corps Laboratories of Fort Monmouth have put their girls in uniforms. They are exactly like the W.A.A.C. uniforms, except in color, which is navy blue with F. M. S. C. L. insignias on the shoulders and hats. Miss Dorothy Yancey, one of the junior engineers, was in Newark Sunday and looked frantic. All the fine frantic chicks are sending in their Girl of the Year applications, and the total runs to about two hundred girls. This contest is sponsored by the 1943 Victory Girls. Willie Lee kay so wild he cannot smile. Dig him skin—he is in. Dig the fun for the mon.



GUESTS OF TINY PRINCE AT HIS "FLING"

Lucille Orr, Thelma Ward, Doris Jones, Sadie Rodgers, Eunice Berryman, Gertrude McClammy, Belle Anderson, Doris White, Margaret McClammy, Mildred Dupree, Rose Townes and Edna Cox were a few of the scores of pretty girls who attended last week's "Fling," given by Tiny Prince and Eddie Mack at the Piccadilly Club.

T.T. SOCIETY—The Versatile Girls introduced their sweet popular president, Vera Madison, to the public Sunday, a week ago, at the Ambassador, where Johnny Jackson swung lightly and politely until the shades were drawn to black out the light heavens up above. Seen tripping were Mr. and Mrs. Rhodell Flemming, Bobby Peal, golden boy, Venus Waters, Evelyn Jones and a host of others, plus grey-eyed Doris Womack.

Dear girls, I've received numerous letters from fellows in the service. They all would like to know what's going on. Knowing that I haven't the time to answer all, I ask you to do so, so here's one from somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands:

Corp William Timmons
Co. B.—914th Air Base, S. Bn.
APO 3671—A. S. N.—3246155
c-o Postmaster
San Francisco, California.

Hi, Prince!

What's jumping, Jack? I know you'll be surprised to hear from me. I'm over her somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands. I thought I would write you so you could let some of my friends know and write to me. It's VERY LONESOME here—no natives or women of any kind—around to keep you company, so please do me a favor and be sure and tell someone to write as I am hep that you can contact them. Also, here from Newark are Corp. Jacob Mann, Corp. William Alexander, Sgt. David McCray, Corp. William McCray. They would also like you to do the same for them.

Your friend,
Corp. William Timmons

So girls, don't forget—do the Prince a favor and write a Victory Letter to a Negro youth who is giving his all for us.

P.S.—The Tahitian Room Dancerlour opens June 8th—Conga Nite with Tan Town Society.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Poppa, sun you're the only one—please stay and don't jive and run (B. S.-ing about those rainy days). Clarence Mack, the little bass player, who is so groovey that they are haunting him for a movie, comes on with the best and the D. A. S. threatened to name him No. 1 above named figures who are tops. So continue like mad, my lad. Pops, did you dig those glamor pins (legs) upon Mrs. Roberta Maclemore, the librarian of Howard University? Tough and good enough.

"Boogie Woogie" by Tommy Dorsey; "One O'clock Jump" by Count Basie; with Metrotone All-Stars; "C-Jam Blues" by Duke Ellington unit; "Worried Life" by Big Macieo; "Jersey Bounce" by papa Earl Hines, and also many other frenzy back numbers, are the feature at G. & R. Korn Company at 162 Prince street.

Swing me, Molly and don't let him play with a dolly. The Chauffers' Club gave a grand rally Saturday night over at the Royal Ballroom. It was gone like a shooting star. Yellow-mellow Bernice Parker was seen spreading eagle and a little goe giggle, plus Mrs. Dixon, Otis Jackson, Car. Farrell, and many others. Move over a little, Jerry Wren, here comes that man with the pen.

The Nest Club featured a knock-me-out revue. Stroll over there some evening and lamp the production on the hep side. Smokey, MC; Sadie Matthews, songs; Mae Darling, Janie devestating mama, doing songs and dancing like Lucifer in Hades. Herbie Pugsley, Oh well, hold your sides; Cleo Singleton, a sweet chick, tempting "Yes-No!" Alexander Griffin, a groovey boy, real McCoy. Stash the frame and don't be no lame and I won't call no names. Eddie Collins and Louis Gray feuding about sweet teasing frail. Frank Sinatra once tried to buy Perr Lowes' contract—latter now in Navy. Spud trilling about this town. Yours Truly eased into the swellest birthday session ever conceived on human consumption. Irma Ellington's tasty snacks and guests of Montclair; Eloise Douglast, Beatrice Michie. Nina Terrel, Connie Robinson, Maize Dodson, Bill Jones, Inez Koonce of Bloomfield; Inez Koonce of Vaux Hall, Allan Coleman, Nathaniel Boston, New York City, John Crute, Eddie Mack, Leonard Hurd, Herbie Smith, president of D. A. S., Willie McCallum and Mary Baskeryille, Venus Berryman, Buster Jamerson. A wild eve for Lindy Lou who is going to swing with you.

Dig the mess for the best—Naki Saki Jackie and Fats, the team, will be seen for the last time together at the Pic on June 8th—Conga Nite, as Fats leaves for the Army on the 11th. So dig them. Coop a gander at those two mellow brown twins, the Pine sisters, jogging about down town. So gas me, daddy, for I'm not ready. Eddie but Spanish Joe who takes it slow and jumps on back to Co-Co-Mo.

Tiny Prince 'Congo Nite' At Pic. June 8

Congo Night will be staged by Tiny Prince at the Picadilly Club Tuesday night June 8, in the well known Tahitian Room.

The Congo atmosphere will be carried out by a decoration scheme of South American detail.

Tiny Prince will give away a large number of pineapples and cocoanuts as ticket holder prizes, in keeping with the Pan American neighbor policy which seeks to have more Americans partake of South American delicacies.

The room will be arranged for dancing, Prince said this week and the Picadilly Pipers will come on with their hottest numbers.

Tiny Prince's Congo Fling is expected to draw all the youngers who are tops in popularity.



"GAS"—Vote for your GIRL OF THE YEAR. The contest is presented by the 1943 Victory Models. Ann Gordon's July 2, 1943 Sig Mr. Skunk, he putting down loads of bunk. A scented for the rent. "Collar"—meaning do you dig? If not—don't let me continue, 'cause I might singe you. Daddy, Mr. Smooth begs me to spiel about June the 8th, evening—Conga Nite with Tan Town Society and the opening of the Tahitian Room Dancertertour at the Piccadilly Club. 'Twill be groovey as a movie and lads of fun for everyone—plus the door gift of fifty Hawaiian pineapples. Gus Young, New Jersey's No. 1 Killer-Diller man on drums; Joe Crump from the band of a thousand themes at the pianop; Willie Johnson, king of the electric guitar; Rob Taylor, the Sinatria of Tan Town, plus Naki Saki Jackie, our laughable m.c. Leonard Hurd and his partner doing a wild new ballroom number and a little lady who is now being featured with a name band as a new discovery—a second Billy Holliday—a voice that's rocking the finest—Mary Crowley —plus meeting the 1943 Victory Models, New Jersey's fashionable colored girls.

The Captivators present something irresistable—"A Gambol Beneath the Stars." Celebrities and docs have begun to whisper about how it will be, so watch for the date. The Young Set will trip and trek to Clinton Manor, 104 Clinton avenue, Newark, June 5th, from 9 until? Pancho Digg's new moods in music will send you as this band is becoming the talk of all the cats in the know. Yes, indee, a Campus Frolic presented by those fine fellows who are at present one of the leading clubs of Newark, with such members as Richard Porter, Michael Shanks, Thomas Faulks, Thurman Tindall, and popular members not mentioned. Yours Truly will introduce two 1943 Models there and MC the affair. June 9, 10 and 11th Variety the YMCA will present a Variety Bazaar. Be there—'tis something new for you.

FASHION FLASH—The gossip being carried on about the charming peach-skinned looking Miss Lucille Orr, who is blessed with those big lovely eyes, attired in a pink dress studded with lavender and white rose buds, figured gloves of white, a pink plaid top coat—reefer style, pink artificial orchid, black patent leather shoes, bag and veil. Just home from the hospital after a recent illness.

Ernest Mays attired in a brown double-breasted long roll lounge, a pair of those featherweights of dull ox-blood, tan-stripped Duke of Kent collar, brown-figured ties and that personality look. One of the neatest fellows you could meet. Mr. and Mrs. Average, you know you thinking of buying some gift for the Town over, you will never be able to duplicate these frenzy shirts, 121 Springfield avenue—the store for all.

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GAS: — "Collar the mood and get in the groove." Dig Daddy, breeze sweltering with ease, Skin, I know you feel all in, but no soap, rationed too, and that's not meat with Irish Caviar (potatoes to you). Here's know ing that a grand time was had by all, but you cats that feature those madder than maddness Zoots can come out and show your wild tailored creations Tuesday night, June 22, "Tre Zoot Suit Fashion Show".

So come out and shout what it's all about — for along twelve chimes we will present the finest Zoot Suit wearer with a prize that will knock him out.

Cat, this is Tan Town's off the record spiel, dancing in the Tihitian Room, where it's so cool you think you're taking a dip in Liverpool. Just like the man from London, who has the world wondering.

The Y. M. C. A. Bazaar and Mardi Gras, Wednesday, 9th; Thursday, 10th; Friday 11th. A floor show featuring a galaxy of stars of the stage and radio—plus a host of celebrities. Milton Pittman, Miss Casey Majors, of theatrical fame and Herman "Jelly" Williams, who will M. C. the show and the crowning of Miss Y. M. C. A. of 1943 will take place. Mr. Theodore M. Wells, chairman and Miss Gladys Hargraves, secretary. 'Twill be three nites of colossal—so don't miss one for a worthy cause.

Thursday night, June 10th, Herbie Smith, president of the D. A. S. will present New Jersey's best, the Dancers Appreciation Society Lindy Hoppers. Meet the 1943 Victory Models at their affair July ? Don't miss the fashionable colored girls of New Jersey. Can you write a song? Would you like to have your song on a Savoy Platter—if so send it in to your boy. June 19th will be one colossal, gigantic nite for folks that enjoy their entertainment sweet and hot. Papa, the Lincoln Civic Association has floored the masses—turned out great gunds. Dig this. Lucky Millinder and his band, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Trevor Bacon of "When the lights go on again" fame; the Ink Spots, sweet and low. Tap dancers, Continentals, Peg-leg Bates, Red and Curly, 'wo boys who rocked to fame and your boy, Symphony Sid as M. C., and a host of others. 'Tis a date at any rate—plus your boy will be on hand.

FASHION FLASH: — Miss Dorothy Frazier strolling along the dowtown Main Stem in Schotch plaid skirt with box pleats all around; white silk blouse with tiny pearl buttons, a black short vest trimmed in red with flowered designs, red shoes, bag and ear-rings—teasing. Mr. William Prestwood in a hurry — probably to a promoters meeting, attired in tropical garb for a business man relaxing. Brownlike twill S. B. coat, white pants and white loafer shoes, a panama, straw-cream colored sport shirt and as usual his cigar and a white hankie in pocket. Cool eh. Quite so. Julia Ryans, the little lady up on 115 Newton street, is-turrning out things that are in demand by the young women of today and her fame seems to be spreading far and wide. Lassies deep in the heart of Asbury Park talk about one of the dresses she designed and made for old school chums to sport on their vacations.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tillerbee spent the last two weeks in Wilmington, Delaware, enjoying peace and quiet, which they said was found to be the only enjoying of the cultured in that metropolis. Recently met Babe Sims, who also has been out-of-town down in Reading, Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, enjoyed his stay and intended to return and stay. Marion Hughes with two of her guests Mrs. Viola Brown and Nan Fish of Elizabeth [illegible] very charming elderly [illegible] Tillery, who no doubt [illegible] the finest of artists [illegible] country, has been among [illegible] missing for quite some time. Although Yours Truly had not peeked into any of the churches to searhc out the missing (ashame) 'tis reported he is well and hardy. The New Jersey Hospitailty Committee's attraction, The Southernaires, which was presented at Bethany Baptist Church, is still being talked about. Entertainment History. Gladys White, one of the sweetest persons a body could ever meet, has not been seen at the glamour affairs to date. Wonder what's happening. Sorry to hear of the illness of Charlie Lawson's mother and also

[illegible] S. [illegible] at [illegible] are also [illegible] Jo[illegible]n and Jero[illegible] years of hap[illegible] bil[illegible] ted June 13th [illegible] See The Zoot Suit F[illegible] Tuesday nite, June 22. [illegible] Beneath the Stars" — [illegible] title—Saturday nite Ju[illegible] hear it's already a s[illegible] tickets have been sold [illegible] as far as Somerville — [illegible] out and rest with the [illegible] Your Captivators — wit[illegible] Jackson's rollicking ban[illegible] ing my sincere sympathy [illegible] parents of William H. Va[illegible]

FRANTIC INTERLUD[illegible] Kick but don't stick. Your [illegible] of mine — here's a tip — s[illegible] of Branch Brook Park in th[illegible] nings, The Italians are on a [illegible] page. Joe Timmons chirps [illegible] out blurps — Southern Sons [illegible] ure. Julie Gardner plays th[illegible] cordian as well as Pete Digg[illegible] mad man, who thumps those [illegible] making them cry out into th[illegible] returning patron nite after [illegible] "Tapioca" [illegible] Florida Keed[illegible] on with s[illegible] like a broke[illegible] steed. Th[illegible] lively birds [illegible] don't say one word when [illegible] is in [illegible] or else they will be[illegible] ught. Dig the quain, he is stu[illegible] d insane.

Theresa Conover, a naug[illegible]y but but nice. Agnes White looking light and alright trippin[illegible] like she was at the Troc. Mrs. Eleanor Strothers made me cut loose like Old Mother Goose. A lovely Senora beyond all words. Tan Tan awken! You are to have a lemon juice squeeze upon you. Dig the hype—an affair that is no where. So don't say I didn't warn you. Boston Plaza features Johnny B. Gardner, Joe Crup's Band of 1000 themes, Dodgers sporting Spo-Dee-O-Dee, daddy of many, hot jokes, the zuttys don't follow the swallow, but gamble when the amble. Ernie "handsome" Ransome giving the once over to his home town. Chippies are flooding up the shacks doing numbers that are sharp as tacks—no where to go.

"Zoot" Fashion Show 22nd

On Tuesday, June 22, Tiny Prince will stage his "Zoot Suit" fashion show at the Piccadilly Club. This will be the third Tiny Prince's presentation in the last few weeks. The series started with Tiny Prince's "Fling' two weeks ago. The past Tuesday he presented Conga Night with Tan Town Society with Bob Taylor, Mary Crowley, Leonard Hurd and his partner, and Naki Saki Jacki as master of ceremonies with music by Gus Young, Willie Johnson and Joe Crump.

[illegible] Diggs really rocked the [illegible] I still say all those that did [illegible] r this band, missed a treat [illegible] ill be hard to beat. Lille [illegible] s trumpet, great, Clarence Mack on bass groovey; Eddie's sax terrific, plus Pancho's maddest arrangements — Really blew your boy's wig until he did a light gig. Jimson they're gone. Dig em. Spotted Julie Burrell just home from Morgan State College and Thelma L. Tindall looking maiden fair. Henry Pryor, Rufus Jones of M. Speak Softly Wacks, Chuck Howard, one of the famous dance teams, Elizabeth Pollard, sweet as wine, Helen Miller, Mary Sokfinni of Jersey City, Marion McClary, Betty Plackwell, Jean Hogan a tempting out of towner being gassed by the one and only Leonard Hurd; Katherine King the lovely thing; Jimmy Adams in uniform, also the Monty Irvines of Orange, Adeline Gatlin, George the Coco Kid, Charles Whigham in white suit, Larrie West at her best, Marie Foster, looking great and straight; Grady Travicks, loung lizard; Sam Stewart, Gloria Brown of Bayonne, all reet; Emma Kay, Doris Williams, Herbie Smith, president of the D. A. S. tripping with Martha Gordon of Jersey City, plus these madder than ever good out-of-towners, Gwendolyn Crump, Martha Ford, Caroline Ford, Connie Stewart, Ernia and Ruth Hopper of Madison and Springfield; guests of Harvey Jenkins, Ruth Swissett, Herman Car, Charles Miller, Wallace McGhee, Kay Douglas, J. C., Edwin Daly, Judd Jackson, Lester Hobson, Ruth Stelle of Morristown and Esme Samuels of New York City.

Things were good. Dig Tuesday, June 22nd, the Zoot Suit Fashion Show. Join now, copping a lea that's me. Dig you soon or any day in June — Mr. Rabbit for I have a spielinng havit — At Clinton Manor, Saturday, June 12th — Captivators — follow me.

Old man [illegible] but birds [illegible] phan An[illegible] til he wallow [illegible] love. Don't be a hen clu[illegible] never tuckirg—be like and wish for loads of l[illegible]

Brown presents a Shock with the Tramp Band, the madmen of rhythm, plus tennor star, formerly of Lionel Hampton's band, Sunday, June 13th, 4 until 9 p. m. at the Hebrew Club, 514 Clinton avenue. Things were dizzy and wild and dizzy-fast Thursday when a popular radio end recorded stud trilled home with a frantic tan queen who was not seen. "To them". Your boy was gapping and the names would make front page news.

The Swanksmen really blew themselves Saturday night and came on like gators with garters. Yest, 'twas an anxious and balmy summer nite—'twas and

A PERSONNEL ADDRESS TO THE NEGRO GRADUATION CLASS:

Congratulations, yes you have done it.

I know your time has come and perhaps you will stroll out into the wide world expecting to find as, Dick Whittington, gold in the streets, but alas, you will be greatly disappointed unless you heed the voice's direction, of people who have had experience. This is a world of hard knocks, so I say please don't discontinue your education. Continue on—for the world is yours. Manners courtesies and social obligations will keep you on the path to a better world to live in—with your brothers and sisters under the skin. Unity among yourselves will be the foundation of the New Negro of Tomorrow. Here is hoping you forsee part of the future in a better world with this slight bit of advice.—Always your friend, Tiny Prince.

P. S. Happy Birthday to Julia Ryans and Georgie of the Picadilly. That was some party at 341 Forrest street, Jersey City.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: 'Twas solid Daddy and I had bars down when ryhthm blo[illegible] my conk. Pops that's the [illegible] lindys from big windys ga[illegible] about my boy Pancho Diggs S[illegible] day nite at Savoy Plaza. Anyo[illegible] of you cars who stash arou[illegible] Groves, dig the frantic rubber possessed by those young hep poppas. Now I think I'll fall on dow[illegible] to the alley and take a list whi[illegible] at Duke's Cottentail. Ben We[illegible] ster's solo sax-maddness. T[illegible] Anniversary Dande at the Mar[illegible] Saturday was elite and Luci[illegible] was in a cut-out mood. Georg[illegible] Fair out getting a little air. Joh[illegible] ny Jackson, super Mary Crow[illegible]y, fine Bob Taylor with his pair[illegible] educated tonsils, lovely lit[illegible] Mary Pitts, Dotty Newman [illegible] many of the older set—a [illegible] summer session. Jive lovers [illegible] ankleing out to Coney Island t[illegible] hot days—Savoy to you lanes [illegible] franes. Clem Moorman of the [illegible] cadilly Pipers Trio or Bu[illegible] Banks Trio of Savoy Record C[illegible] pany will have his tonsils out [illegible] week—one of the daddies of [illegible] piano. Dig this sprantic tra[illegible] gab about the tab. Spank [illegible] frank and knock me a crank. [illegible] Youth Congress meeting at La[illegible] Garden last Sunday, to b[illegible] about a better understanding [illegible] all root. Scram you ham, 'ca[illegible] I'm on the lam. Sand you [illegible] and hug the rug.



The place was fine as wine last Friday and if you note Father Earl Hines' band romped all over and almost set the place a fire with his terrific pace. Billy Eckstein sang beyond compare. Sarah Vaughn was on. Scotty did his. Or was it that method to madness Burrel Sound System that contacts the drop of a pin or softens a screaming lullaby. Sugar Mama's with coats of ton, Mrs. Sykes of Tummit, Thee Elizabeth Pegram, George Oliver smooth, Dorothea Stalks and Catherine Terry-in Gloria Byrd who wouldn't give me a word. Chauncey Talbot, the glamour boy Bob Brown, Stardom Clair Knight & Lucille Johnson two ice cream girls namely Vanilla, Mayo Matthews, George Alford, Leonard Hard bugging and rugging with the one and only Annie Rubber degs West. Bro, Leon Gibbons knocking self out with mad D. B. (Bennie) topcoat. Adeline Gatlin looking enchanting. Sis Alberta Van Riper cute as ever and Bloomfield Sis Jones. Twas in an no sin not one misunderstanding no fights. And It can be said there is a new very intelligent respectful crowd that caters to these affairs so come on out and see what its all about. Ann Goodson. sweet girl. The Savoy Record Company of 58 Market St. are now featuring the most talented Negro's in the Eastern part of the County. And this is straight so get it gate Bonnie Banks' latest recording "He knows how to knock me out." plus many others. Jam this in your cranium "With the war in operation snatching men here and there, I've come to one conclusion." If the Savoy Dictators had not had so much bickering in their organization when they were struggling to name themselves supreme, by now with all their deferments this band would have topped the greatest. But lack of understanding has defeated one of the greatest musical units you and I will ever see. But I've learned from reliable sources that after the war they will be rounded up and reorganized with heavy sugar as backing. Yours truly also sends his sincere sympathy to the family of James Jimmy Lassiter, one of the finest lads in life. And to the passing of Mrs. Whitaker, mother of Jake, Ben and Little Budry.

FASHION FLASH—Miss Francis Foster of Downtown Newark look designing and petite last Sunday at Groves'. In a knee length fur coat, brown black. A white lace trimmed blouse and skirt with fan pleats all around. Plus a twin black hat set like a flower vine, white gloves and black bag. Sunduke, the scholar of the old school spotted at Afro Club sipping. Grey plaid S. B. 2 button lounge with slight twin lines of brown an red. White slot grey stripe shirt, burnt red splash figured tie. Blue fly front topcoat. White hankie in breast pocket, black shoes and Paarkie Pie Hat. Nobby of 121 Springfield avenue is now featuring a wild new stock of mens furnishing galore. Things that are becoming very scarce since th break of War.

T. T. SOCIETY— Living Costs and high rents are driving our social leaders into the outskirts of town where they have at last took time to purchase homes of their own. Which is nice.

"Who are the 1943 Victory Models?"

Recently this scribe had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rita La Rue Frieson a lady who in her quiet way is somewhat of a celebrity you and I could have never dreamed of. She has toured from North to South and East to West and her friends are some of the very best, such as Eddie Rochester, Hattie McDaniels, Lena Horne, Willie Best and a host of others. She was formerly a personal associate of Mrs. Bob Crosby who tours with the band. Surprise but received letter from Frank Carrol in answer to that misunderstanding.

494th Port BM 2C
Co. C N.O.S.A.
New Orleans.

Hello Tiny:

I trust this letter finds you in the best of health, wealth etc. I guess you are surprised to hear from me. But here I am regardless. I am writing you from the bottom of the U.S.A., New Orleans. Really groovey creoles, mullatoes, spiced with negro and whites. I went to the city last week and had a ball. I ran into litte Buster and Jack Johnson. They are stationed nearby. Harold Ray (Dark Count) Bob Alves and Wallace Taylor, Lin Wright Louis Brown, Roland Hennigan and other Tan Towner's are here and also Warren Evans the lad who wrote the popular "Baby Don't You Cry" for Buddy Johnson. We are rapidly getting the knack of things. Our only regret is that we are so damn far from home. I read the articles you put in your column about the Commando affair. And I want to tell you I had nothing to do with the letter sent to Mr. Singleton. Broadway Blue, Harold and Wallace didn't either. I'm not saying this because I am away but because I resent people thinking of me that way. And I trust you have forgotten the matter entirely. I must close now hoping to hear from you soon. Tell Leonard Buster Jamerson, Herbie and all the gang I said Hello.

Sincerely
Frank Carroll.

Jersey City's Teabits: The Sportsmen have ended their popularity campaign as one of Jersey's leading clubs. Alfred Brown youngster age 15 was picked Junior glamour boy of youngsters set. Miss Lillian Moultrie was selected glamour girl of older girls. The uarty given by Jimm Cox and Eugene Chavious sent the elite. Among guest they say were Miss Billie Stede of Trenton State Teachers College. Harold Halloway and playboy Charles Olston wined and dined at the home of Marion Berry of Caldwell last Sunday after hitting the high spots of New York. A new club will come out sometime in April. Who are the 1943 Victory girls?

"FRANTIC ENTERLUDES" — The best Bands of all move to Skateland Hall. Stash the cash and let's go with trash. Marie Anderson munches and crunches on 3 cokes, 3 slices of cake and 2 sundies. Chancy Wirl home on leave. Venice Water conversing with our new sawbones. Scratch and hatch dig the latch. Billy Burrell with a pipe that doesn't smell. Martha Brent, Effie Brent & Beula Brent glamourous and stammers. Pegg Sherman of Brooklyn stuck up not having any luck just like a duck. Ethel Ashley's engagement ring shines brighter these days, George Fair jiveing on air. Bonita Stapleton up after recent illness. Clara Saunders stepping out. Lois Pernell divine were sweet and fine. Gator ,call the pig because they tell me he wears a wig. Dorothy Spence and Thomassino Goodwin eased and teased the mad lads at the Pic. George Smith home on furlough. Arthur Williams, Kid English to you. Emogen still gassing, Public Service could use her in these War Times. Watch for the Golden Boy Benefit affair at Ann Gordon's, Dorothy Matthew and Florence Bristol doing a wadoles for toodle in the nite. Alvin LaMar Hayes Count Basie protege really had a session at his home, 216 Orange St. last Thursday and leans the fats really came out to his home was full beyond capacity. Twas the lads maddest farewell. Left for Dix Saturday morning. Here is also wishing Bill Ballard a speedy recovery. In Ward 2, City Hospital my school chum. The wildest copper colored lads aroundDoodle Town are namely Pops Squir, Warren Raiemo, love thief and heart breaker Golden Boy Clarence Baskerville. Skin their in. So dig my dirt and wash my shirt. Ben Skolnik eased in from California land of Sun for fun wearing Corporals stripes. Former salesman of Shanks Clothing store. A sharp studd. Let out the gas and let me pass. The best bands of all move. Move to Skateland Hall—Cab Calloway? Benny Goodman? or Count Basie? April 30th so dig 'em its a date and don'e be late. Who are the 1943 Victory girls? Golden Boy Jasper Brown's Slogan—If you do it on wood it must be good.

Evelyn Boyden, younger set scribe is NOT "Taking a trip west."

1943 1943

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West Side Printing House, Newark, N. J.



GAS:—The 1943 Victory Models present their coming-out raffle and dance August ? July 24th, the Swanksmen cordially invite you through this column to their Society Prom, strictly formal, at Clinton Manor. Dance music by Johnny (our boy) Jackson, featuring Bob Taylor. The lights will be gay and soft music will sway you. Social element will be the ng with sweet swing. Heppies nifties—yes, it's here. Stars Tomorrow—lads and lassies on the up-beat, torrid. Bonafide representatives of a patron's evening. Talent at its best. Naki Sak. Jackie, a lought, until you crack your sides. The new queen of the blues, Pearla Ellison; Mary Crowley, petite and sweet songs. Music by Two Bars and a Staff, a trio that will soon captivate a place in your musical world. Willie Johnson and his famous electric guitar; Albert Best going down the best on his romping bass, and Vernon Biddle, a piano-player which few can compare, smooth with class that trickles those ivory notes. Where?—At the Piccadilly Club, 1 Peshine avenue (Tan Town) Newark. Cat coop this righteous is-e. W is that Count looking ividu who ankles up and n We Market street carrying M. ne, sports light summer clothes a style of his very own, probly nobody wants it, moustache d goatee under chin, pleasant ooking person, acts a slight bit frightened? Who is it?

Oscar Lewis, one of the best underrated fighters, has slowly risen o the champion circle and book gent in the fight game are dickering for his contract. Dancers Appreciation Society's South American Fiesta coming soon. Received a letter from Bob Smith, oing all right in Salina, Kansas. ow a Corporal, seems as if Bob receives favorable notice.

FASHION FLASH: — Buster Jamerson attired in green tweed pants, green shirt, maroon tie and oat, green handkerchief, tan loafers and stiff straw to top it off. Pearl Freeman, a desirable brown, in a Sunday teal blue dress with lace around collar, white shoes, black curly hair adorned with flowers and white bag. Miss Connie Harris sipping at a popular spot in Town in a dark dress trimmed with white. Ada Harris in blue outfit. Jimmy Simmons, one-time playboy, again striding for position—well dressed.

INTERCITY SWING CLUB: — Solidly Yours—Mary Crowley, one of those sweet irresistable song birds really gives out at the Pic with smoothness that's only a perfection compared to none. A treat that's hard to beat. Joe Crump, the daddy of the swing era, or on master, is doing almost top in drawing crowds to his stud is madder than s—all members of ion. Let's not speak ts that present itself respect and underween the performer who he amuses and Yes, talent is someone of a hundred s. Putting it over to a another question—

so, Mr. and Mrs. Public, keep your eyes on members of the InterCity Swing Club, Inc. . . Booking thru Naki Saki Jackie, telephone Bigelow 8-9151, between 6 and 7 p. m. Singers, dancers, musicians and what-not. P. S. Watch for the Entertainers Lounge.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Although the Dancers Appreciation Society was not over-crowded, the nite was gay and a cool breeze did float through Ann Gordon's. Music haunting and sweet. Guests were as follows: Shirley Cox, Christine Green, Margo Johnson, Willa Whitaker, France M. Mayo, Private Leroy F. Jackson, Jr., Doris Jones, Kitty King, Moses Matthews, Mary and Clarence, Lillian Baskerville, Jackie, Sarah Smith, Venus Berryman, Thelma Ward, Ernest Mays, Louis Money, Pops Squire, Julius Hewelett, Marion Jones, Charles Whigham, Esther Williams, Margaret Squire, Margaret Johnson, Leroy Harrell and many others—quite an evening.

Mr. Ryan, the Activities Secretary of the Court Street Y. M. C. A., was down to the Laymen's Conference at Bordentown last week circulating with big names such as Clarence Muse, Canada Lee, Max Yergen, Clayton Powell, Roy Wilkens, E. C. Mitchell, Walter White, J. Emmet Scott. . . . Hank Powell home on furlough. A member of the Wacks.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Pardon me, my Lindy Lou, but let's jive again with you. Collar the mess and spiel wiht the best. Jackson, the Cadillac Kid and I ankled around and down to barbecue soan along about noon to taste a swing upon the latest drink—an alcoholic beverage called Sweet Potato Vim. Daddy, it will make your ears wiggle and your feet wiggle until you break out into Joe giggles. Soon liquor will be rationed and this new stuff might trek onto the market—so sprain from the grassy lane, don't say I didn't warn you. P. S. It's a third ward bootleg chemist drink. It grows hair on a cue ball and takes hair off monkeys. Warren W. Rainey is now in Uncle Sam's Navy. Golden boy. The 1943 Victory Girls will feature their initial coming-out raffle and dance August ? 'Twas madder than a hen with a yen that spree that's soon to take Naki Saki Jackie Mandville the No. One M. C. of Jersey going into the Apollo. The lad is really mad and, no doubt, million strong from this shore will trilly over to give our boy a hand.

Clara Saunders, the It chick seems to be among the missing. Pardon my southern exposure, but the gentleman knows you. That's Adeline Gatlin tripping lightly and politely and nightly through Tan Town. A 1943 Victory Model. Walter Lord Gatchett of London who wishes he could keep the entire town wondering, isn't looking well of late. Uncle Sam's bait. Jam this in your carnium. When Miss LaRue Frieson buzzes to a stud, Jack he will pull his wig until he does a jig. Casanova she can spiel awhile in style.

Cut Roach, grow up and be a big water bug, not a frenzy bug. Stash the trash and let's hustle for cash. Earl Flynn, the chuckling playboy of Montclair, wears a wig. Don't you dig? Without the knowledge of the hens that admires his wavy grass (hair). Annie Ward and Doris Jones sipping and gum beating escorted by a sportman of a well-known place of hey-day. Chuckling Jeepers Creepers, Groves Pharmacy still comes on with the latest cream and milk drops the high yellows of this day and age and the latest find is on the sign. Dig pig, "root hard" or you will be lard. A bird's eye view of what's new. Received a line from a cat that's a fine Corporal Bob Smith, sparring partner of Joe Louis. All is well at Salina, Kansas. John Wright, the wig puller, hairdresser or beautician, sports nothing but 400 chicks these colored nights. Power to the poppa-stopper who eases and teases with rift and nift. P. S. Meet you at Clinton Manor, July 24th, in your white coat, black pants, white shirt and black tie.

waxed a few numbers and in about two weeks one record, "Rhythm and Bugs" will be released and there has been a demand for about 15,000 of these recordings. Hyland Reid left for college to gather up a bit of Uncle Sammy's knowledge, so dig me with my wig for I am off to a gig.



GAS:—Dig the Dukes and Duchesses mad Sunday nite spree at the International Hall, Broome and South Orange avenue, and shapes like Mary Sweetwines, lines fine and in line. Gap a snatch a nap before I go to plat a Jap. It won't be long, so dig my song. Each and every fine cat will fall to the walls of Laurel Garden October 3rd to dig mad messy Tiny Bradshaw, Lil Green and Dock Wheeler with that ever popular Orlando Roberson. Chicks, 'twill be mellow, so come out and dig your fellow. Gus Young, New Jersey number one, home from ome Atlantic frantic ace drumer, celebrated his birthday Monay nite with many fine people in he know. Cap a gap at him when er perculates those skins down t the Alcazar, like a duck takes o water—in like mad.

Your boy and mine, Ernie Phipps, the lad with our band of the future, featuring fays and boots, is simply becoming the rage of the younger set. Now is this spiel sets you back on your heels, dig the band when they open up at Skateland Friday, September 25th. Watch for the D.A.S. Dance School and Indian Summer Sport Hop coming. Dig the date. Well that Nest is a mess and comes on with the best. D. drop in, skin, and I am quite heop you will be grooved to a nutty frappe when you dig little Sadie Matthews spotlighting with songs and Mae Darling, song bird. Herb Puggsley, funny man. Smokey McAllister fast and up and coming M.C. battling wor a position with the best and pops, he is really good. Pete DiDggs, new swing supplies the musical background for your show and dancing pleasure.

Ada McDaniels, the grand operator who is popular at the Exclusive Beauty Nook, 7 Sidney place, is knocking some frantic hair dos to the chippies heads, so dig this manufacturer of beauty and let her groove you a few curls.

T.T. SOCIETY—The shadows were creeping away and dusk stole into the nite, remember tis Sept. 5th, youth the spice of Negro ciety are tripping in gay sport

. Delany, vice-president of the National Urban League. In addion, Mr. Delany will tell somehing of the activities of the Urn League.

The "Three Little Maids," Betty Jean Storey, Helen Storey and Pauline Baptiste, who are directed by Miss Kitty Kirby, were discovered on the first of the New York Urban League's programs. "Stars of Tomorrow." The third of this series, designed to give opportunity for the public appearance of talented young Negroes, will be held in New York's Town Hall on Sunday, September 27, at 2:30 o'clock. Sponsored jointly by the Women's Council of the New York Urban League and W. C. Handy, and under the direction of Arnold C. deMille, this year's program promises to surpass all others. Negro youth who have successfully passed the auditions are eagerly looking to this opportunity to gain recognition and to a future career such as is now open to the "Three Little Maids."

This, and other Urban League programs for young people led the Columbia Broadcasting System to select the Urban League as one of the organizations worthy of featuring in the series Children Also Are People. The script for the broadcast was written by Ann Tanney hill, secretary of the league's bureau of guidance, who cooperated with the Department of Educatior of CBS in arranging

clothes to a birthday party given in honor of Jasper Brown, one of Tan Town's popular men about town at the Felix Fuld Court Recreation Hall. I am already there. Yes, its at its best. Patty Cordella of Asbury Park, charming Melissa Plunket, alarming Juanita Saunders, elite Owen Williams, vanilla yellow Davie, the lad from Tiny Bradshaw's band, Doris Williams, chic Albert Brown, white coat, white shirt, dark blue tie and pants, Clara Ray. Susie Fisher in cool print dress, puglistic Morris Parker, Billy Burrell,Frank Gaylord, who happens to leave soon for army playing the field, Mildred Lee, tempting, Wynenna Coy, looking very petite, Sam Stewart, Hazel Snell, Frances Pearson, Carolyn Reid, Herbie Smith of Dances Appreciation Society and also Leonard Hurd of the same organization; Mrs. Lillian B. Huff, and the Piccadillly Pipers was the conversation of that ever so pleasant evening. Vivian Metter of Vaux Hall radiating the place with a smile of good will.

The Y.M.C.A. cigarette jam dashed and splashed. Do you dig? Herman Taylor dug into the chicks. Venus Wafers still as groovey as a movie. Jabbo Morris tough and good enough. Calvin Morrison, young knowledge boy, with emopene Suggs, wearing smart blue dress and one of the '42 Debs; Butts Brown, Jr., in like a hound on ground. Christine Hudson one of those glamourous preludes to a kiss—a promising song bird. John Coppock, president of the Magnificent (Speak-Softly) Wacks haunting a brown skin model. Jerry Bland, Mr. and Mrs. Roselle, Albert Brown quite in fold in deep emotion. Dig? Bob Alves, dark count upon his mount, rushing Margaret Johnson. Ralph McNeil and Gloria Crocked eying each other. Mrs. Groves heulping out at the door in sophisticated way. Glamourous lady no doubt.

Tweedy a Swankman in like a sardine. Evelyn Boyden missing. Pat Turner gay as a blade of grass in the wind. One of the grandest weddings was of Miss Viola McCray and Curtis Thomas in the "little church on the corner," "Our Lady Queen of Angles." Flower petals upon the muslin of white adorn and were crushed beneath the feet of the charming couple who were supported by Mildred Ridley and Jessie Keye as best man.

FASHION FLASH—Katherine King in beige skirt, red coat blouse, red shoes and courdery box hunting red hat. Bobby Pearl in beige shetland sack coat, drak brown pants, pair brouges and white short, brown tie and felt hat.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—William Malloy, circulation and general manager of this sheet, camera flashing the Pic with his genial smile—a line that is fine. Buster Jamerson, the keed smoothie, is gone like a blimp without a limp. Aaron Sanders and Jerry Bland sightseeing over at the Carnival, where I also dug Teeny of Kra Wen Debs with lovable Margie. Edna Yak causing the Pick to be packed. Glimpsed Judge Walker, playboy, and Ann Ward sipping lightly. That all night of Julius (Golden Boy) Hewlett of M. (speak siftly) W. party, Leroy Anderson and Jimmy, Mary R. Seary, Minnie Corsey and Cecilia Corsey of Woodbury. It was gassy. Bob Wright in for the lights. Helen. West of Orange is gone with a wind. B. J. quite pleased. J. Cox pleased with the beeze. Cats di this issue. A duce (two years) a



The final all-state LEG CONTEST August 17, 1943 at Piccadilly Club.

GAS: — The lick is not to kick. Like a hound with my nose to the ground, I'd like to know what you're putting down. Now ole man and little Jenny Wren, let's collar the mood and get in the groove. Recently your friends from on the quain grew quite a-stir and hep insane, for it was a fact way back poppa-stopper the daddy of the day.

Buddy, Johnson, breaking all records, will ease and tease into Tan Town (Newark to lanes) at Laurel Garden for the Lincoln Civic Association's first birthday party, Saturday nite, August 7th. Jimson, this stud and his wild aggregation have caused a great upset throughout the entire country and musician polls are raving about his mad million dollar recording—"Jump Children" groove hotter than a furnace afire. Dig his sister, the latest chirping canary, an Andrew Sinclair sweet cyncopator. "It's a date—so don't be late."

August 17th Pic Club, 1 Peshine avenue, the final all-State Leg Contest. Come and dig mose mad gams—legs to you. So ladies, girls, come out and win those stockings—dancing in the Tihitian Room with music by Joe Crump and Pete Diggs. One nite only—so dig it. Everybody spieling about the civilian who drew his rod on the soldier up around Dodgers Grill. Lucky for that stud, an M. P. could have drawed a bead on him, fired over his head, causing him to get excited, and all was settled without the so-called killing that is being rumored around town. One thing can be said about the Negro M. P.'s, they seem to be much more intelligent than squares and bears rate them.

The Dancer's Appreciation Soctiy's South American Fiesta? Sonny Bernard sent regards to everyone out in California. Clarence Baskerville, golden-boy, goes for physical Saturday 7th. I like the way Grace Smith contributes her time in behalf of the bus going to Fort Dix, with the aid of her ofay friend, Jean, who is anxious to help the colored morale.

FASHION FLASH: — Virginia Wise in sport gabardine tan slacks, white blouse, brown and white saddle shoes, cut. James Davis in a dawn blue double breasted lounge drape, made of light-weight flannel, a gabardine dark blue sport shirt, cream and tan sport shoes and a leghorn mesh straw with blue band. Muriel Smith of Jersey City in a two-piece red single breasted suit, black leather shoes and bag, lace ruffled blouse, plus a lovely brown skin with a head of black curly hair. Nobby's shirts, ties and accessories at 121 Springfield avenue. There is no question about Julia Ryans being the best dressmaker.

T. T. SOCIETY: Yes, it's those ladies of the future to look forward to—The Coy Gremlins—something nice and full of spice August 7th the spacious Clinton Manor, a nite that will be full of enjoyment. Yes, there is no doubt the Gremlins are some of the lovely lassies about this state and that is taking in quite a bit. The president is the charming Marion McClamy; secretary, Gloria Brown; business manager, Audrey Taylor. Received a post card from Corporal Robert Perry out in Battle Creek, Michigan, CC-543 Q. M. S. B., Fort Custer, plus all these lads from home-town, Private Morris Smith, Private Leroy Wilkes, Private Dudley Newberry, Corporal George Oliver and Private David O'Farrow. So girls, give your boy a hand and write to a few of these lads.

Well, let's ankle on down Memory Lane and recall the days of 1935-36-37 when Morris Parker was king of the amateurs. Allie Stokes was afraid to put on the gloves with colored boys. Lawrence Miller was the singing sensation of all when house parties were the rage of age clubs, like the Popularity Girls, Wilson A. C., Lions A. C. around 13th Avenue. When the Casanovas were babies in the dance hall flings. School Pals of across town were coming out like mad. Rose Carter was a secret columnist. Bessie Parker was the best female lindy-hopper, Herbie Wright, smoothest. The Colony Club rocked, Dolgers Hall swung Broome street. During this era the Piccadilly Club came to light, which consisted of Sleepy Meekins, Kenneth Woodruff, Fay Janway, Richard Gee, Buster Mouring, Ruben Howard, Eddie Raymond, Jake Starks, who has now passed away, Raymond Harden and other lads from Orange, who this writer is not fortunate enough to recall, Eddie Mosby and Jimmy Lynch, who are still doing fine as ever. And there is no doubt in my mind that Eddie Mosby didn't have a hand in naming the spot he manages as - Peshine avenue.

Although I'm late, I wish to extend to Eilzabeth Johnson and Leslie Hurd my heartiest congratulations and millions of years of marriage bliss. The Crispus Attucks Center is an organization planning to do great things. All eyes should be focused in their direction. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop are a lovely couple. Carolyn Curtis and Private Esmond Jones will trek up to the altar Sunday, August 8th at 3:30 p. m. James Melvin, the daddy of them all, boarded that Savannah Special with his lovely little daughter, Jean, for the southland. From Wilson, North Carolina, to Snow Hill, then back to Richmond, Virginia and Slaughters Hotel—our boy. Orhids for I am happy to hear that Mrs. Jeannette Smith is rapidly becoming better, due to a recent operation.

INTER CITY SWING CLUB, INC. . . Attention: Can you sing dance or play a musical instrument? Would you like to make your bid for fame as a professional—well you can easily do so by contacting Booking Manager Naki Saki Jacki, who will help you make your aim in the entertainment world come true. Pearla Ellison, one of the best blues vocalists of our time, is one of the products of this organization. So don't forget, you can be better, yet. Phone Bigelow 2-9151 between 6 and 7. P. S. Watch Rita Ricketts, the vocalists at the Pic.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Flash, stop that trash. Mary Lee Patterson is not a drag in the bag. Clarence Hayes, the man behind the glasses is hep and is still making passes. Don't hide behind no shrubs, this stud on leather of late. Marion Jordan of East Orange looked like a shaft of sunshine and there's a coconut daddy raving she's all mine. Pops, he should know, cause I don't. The roaches are cuddling close and the spies with eyes are the heppsters toast. Babs Brown, the movie actor, is coming on like a brand new tracton, "done dug his tracks." The Barons of Rhythm came on at the Little Church Around the Corner Swing Frolic for the lads and lassies. 'Twas pleasant, elite and petite. Grace Smith, beige bronze singer of hot ditties, should be up there with the best for the mess (the public) to you. Scram you little bit of ham. A bieg piece of meat or nothing at all.



"GAS": — SAND CONTEST JULY 6th at PICCADILLY NITE CLUB. Speil Mr. Shoes and dig the news. I'm alive and gators still call for waiters. Stash the stuff for its good enough. Collar the phrase—and flip my knowledge bump. It's made—it's the latest dance craze and everybody's raving about it pops. It's so wild and icky stickey and comes on with a kickey. Dig Mama and Daddy, can you do it if so take it slow and ease into this contest, July 6th at the Piccadilly Club. Door prizes and your M. C., Nacki Saki Jackie, a wild stud, one of the finest in the city. Yes, at last the Sand Contest. Are you the King or Queen. Solid Kitten, then come on with your mitten. By popular demand. Joe Crump on piano; Willie Johnson on electric guitar and Pete Diggs on the vibes. Continuous dancing in the Tihitian Room.

What club is sponsoring that affair at the beautiful Continental Ballroom, Broad street, Newark? Will be the first private affair. Broadway Blue and Duke promise that their affair will not be a fluke, July 10th. The horn-sax fiend, Coleman Hawkins, first time in Newark—then Frankie and Johnny. A story—There is a certain cat in our metropolis who features a man convertable 42 buick, blue by color. Frantic, wild words cannot describe his rubber. Last Tuesday this playoy rolled over to Tung Sols Electrical Defense plant to pick up a quartette of stunning pink brown skin chicks, are no doubt sweet and hard to beat—to find that a young frantic kiddie who sports a grey 1941 convertable, license J-J had stolen his sweet cream without any trouble at all. Still proving that it's not what you have—but how you use it. A lesson to the poppa stopper.

The Dancer's Appreciation Society—Frantic Frolic a date?

FASHION FLASH:—Mr. Ruddy Jackson in white shawl double breasted formal jacket, maroon cumberund, white wing tip dicky bosom shirt, maroon carnation and tie, black pants, patent leather shoes and straight straw, on way to a private summer formal. Mrs. Mary Jackson attired in white and blue strapless evening gown with light blue wrap lined. Silver shoes with blue bag to match, long sleeve gloves and flowers in her hair. Mr. Jimmy Fulutz attired in brown flannel D. B. suit, pink shirt, Duke of Kent collar, light weight Stetson brown, brown diagonal perforated and white shoes, figured tie and hankie in breat pocket—neat. Rene Starks of 97 West street still display and create those heads that adorn the most intelligent women's heads in North Jersey . . . Not forgetting those large brim straws that again so much popularity in these hot dog days. A shady proposition.

T. T. SOCIETY—Hyland Reid, one-time advertising manager, for this paper seen home on a very short vacation. Studying to be a dentist at Meharry. The young ladies threatened a riot over him for he was really looking grand. Bob Taylor, one of the finest vocalists in Jersey today, seems to be in demand at the elderly affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Woodson are nestling quite close these days and are feathering the nest for their young. Spotted cute Velma Awkward of Elizabeth in downtown Newark doing her shopping. They say that Phola Tuell's loveliness sends a certain heart at the defense plant. Who?

India Nicholson, one of Jersey City's loveliest debs, has married and news still trickles across the bridge of lonely hearts—that she is forgiven by the lads but not forgotten. William Smith, the glamour boy will be inducted June 24th.

The GOLDEN BOYS of the month are Wallace McGhee of Jersey City, Charles Whigham, Allison DeWitt and Oliver Brown, Jr., of Newark. These lads are no doubt up and coming leaders in their community. Nacki Sacki Jacki moves into the Piccadilly again. Spotted Bonnie Banks, the IT girl in from Philly looking like the Savoy Recores, fame and fortune. 'Tis being whispered tha the proprietors fo Ann Gordon's although beautiful spot, are slying becoming ambitions and are really too high for named clubs After the night is over there are no profits. Helen West, Ann West, Kathleen Savory, Lucille Hodges, Harold Brown, Lovelye Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Marie Busy and Lena Bailey seen sporting like mad.

"Skeets", one of the grandest little guys, left for Uncle Sám's forces. The Debs will be very happy to know that Pancho Diggs entire hand will appear at the Savoy Plaza, June 27th, at a price that's nice. Don't miss this special treat—fine as wine.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Stash the frame and call me a bald-headed name. The uncouth cats at Vaseline College have been trying to gum beat about a square's knowledge, but since I'm a drip, who did drop in. They change the drift and start busting down about frails who were fruity. P. S. Just mere gossip

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about a few lads who have been to an education center talking to an education center talking persons in town who are and who aint. 'Tis being said that Billy Holliday has a crush on Sugar Daddy No. 1, James Melvin, the Cadillac King. Telegrams and long distance telephone calls trickle to his domie (house) to the square.

Chuckling bubbles—Doc Lomax ballroom star. Here in like mad with partner. Babs Brown's Shock Session shocked me. Mary Lee Patterson has really come down —why—because the sky was blue and there is no one up there she knew—dig get down like a pig and root come out like a hip boot. Don't be no brag in the bag. Myrtle Meeks of the Silver Spurs Riding Club looking sweet and hard to beat. Bennie Jenkins, vocalist of Newark, has a frantic enegagement in an ofay nite club on Broadway, New York's main stem. Cool papa, the Dee Dee man frauds long lankie hepsters B.R.'s and B's about the 1919 Bell Bottoms vs. the Zoot Suit jive artists in a pantic antic intelligence contest somewhere coon.

The best people of all move to Pic Ball July 6th—Sand Contest. Cats nap and open the trap. Take a bird's eye view of what's new. Arthur Mohogany, Lord Williams still kicking about Uncle Sam's picking. Bub's he's ne- Slayer don't be no player—trilly around and put it down. Coleman Hawkins band will ease into Tan Town soon. The Savoy Plaza Mystery Dance . . . A drang in the Bag. The Lucky Millinder affair in like mad and pray, say brother, rumors were about that the Negroes were going to bar the Negroes from Laurel Garden, but thanks to a foresight on my dark brothers part. If those so and so had acted up, I'm afraid they would have thought that the Dark Commandos were insane, cause pops, the boys were ready Saturday nite to give more than what they in- it like

tended molester family ways ta really w key Finn any luck (Dinners canaries, boxes ger . . skunk



GAS—Sixty days—that's me—I'm gone. Dig this issue, cause it might be one of my last on tissue. This month this columnist will celebrate the second anniversary of the "Tiny Prince Spiels" in a shindig that will feature name celebrities and bands and your Girls of the Week as hostesses. So be sure and be on the look-out for your invitation—airmail. 'Twill be something and I can always remember.

Variety is the spice of life and something new and different we all realie is a creative suggestion—and why should we be fed the same thing for our money time and time again? Aren't we modern? It was with this thought in mind that Yours Truly as Dance Commentator decided that Tan Town (Newark) should dance to a few of those big named O'fay bands that we race down to the Adams Theatre to see, like Tommy Dorsey, Tony Pastor, Benny Goodman or Gene Kruppa. Yes sir, our promoters should know what we want. So you and you and you send me a penny post card telling the the O'fay band you would like to hear. In repayment, when I receive complimentary tickets, you people sending in those cards will be the first one to get them.

The Savoy Sultans groove a wild tune. Al Cooper and his original creators of Jump. The band that has stormed New York is an old story. Local boys make good in the big city. Yes sir, it's the one and only Sultans. Say, have you ever heard Brother, the bass fiddle player, pluck? Pops, it's really fine. Then take our boy, Ruddy, he is tenor sax man with a style that is unique. The new number they groove is Body and Soul. Jack, when you dit it with your love in your arms, as as a last chance you'll thing you are heaven sent. Plus a few sprinkled, brilliant sweet numbers—mid a dash of their romp. "Raz", the unpredictable drummer, who has more drive than 80 horsepower, kills you with that flashing personality. In all, it is one grand little band. 'Tis rumored that shortly this entire aggregation will be united in Uncle Sam's forces—so yours truly advises you to dig them this time with your N. J. Golden Boys and Glamour Girls of the week, like the popular Katherine King. Don't be late—get yours and be straight. The advance tickets are going fast and we don't predict how long they will last. Skateland, 58 Montgomery street, Newark, will undergo a slight renovation for the Dance Carnival "Swing Fiesta". lso watch for the next attraction—Tony Pastor. The Slogan: "A Price that's nice."

FASHION FLASH: — Vogue sublime: Annie West graciously attired in a canary yellow wool dress, black hat, veil, shoes, ear rings and black bracelet, mur jacket and black gloves. Babe Sims, the lad that's mad, in grey chalk stripe, grey shirt, rend unfurled print tie, grey Homburg, black shoes, black overcoat, red scarf. Ray Alexander in Officer's uniform, Virginia Wise in a light blue basket weave slack suit, something ultra grand with Sultan Peg. Watch this young lady—she has her own style to offer. George Fair in cordoroy D. B. dark brown coat. Cats dig the hats which are the finest in the land—Harvard, 46 Market street and Homburgs. Pardner, your wardrobe will not be complete. Your noggin is straight when it has one. "The Mad Hatter."

T. T. SOCIETY:—On aftermath, still pictured without a camera. Ambassador Hall filled with charming personalities. Irvine Turner the cynosure of all the females, knocking himself a slight bit of a mild cocktail. Johnny Jackson and combo featuring Bob Taylor, rendering smooth sweet toneful melodies in varies styles—something new and fine to hear. Mr. Malloy, manager of the Herald News, out after a recent cold.

The Patriotic Nine gazed until the flash light of this camera startled them. This was their first affair. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Harold Collier, Staff Corporal; Venus Waters, Marie Johnson, Wally Taylor, the last of the Tweedsmen; with Hattie Scruggs, Benny Jenkins, vocalist dropped by for a chat; Rufus Jones, president of thoose Magnificent Wacks, and Richard Bland. Mrs. Celeste Powell and Katherine Walton of the Hellenstic Debs.

Last Sunday Miss Audrey White, former stor of the Onyx Club, and Symphony Sid, were the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes Roy, at their Hollywood home in North Newark. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hurd. Every good church-going person enjoys a good quartette—so why not listen or purchase this religious favorite by the Silver Echo? The Fhalanx Girl is Dolores Pina. Here is wishing Clarence Baskerville a speedy recovery. Tavern curfew now 2 o'clock. One can not forget the youthful mother of Florence Catlin at her farewell spree. Also Happy Birthday to Mrs. Mickey Reed—a delightful person.

The Wacks (Speak Softly), private Casual Thing through my eyes. Elaine Jordon one who should be kind enough to stop pestering George Fair. Marcella will not tolerate long unquestionable eyes following you at New Jerseys frantic affair. Babes Jackson gone like mad. The Lin Wright table graced with two quarts of champagne, Eleanor Cousin of Washington and Herbert Davis of New York and the lady, Burnell Hammid, wearing orchids. Doris Minfee of Montclair's party for Ruth Smith and Georgiana Martin. John D. Lopey, Lucille Orr, Bertha Brown, Pearl Lowe, Leo Mann, Jacob The Swanksman table was adorned with food, Jimmy Nelson, Gwen Williams, Bonnie Rose,, John Foster. Phalanx—tempting Hazel Enell, Margaret Clark, William Self, Theophilus, Lucas, Charles, Cleo Singleton, Mary Davis. Table—scotch. Miss Wilson, George, Mary Davis, Korean of Newark, Pearl Freeman, Martha Reffiner, Joe Epps, Alfreda Perry. The Tate Table: James Hill, Mary Tate, Ruth Gray. Low Blakely, Virginia Murphy, Margie McClammy, Alphronia Bascamb, looking mad, Helen Miller of Jersey City; Helen Wilds, Carolyn Jones, Louis Money, sweet darling Norma Lett and charming delightful Mary Baskerville and Venus Berryman, a lovely personality.

Belton Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mitchell, Leslie Hurdle, Elizabeth Johnson, Ella Mosley, D. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Woodock, John Coopock, former president of the Wacks, Dot Powell, Iris Pettiford, sweet; Bill Darden, Alice Jackson, Larrie West, Emma and Julia Kaye, Frank Carrol, Ethel Ashby, wearing the Doug Lett diamond engagement ring; Patriotic Nine, Jerry Bland, Wally Taylor, Harold Ray, Jimmie Lee Goring, Gladys Cooper, Gwen Folkes, Mary Petterson and Zorita. 'Twas too much for the fever and everyone will remember it as a treasurer.

FRANTIC . INTERLUDES:—Swing, swing, come out by birds and scan these words. Mrs. Reeves Nest Club, ultra fine lights and new tables—show wild and exciting. Sadie Matthews in like a little bird. Mae Darling returned from South Carolina to join the show—visited her soldier husband. She is a neat vocalist as is Joe Timmons and comedy man Herb Puglsey, Annie Mae Hays with her educated feet and Joe Gregory, M. C. tops your evening plus inviting a dance band and drinks at moderate prices. Easy greasey, cop a breeze. High Spot trio will wax a duce of numbers. Jean Clark in Bordentown. Sweet kid. Bug night—'ts right—Pancho Diggs, king of sling. 'Twas rumored will be featured at a Down Town movie. "Groovey." Ann Hilliard, Dorothy and Thelma Pines, Evelyne Greene—bust my conk — when Lionel Hampton drew out all the lanes from the grassy sprains (Country or farms) to you. Moses Matthews with the glamour girl Katherine Kline, George "Esquire" Alford. Dig Him. Bill Guyton, Eddie Mack, sharp as a tack, Clarence Baskerville, love thief, and Leon Gibbons, wild but in style., Mrs. Betty Garnett of New York, trembling chocolate dip. Trespassing Mrs. Thelma Tucker—quite a sight that nite. Edith Lovett and John Jones bugging rugging. Jazz the splaz—catch the wiggle on a jane that's hep insane Ethel Strange—gone like smokey cold. Igg and dig—but these two will blow your wig meat. Duke Parham piano playkeling down to barbecue some meat. Duke JParham piano player of Pancho, now rivetting for Brewster—but he can't fly—but still beats a box until it cries. Was Cab a mess? at his best. A zoot suit for a crazy boot. Al Henderson back in town to stay. Things not killey-dilley with Pic Pipers. Also the way a certain local paper in location attacks nite club proprietors can be sure they don't know the particulars of the case. A safe bet: Bonnie Davis Trio No. 9 on Allen Courtney's Hit Parade. Bonnie Banks—Melba Smith—"Don't Stop Now." G and R. Korn Company—dig its latest next issue on tissue.



GAS: — Let me snatch some pink skin—so I'll be in like a frog on a log—who was bit by a hog. Say, Baby, let me stash, while you scuffle and deliver the cash. Spank the plank and dig me at Shanks — the hep drape shape precious pad of those killer-diller creations, but positively no Zoot Suits—gone for the duration. Dig squirrel, they're fighting all over the world. Papa, I really hate to slay you, but this one for fun—really blows my wig—for all the wild Sand Man of that new dance craze will be there at their best grooving that mess—something new and modern at the Piccadilly, Tuesday evening, July 6th. 'Twill be a sender. By popular demand Joe Crump on piano; Willie Johnson, guitar; Pete Diggs, vibes. Smooth rhythm—plus also slight but polite lessons in the sand by our M. C., Naki Sakie Jackie—the sensation of our dark nation. Wiggle and he will make you giggle. Coleman Hawkins and his band will rock Laurel Garden until? —July 10th, Saturday evening. Jimson, there will be a jubilation, cause these studs promise to strut their stuff and that's good enough, presented by Broadway Blue and Duke Ross. It's a date—don't be late. The Barons of Rhythem will blast the masses of Orange July 2d at Lincoln Hall. 'Twill be lossee as a goose—so let's all get with it. A swing movement and a thriller for the hep daddys of the parka dance floor. Herbie Smith, the president of Dancers' Appreciation Society promises the second Annual South American Fiesta, July ?—so be prepared to laugh and shout. A frantic frolic. Yes cats—July 6th—Sand nite at the Pic. Those spotlights that are played upon the entertainers at Dodgers Grill are a sender. Dig 'em.

FASHION FLASH: — Miss Lena Cohen looking for a dash of Cocobana with a curly upsweep, plus red and white flowers in her hair; white dress with red polka dot jacket, a live corsage, a bracelet that sparkled and silver shoes peeping from under. Waddell Smith diong the town in cool sports wear. Yellow grey plaid shirt; tan pants, dark brown and tan shoes, a golden yellow coat—looking like ice itself. The Zoot Suit Contest was won incidentally by three young women. First prize, a silk shirt from Nobby's Shop of Springfield avenue to Miss Sally Carrol; second prize, a pair of peg pants from Shank's Clothing Store, 66 Market street, to Mrs. Bernice Parker; third prize a straw hat from Dukes of Market street to Miss Mildred Dupree. A wild time was had by all. Wednesday evening, July 30th a fashion revue presented at the Y.W.C.A., 43 Washington street, at 8:30 p. m.

T. T. SOCIETY: — A very elaborate induction party was given at 186 Waverly avenue in honor of William Smith, New Jersey's youngest playboy. Tempting delicies were served and gaiety was at its heights when yours truly eased in. One of the first persons to greet was Private Floyd Earl Sowell of the 391st Fighter Squadron, who had seen action at the front; Randolph James and Pegg Johnson, charming and alarming Thelma Ward, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jeannette Smith, James Wilcher, J. Willie Lee, Ernest Smith, Babs Brown, Leroy Dobbs, Eddie Mack, Arthur Jones, Joe B. Johnson, Moses Squire, Letha Smith, Elouise Little, Johnnie Mae Adams, Helen Smith, Sadie Stokes, Rosie Towen, Bessie Harris, and a host of others.

That spree for Nacki Sackie Fats, partner of ackie, took his last flign at the Pic and two or three hundred were out to see him off, including celebrities, naming Arthur Terry, surrounded by two ladies fair; Gwendolyn Hogan, Joe Timmons of the Southern Sons, who appear at the Apollo this week; Cherry Scudder, Pal Williams, Jim Reid, Lillian Lynch, Ernie Wilson, Lillian Hamilton of Montclair; Herbie Wright, Savoy Shortie, Smokey Mac Allister, Rose Kelly, Jack Hesmilk, Florence Williams and Ralph Smith, plus, oh so many others.

Have you ever met lovely Lorraine Carrol of Cleveland, who is here on visit. 'Tis said that Frank Carrol, Harold Ray and Golden Boy Wallace Taylor are in Embargo Camps in Pennsylvania. Misses Katherine and Elizabeth Thomas, visitors of our fair city, are beauties beyond compare. Ann Gordon's July 10th—Don't forget yuor invitation. An affair presented to you by the Swanksmen of New Jersey. A club of lads who enjoy pleasing their public.

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Urbane Duke Ellington, son of a shipyard worker, grosses $300,000 a year blending jungle rhythms and lush harmonies into sophisticated popular jazz.

The Duke Steps Out

Carnegie Hall opens its doors to a great Negro musician

From Harlem tenements, Fifth Avenue penthouses and Broadway hot spots, New York music lovers will gather on Jan. 23 to honor an eminent Negro composer. After 20 years of unparalleled success in theaters, in radio and on records, Edward Kennedy (Duke) Ellington will lead his celebrated orchestra into Carnegie Hall.

For three hours the Duke's men will play the Duke's music—a subtle, distinctive jazz patterned by Ellington "to fit the mood of a moment." Critics call it "Ellingtonia," predict it is the only popular music played today which still will be played a century hence.

"Ellingtonia" is unique; so is its creator. Born in Washington, D. C., the Duke began studying piano at six, worked his first job at 16. Fired for improvising a hot lick, he refused to limit himself to standard musical forms, began writing the "story of the Negro in pure jazz."

By 1927, an engagement at New York's Cotton Club and the tune "Black and Tan Fantasy" had established him as a headliner.

Now 43, a tall, striking figure with a soft, low voice and an abundance of personal charm, the Duke has put 600 compositions and 400 records behind him and still is going strong. He composes by "just fooling around at the piano," has averaged a new tune a week.

Often, Ellington will work on a single number three days without sleep. Yet, he wrote "Sentimental Mood" during a 90-minute train ride, "Mood Indigo" and "Solitude" in 45 minutes each to meet a recording deadline — was "mighty surprised" when they proved to be hits.

The Duke travels constantly with his band, has no permanent home. His hobby: concocting movie scenarios so fantastic that his friends refuse to read them.



Ellington's musicians are the most polished, most versatile in their field. Duke hires star soloists (Johnny Hodges, Rex Stewart), pays high wages ($75-150 weekly plus record and radio fees), rarely loses a man to another orchestra (seven have worked with him for 14 years).

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Dodgers' Grill Show

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Carlotta Kemp's Dancing Kiddies
Joe Crump and his Orchestra
Nacki Sacki Boys
Gabriel Brown & his Steel Guitar
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By TED LE BERTHON

(The views expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors.)

PITTSBURGH has its Loendi club; Chicago has its Appomattox club; Philadelphia i Pyramid club, and Washington its Mu-So-Lit club. All first-rate Negro clubs. Bu Los Angeles has had its Arlington club since last March. While owned and operated b Negroes, its membership is open to any person of ANY race whose character has been vouched for by someone already a member. And every American city needs such a club.



Mr. Le Berthon

The Arlington club is not only interracial in its membership but in its record of distinguished guests. It is the one place in Los Angeles where one may meet one's favorite screen player or one's favorite newspaper columnist, be he or she white, Negro or Mexican. It is at once an interracial press club, interracial players' club, interracial labor movement club, interracial social club.

HAS BEEN CENTER FOR INTERRACIAL GROUPS

Within ten short months sinc its founding, it has become th regular monthly meeting place, or different nights, of the executive board of the Urban league, the CIO Political Action committee, the Catholic Interracial Council, the Interracial Film and Radio guild, the People's Education center, and the Little Theatre guild, and other interracial groups.

IT has become a community center for Negro and interracial social, political, fraternal and youth organizations.

It has been the scene of banquets and receptions to clergymen, sociologists, screen stars, jazz personalities and labor leaders and of forum discussions and dances.

Friday night is always open house night for members and guests. I have heard Lena Horne, Caleb Peterson, Rex Ingraham, Bill Williams, Tomago Tushida, Fred Norman, Sam "Deacon" McDaniel, Dorothy Dandridge, and many other stage and screen stars in impromptu performances. Bill Oliver, Verne Partlow, John Cohee, Kaye Williams and other outstanding white newspapermen are regulars. So is Philip M. Connelly, white, secretary of the Los Angeles Industrial Council, CIO. So are such outstanding Negro newspapermen as Harry Levette, Herman Hill, Lawrence La Mar, J. Robert Smith and John Lee.

MEMBERS of the staffs of The Tidings, the Catholic weekly; La Opinion, Mexican - American organ; the Communist People's Daily World, and the CIO's Labor Herald are on hand most Friday nights.

Dr. Thomas R. Peyton, the distinguished Negro phyhician who lived in France and England for many years, and whose jazz piano playing has been recorded on many discs by the English branch of Decca, may sit down at the grand piano and play his amazing interpretation of the St. Louis Blues, with a left hand invoking sounds like ominous voodoo tom-toms. And Fayard Nicholas may do a dance interpretation of the music.

RENDEZVOUS FOR ALL

Sometimes, however, there is a spontaneous demand for Lindy dancing and dance music from the mahogany record-changer. Or for food. Or for a highball at the bar. Or for weighty discourse. Always without racial consciousness, and in an atmosphere of subdued delight that seems the keynote of some new era's beginnings. And one meets Negro Pullman porters with literary talent, white laundry workers with sound social theories, and educators and sociologists of all races, including a Catholic Chinese philosophy professor.

THE Arlington club's members were at first all men. Now there are women members also. About two-thirds of all members are Negroes. The moving spirit behind the scenes of the club, legally The Arlington Club of Los Angeles, Inc., are Thomas Green, president; Willis Tyler, vice-president; Leon Hardwick, secretary, and H. A. Howard, treasurer.

Green is an executive of the Golden State Life Insurance company. Tyler is a lawyer. Hardwick is drama editor of The Los Angeles Sentinel. Howard is a real estate man.

HOUSED IN OLD EXCLUSIVE MANSION

The Arlington clubhouse is an aristocratic old mansion in an exclusive white section. For some years it was the home of Countess Emma de Zaruba, white, founder of The United Races of America, who sold it three years ago to Mrs. Myrtle Hoffman, also a champion of interracial justice. About a year ago Mrs. Hoffman sold the beautiful home and grounds to Howard. The club leases the property from him.

Mrs. Martha Lambert is resident manager. Mrs. Edwina King, an aunt of Lena Horne, is assistant resident manager. Dues are $6 a quarter, or $24 per annum.

Harlem, the Wicked

Child Street Angels,—Rent Rackete ers—Bi-Racial Mixture—Crime And Punishment—An Exposure By Liberty Magazine

By WM. DOHERTY and HELEN WORDEN in Liberty Magazine

A CITY of murder . . . where a life is taken violently every third day. A city of disease . . . where filth and poverty bring their companions, tuberculosis and syphilis. A city of seething crowds . . . where almost half a million human beings eat and sleep and try to live in three square miles. A city of thieving . . . where rich white men rob poor black men, and poor black men rob whom they can. A spawning ground of unorganized crime. . . .

This is Harlem, the wickedest city in the world, created by white men, suffered by black. This is Harlem, a few blocks of dingy tenements and tawdry shops bounded on three sides by middle-class ease, on the fourth by a green and spacious park.

And out of this "city" comes a crime wave. The people of New York sit up in horrified surprise. They read the tragic headlines of a fifteen-year-old boy murdered in upper Central Park by lads no older than the victim; they read the serio-comic news of a robbery in a home facing the mayor's own block from Tom Dewey's. They know a growing panic as they feel this city-within-a-city encroaching on its clean and richer surroundings. But they never really go to see, to face and study the problem.

We went to see. We went night after night.

With bitterness, with humility, with shame, we say Harlem is the wickedest city we ever visited. We say it with shame because Harlem's crimes are New York's crimes, America's crimes, caused by our own indifference, ignorance, and persecution. We say it with humility because the Negroes in Harlem are not inherently evil, vicious, greedy or cruel.

Most of the Negro leaders we interviewed confessed that Harlem was "bad, very bad, and getting worse." Only one protested that it wasn't the wickedest city on earth. That was Richard Wright, author of Native Son.

"Conditions in Harlem are deplorable," he said. "Harlem is afflicted with terrible poverty, has many hopeless and desperate people. But it is so much better off than Chicago that there is no comparison."

New York's mayor, Fiorello H.

Thumb Nail Sketch

In a single block in Harlem there are 4,700 people.

Forty per cent of their small income, largely received from relief, goes to pay rent for tenements.

The median rent in New York is $35 a month; in Harlem, $50.

It has the highest infant and maternity death rate in the city.

There are four times as many Negroes in T. B. cases among Negroes in Harlem as among whites.

Harlem's crimes are juvenile delinquency, dope peddling, numbers rackets, petty thieving "mugging."

There is a saloon on almost every corner in Harlem, a church in almost every block—one church with the largest Protestant congregation in the world.

Within its three square miles there are more than 700 social clubs.

before a judge and testify against you. It would embarrass him too much.

"Well, now you got money in your hand, and if the clothes and shoes don't fit you, you can sell them or give them away. So you keep on mugging."

We got into the car and drove slowly through the streets of this lower district of Harlem. Smartly dressed couples ambled up and down, enjoying the bright lights, the music from the honky-tonks. Everywhere were children. Every time we stopped for a red traffic light or pulled over to the curb and parked, the golden laughter of Africa and the happy screams of children blessed our ears.

We went slowly through lower Harlem's dark side streets. One of us saw women leaning out of windows. "They're calling to you," she said to the other one. They were:

"Give me a ride, white boy!"

"You in a hurry man? Can't you stop and say hello?"

"Park that bus right here, big boy. You's home!"

Now and then, waiting for the traffic lights to change, we saw things that made us forget the gaiety all around. At three o'clock in the morning we saw two little girls, three or four years old, playing at the door of a saloon. We parked for a moment in front

Poems of Rev. C. C. Weathers

Here are selections from the poetry of the late Rev. Charles C. Weathers, who was buried Saturday:

AN APOSTROPHE TO A GIFTED LADY

Slowly winding homeward goes
the farmer's herd at close of day.
The setting sun sends jewelled
lustre with each parting day,
Trees bending low in verdant
bloom appear to blush in green,
But hush, upon the threshhold
comes the footsteps of Alene!
Sparkling wit and humor, too, full
surges in her busom,
Health and laughter sing together
each in their succession,
Comradeship finds strength re-

OPENS AT MOSQUE



Canada Lee, above, stars in "Native Son", the Orson Welles production which will open the summer season at the Mosque Theater, Newark, next Tuesday. Other plays scheduled by Russell Mack, former Hollywood film director, are "The Moon Is Down" and "Watch on the Rhine". Matinees will be held Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at a 50 cents top. Evening prices scale down from 75 cents.

deemed the Staff on which to
lean,
And rich in these possessions is the
Soul of dear Alene.
For sooth when Separation comes
with fears and dread inflation,
Affliction's arrows swift and sure
lays bare the desolation;
Oh shameless thought from thee I
wean—no subject for a poet's
theme —
Faith, Hope, and Love, Eternal
Stream; Oh gracious God, do
spare Alene.

* * *

LINES TO JACK CAMERON

For Arthur Edward Cameron,
My friendship's true as rivers run
To sea and ocean far and wide,
Nor heed the flood and changing
tide.

Boon friend — my comrade — and
physician,
Your healing art—sublime a mission;
Eternal Light, pray lend him Vision,
Not Drugs alone, but deep Compassion.

* * *

TO ANNA
Wife and Friend of Many Years

Poets sing with satisfaction
Of the beauteous things of life,
Few there be with adulation,
Speak the praises of a Wife.
Born yet a wretch who so unkind
But turns the pages of his mind—
To read from Memory's bold relief—
Some Virtue, Honor, set in brief—
Who tried in Circumstance of
Life—
Survives the shock of bloody
Strife—
Who pained with Shams and Vain
Deceits—
Would seek his solace in Retreats—
Or who then stung with Envy's
Venom—
Pained by the sting, flees to her
bosom—
And yet unbowed beneath the
lash—
His brow unmoved and unabashed—
Whose soul is set in Confidence—
Where Madness — Ignorance is
dense—

When foul Hypocrisy and Lies—
Deceive the Wise and the Unwise—
Hold Court with Sceptre and full
sway—
Till Truth lies low in sheer dismay—
Who hurls his Challenge—fears no
Foe—
What Force is this which makes
men so?
Wise men and fools—thegreat—the
small—
No empty story speakes of One
Sublime in Honor—set like the
Sun
Who guides men's souls from star
to star—
Makes pioneers of men afar—
Yea blest indeed—thrice blest is
he—
His soul mounts up—its wings are
free—
Who in the fierce din toils of
Life—
Can count on Comradeship as
WIFE.

* * *

LINES TO LOUISE SHUGARD

Presented to Miss Louise Shugard on the occasion of the anniversary of her tenth year of service on the Board of Trustees of the Neighborhood House, Newark, N. J.

Sunbeans, dewdrops, flakes of
snow,
With changing seasons come and
go;
And Nature's Order — theme of
Bards —
Untouched one theme — Louise
Shugard.

A river to the sea must run,
The sun must set when day is
done;
Her pulse beats true — no toil so
hard —
Unfailing — is Louise Shugard.

How Mothers tell of fears tomorrow —
That children's joys sweeten sorrow —
A Jewelled link — Love Unalloyed —
One polished Stone — Louise Shugard.

The Youth taught here their tasks
together —
Home, School, and Church blending each other —
Each influence bears — none least
retards —
Sweet symbol of Louise Shugard.

A Patron, Guardian, and Friend—
Unchanging up to Ten Years end—
Accept the New Year's best regards—
From Neighbors to Louise Shugard.

* * *

ADDRESS TO THE SUN

YeSetting Sun now sinking West,
Whose Scepter's sovereign o'er the
rest;
So changeless in the Flight of
Time,
With hoary years and every Clime.
Whose course unwearied, undisturbed,

Untouched by mandate and uncurbed;

For Thee, Earth's moving millions
wait —

The Prince — the Beggar at his
gate.
Of Time, lone Sentinel Thou art,
To Earth, awake in every part,
To Thee naught new, and nothing
old
With Searching Eye dost Thou
behold.
Proud Kingdoms wane and empires fall,
Decaying Dynasties and all;
All known to Thee—what Sovereign sway —
Each Generation in its Day.
Old Warriors' sabers steeped in
rust,
Some ancient cities bowed in dust,
Then crashing Temples — storied
Towers —
Great Bulwarks once—now wasted powers.
The North Star ushers tinted
morn,
And bows to Nature fresh at
dawn;
Mists from valleys haste away,
Resplendent now, the 'King of
Day'.
Life giving warmth Thy bosom
yields,
Each rosy bower, and flowery
field —
The Seasons come — the Seasons
go —
Thy rays and beams make Lilies
grow.
The 'Queen of Night' in chariot
blue,
And dripping beauty — draperied
hue;
Pale Waters touch to dimpled
smile —
The Danube—Amazon—the Nile.
As lowing herd at close of day,
Turns homeward bound the tired
way,
The twilight and the shadows rule
Philosopher as well as Fool.
Who dost the least thy Powers disdain?

The No. 1 Charm Trick

by Alma Archer

THE ART OF SLITHE is a charm trick to use on your best friend, your worst enemy, and your shrewdest business associate.

Every now and then someone asks me if I still believe in "slithe"...the smooth means of slithering life's hurdles. Of course I do. It will make you the favorite in your family. It will get you into magnificent intrigues. THE ART OF SLITHE is the modern version of what DuBarry did to Louis, what Recamier did to Chateaubriand, what Woodrow Wilson did at Versailles, and what Jesse James used with his wife.



Alma Archer

The man or woman understanding the fine art of slithe is completely solvent. Only advanced students of charm usually practice slithing. Grace Moore years ago startled the world with a curtsy to the Duchess of Windsor in France. Later she dittoed a New England Governor. Grace wasn't upsetting democracy, but was just doing a neat slithe turn.

PROPERLY PERFORMED, slithe is so dexterous and skilfully executed that the subject on whom it is being practiced does not perceive it is a trick. Like sleight of hand, you do a cunning trick which might be considered a gyp, but it is a pardonable gyp, because after awhile, it becomes part of a delightful agreeable personality and you are giving everyone you contact fun, happiness and affability.

Defining "SLITHE," it is one of those semi-nonsensical coinages, or portmanteau words, made up of two words, suggesting the sense of each—in this case, probably lithe and slide. A dancer is usually lithe, with a graceful and flexible body. Sliding is a smooth sensation. So you might assume that SLITHE is a smooth combination of gentleness, pliancy and nimbleness.

The individual who practices the art of slithe is a potent package. Sonja Henie is a fine example. It's more than skating which has put her name on hand some contracts. When she was discovered way back in her hometown snowdrifts, Sonja already knew the art of slithe.

Joe E. Lewis uses top-notch slithe on entire audiences with his hilarity, humor and diverting charm which make everyone fall into a carefree, rhythmic mood.

Someone was clever, from an economic standpoint, in teaching Shirley Temple the art of slithe when she was still a whippersnapper.

"THE WORLD hath many subtle sleights," someone said years ago, and by dipping them all in sugar and bringing them out as THE ART OF SLITHE, I think we'd have something. Slithe, the most modern and effective means I know of for charmingly muscling in on admiration, affection, money, prestige, charms, success and MEN—or women.

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Ellington was nick-named "The Duke" years ago by friends who admired his snappy clothes. Until the U..S. entered the war, he bought a new suit every week, at last count owned more than 200. He carries them with him wherever he goes, sometimes wears eight in a single day.



The Duke's 23-year-old son, Mercer, is a composer and arranger, too. His first notable number was "The Girl in My Dreams," recorded by the Ellington Orchestra last year; his newest is "Brown Suede." To Mercer, the Duke is "much more than just my father—he is my idol."



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SULTANS ISSUE:: — GAS: —Jackson 'tis rumored Ralph Cooper will appear at the Pic on July 20th. Spring has past and summer is here at last. Birds are nestling close and heppest trip, from gayiety with a budding toast. Alas, you'll be in the groove when you did this mood. The Dancers Appreciatino Society present an AUCTION FROLIC, that will be so mad that its guests will go crazy, Saturday evening, July 17, at Ann Gordon's, 25 Elizabeth avenue, Tan Town (Newark). The music will frantically be played by Johnny Jackson. The 1943 Victory Girls will be introduced in person, so watch the mail for your bid (or invitation). Promises to be an affair that will never be forgotten.

Little Jenny Wren don't speak to Mrs. Hen, who has reduced so narrow she looks like a sparrow. July 20th Best Legs Forward Nite. Piccadilly Club, 1 Peshine avenue. A solid-sender-bender. Long about nine everybody will be fine. Silk stockings will be awarded to the winners. Music will be grooved by those mad daddies of swing—so come out and dig what it's all about. Special Note:—Henry Polite mentioned last week is not the popular singer—just a young soldier home on furlough from New Orleans.

GIRLS—GIRLS:—Over 18. Can you ballroom dance? Are you brownskin—weight about 105, Spnaish type? If so, drop a penny post card to 73 Newark street, Newark, Lawyer Lomax. Professional experience not necessary. Earn 25.00—$30.00 a nite. Dance Team. Partner.

Chicks, although many are in defense plants, if you're looking for a summer job, consult your boy and I'm sure he will be able to accomodate you. July 24 the Swanksmen of New Jersey, Inc., present a Society Prom at Clinton Manor. Dance music by Johnny Jackson, featuring Bob Taylor. Dress Formal.

Offering my sincere sympathy to Sam Holmes in the loss of Mother and Father last week. T. B. and Eddie Grice were really jumping Saturday nite. Orange lads.

FASHION FLASH:—Miss Marion Jones, the day after, attired in a light blue creton dress, cocoa brown turret top hat, brown shoes and bag. Fine. Dr. William Malloy, Herald News, photographer, attired in a conservative grey sharkskin suit with a combination white arrow collar shirt, grey-green tie, white hankie in breast-pocket, strow leghorn, brown shoes. P. S. Remember he was looking cool. Spotted Leonard Hurd, who was the latest word, July 5th, cantering his horse through Branch Brook Park in a snuff brown outfit and tan boots, green shirt, Yolanda Anderson up and coming protege of Henry Polite, the vocalist, attired in a neat-keep-cool outfit going through a rehearsal—brown polka dots. Marie Foster seen in outfits like mad of late.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Miss Hilda Chavis, celebrated her "Happy Birthday" last Wednesday night at Dodger's Grill. Guests who joined in the merry-making were Lillian Hamilton, Johnny Randolph, Odessa Hayes, Tony Wilson, Laura Belens and Dot Chaves. John Wright, noted beautician, who is the 400 man of the hour, seen in the company of three charming ladies and officers, very

tainers and musicians. At last there has been born a sepia booking agency owned and operated for the benefit of advancing the colored celebrities above the age of 18, who seek to follow the spotlight of fortune and fame. Today your talent is in demand. Professionals you too can climb the ladder of success. Performers everywhere are securing memberships to this grand new organization, which intends to extend to you so many opportunities. This column will dedicate this new edition as part of the publicity angle to the Inter-City Swing Club, Inc. Booking manager, Naki Saki Jackie, telephone Bigelow 2,9151, between 6-7, 1 Peshine avenue. Publicity agent, Your Truly. The first meeting will open up the Entertainers Lodge. Watch for the Date.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Rumboogie—Cat's let's not stop for chats. Let's truck on down and dig the frantic mad little birds upon the Avenue. Doris Woman, sweet and hard to beat. Too good to knock on wood. Tommy Moore, the stud who comes on like the Dark Count upon his mount. He is ding a heppty hop due to recent injury of his foot, but nvertheless he is at his best. Christine Mapp, cute little chick, does miss Leroy Dobbs, the 1943 Sugar Daddy and Sportsman. Jack, I'm strictly on the quain, so don't think I'm hep insane. The D.A.S. Auction Frolic features sports wear. Ada Harris, reception nurse at Community Hospital, seems to have an orange flame crush for Johnny Bell's playing, who is musically inclined. Pops, call the cops, cause the place is messy like Aunt Bessie and wild but in style. When music Poppa Joe Crump and his band of 1000 themes sprayes his nightly audience with hot riffs. The place is a bedlam. Jitterbugs go mad. Swing is the thing and bustes your conk (head) when you stop in at the Boston Plaza. Frail, he is the daddy of rhythm and no jive. Promoters are dickering to try and take him out into big tibe. His band is the jitterbugs delight. Legs are part of women and these gams (legs) will be displayed July 20th at the Pic, plus Naki Saki Jacki and Joe Crump. Hep me to that sprain from down the lane, 'cause icky I'm sticky. Poinsettia Hill, one of the glamour little girls. Eyes coop a gander her way when she meanders to an fro —you know. Leonard (Skeets) ohnson and Freddy Gray, playboys, are no longer at Fort Dix. Chickadees and egg layers. James Melvin the sugar daddy, seems to battle in between Beverly White and Billie Holliday, who is now at the Onxy Club. These two celebrities are mad about our Jersey lad.

Say Heppies of the Apple (New York) what have we farmers got twa't takes? Pops, pull my skin and drag me in. Broadway Blues Coleman Hawkins affair 'twas really a killer and lads and lassies everywhere were surprised about his pulling power and that is something for local promoters to remember Coleman Hawkins, sax playing was frantic and sweet—doubt if it could be. Chicks from everywhere. Long Hair Broadway is really coming on like a mad hound, so smooth and on the ground. P. S. Remember Ralph Cooper. 'Tis said he will beat Best Legs Forward nite July 20th—one nite only. Silk Stockings as a prize. Dig you chicks presenting your gams for the yams. P. S.

Finch, Gladys White, Ada Friday, erts, glamour; Marion and Dor-
Florence Hulan, Lorraine and othy Davis of North Newark; Lou-
Doris oJnes and the Wacks. 'Tis ise May, Pearl Stewart, Grace
rumored that Ralph Cooper will Rogers, Katherine King, Julia Ry-
appear at the Piccadilly Club, ans, Ruth Still, Pattie Pinkman,
July 20th, one nite only. Lenora Chavis, Evelyn Boyden,
INTER CITY SWING CLUB Mary Lee Paterson, Mary Will-
INC: — The agency for enter- iams, Anna Ward, June Watkins,
tainers, musicians and Alfred Perry, Pearl Freeman,
regards to the lads. Margie Walker, Bell Anderson,
The Swanksmen's Affair, Ann Marjorie Wallace, Geraldine
Gordon's quality supreme. Lovely
young ladies plus playboys ga-
lore. Cute Marion McClary, Myrtle
Meeks, dancing Leonard Hurd,
elite sweet Mary Baskerville, Ve-
nue Berryman, Lonine Bass,
Gladys Kee, sweet and hard to
beat of Montclair, Buster Jam-
erson, strictly looking; Ruth Rob-

now part of the Buddy Johnson
personal and booking staff. Re-
ceived a letter from Hank Powell
and Charles Youngblood in sunny
California, doing great. Also word
from Sergeant Carl Young from
Arizona. He states that his outfit
is moving to Red Bank, N. J., next
month. Corporal John (Sonny)
Sloan, Corporal Sonny Randolph,
Corporal Bobby Platter all send

high in the services fo Uncle Sam,
sporting his convertible Cadallac.
Martha Gordon seems to be am-
ong the missing of late upon a
popular Jersey sportsman's date
time. The Savoy Record Company
anounces the Record, "He knows
How to Knock Me Out," a Bonnie
Banks number, will be reissued
at an early date. William Prest-
wood, one of our best promoters,

The Dancers Appreciation Society
affair, July 17th. It's a date—
don't be late.
ALL YOU MAD STUDS WILL
GET A CHANCE TO "BUG"
YOURSELVES SATURDAY NITE
JULY 17th WHEN AL COOPER
AND HIS GREAT SAVOY SULTANS
INVITE THE SAVOY PLAZA.
"PERIOD."

The four stood laughing and talking for a moment. Then the Negro couple got into the car. The white man followed them. He sat in the center of the back seat, the girl on his right, her escort on his lift, as the car drove off.

When our policeman friend arrived, we asked him what this could have meant. "Oh," he said, "nothing unusual, I'd say. Probably taking them to some indecent party."

Harlem "Pimps"

THE definite red-light district comprises only a small area. Elsewhere Harlem is quiet, even sedate. But where we were that second Saturday night, anything can happen. It was a most interesting night we spent there — spent in stinking little underground dives few white people had ever visited; in bright clean rooms where boogie-woogie music played and white women caressed colored men; on the streets, the bright gay streets, the dark streets of the strolling women, the streets of windows from which women called to white men passing, the streets littered with little children.

"See that joint on the corner?" the policeman asked. "See the swell cars parked all around it? That's a sort of rendezvous for panders and prostitutes — white prostitutes especially. The panders own the cars. The girls feel lucky to ride in them."

We met proprietors of many places that cater to both races, all of them sinister, unhealthy-looking men. And we met others who were neither sinister nor soft. One of these was a rum-runner and hijacker during the prohibition era. Another was a gunrunner and an officer in the Mexican army during the days of Pancho Villa and Carranza and Huerta. They talked of women, all these men. They talked of white women and of Negro women. They talked of a lemon-colored girl who made as high as $75 a night some nights, and of how she saved her money and bought the hat-check concession at a famous night club. They spoke of a white girl who sold herself for twenty-five cents and spent the money on gin.

They sterilized the drinking glasses as they talked, watched the customers coming in and going out, watched the bartenders as they rang up purchases on the cash registers, watched every move of our guide.

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world where that many women would accost a man — unless it was in a regular, organized red-light district. But this is one of the principal thoroughfares in the greatest city in the world.

"On some few streets almost every other house contains a brothel. A brothel or a church. Sometimes both."

"But two of those girls," Doherty repeated, "were children."

"There are lots of children in this game in Harlem."

"What do you do with them when they're arrested?"

"I don't arrest any women. I'd rather resign. I certainly wouldn't pinch any of these kids. They're trying to make a few dollars to keep the family alive and the rent paid. That's all."

Rent Racket

It is ironic that Hubert Delaney should hold the position he does. He is more or less a menace to the rent racketeers of Harlem — the people responsible for most of the misery of Negroes there, and for much of the crime they commit. Let us explain.

There are from 250,000 to 300,000 Negroes in Harlem. They occupy 203 city blocks. They are supposed to live there and no place else. That is, the white neighbors of black Harlem want them to live there and not to move outside. But thousands and thousands of Negroes come up from the South every year to obtain better schooling, better jobs, better relief, the ballot. And Harlem must expand. It can hold no more Negroes. So it does expand. It has crossed 155th Street, which was supposed to be its ultimate northern boundary, and has crept up St. Nicholas Avenue beyond 160th street.

How was this managed? By the rent racketeers.

These racketeers act subtly and with crafty psychology. They have a white man buy or lease an apartment on a "solid white" block. They have this man lease the property to a Negro. Within a few weeks all the white families on that block move out. Some of them break their leases, some make a settlement with their landlords. Those who own the property get rid of it at a profit or turn it over to agents with assurance of greater income and less expense.

THE racketeers buy or lease all the property at their own figures. Then they put Negro tenants in. But they jack up the rents first. The Negroes always pay a lot more for their flats than the white tenants did. Sometimes they pay twice as much. They have to. Yet they are glad to pay — because now they can move from the old firetraps, from the damp floors, the rickety stairways, the dimly lit halls, the leaky roofs, the bedbugs and roaches and rats.

The racketeers have bought cheap and sold dear. They have made enormous profits. And they will have no overhead, because for years to come they will not make a single improvement in any of these houses. However the new tenants may complain, they can't make the landlords spend a penny for improvements. They have to live where they are — so long as they can pay their rents. Where else can they go? How can they break the restrictive covenants that bar Negroes from vast residential areas?

But there's still more money to be made. The racketeers go to the assessor's office and demand a reduction in the taxes on the property. "It's deteriorated now," they explain glibly. "It's ocupied entirely by Negroes, and it isn't worth a hoot. You've simply got to lower our assessments."

And then? Then they meet Delaney! And he says to them, politely, something like this:

"Your property has deteriorated, I'll admit. You've done nothing to improve it. You've made no repairs. You've neglected it. But, gentlemen, the property has not depreciated in value. On the contrary, you are making 60 per cent more money out of it than its former owners made. So we'll have to increase the assessment and raise your taxes."

The irony of it! The acid, comic irony! The landlords who have gouged the poor are forced to pay a fair tax to the City of New York.

WALTER WHITE, eminent author, educator, statesman, one of the leaders of his people, lives in an apartment building on Sugar Hill, so called. "An insurance company owns this building," he told us. "It erected it for white tenants, but in its best days could rent only 35 per cent of its rooms. Now, with an exclusive Negro tenantry, the building is 100 per cent occupied. And the rents have been almost doubled. But have there been any improvements? I haven't noticed any."

Mr. Delaney, who was with us that evening in Mr. White's home, added that Negroes now own more than $5,000,000 worth of real estate in Harlem, and have had to pay 20 per cent down.

"Most of them, of course," he said, "mortgaged the property or assumed mortgages. And most of them, of course, will lose the property eventually. They can't keep up their payments in bad times — and these are bad times for more than 90 per cent of our people. They cannot even keep on paying interest on the mortgage. But the financiers aren't worried. That property will be sold again, and at higher prices. It will be sold many times — and the only people who will suffer are the buyers."

Father John LaFarge, associate editor of America, a Catholic magazine, worker in the Harlem vineyard and one of the white men colored people love, says the white landlords are to blame for this exploitation of poor colored families. But A. Philip Randolph, colored president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, doesn't quite agree.

"The Negro landlords," says Mr. Randolph, "are even more to blame than their white brothers, for they know — better than the white man can know — what hardships colored families bear, what sacrifices they make, what infamies they endure, what tears and blood they shed, in order to pay the rents demanded; in order to keep the wretched rooms they call their homes. Men in Harlem commit murder sometimes to get money for the rent. Rent, maybe, for two or three unpainted, unpapered, unheated and unsanitary rooms on the top floor of a five-story walk-up. Men commit murder and women sell their bodies."

But Mr. Randolph didn't want to talk about landlords or rents.

"This is an old story," he said. "The Irish suffered from absentee landlordism even as we suffer now. Perhaps many other persecuted peoples have suffered so. If you want to write about Harlem, why don't you write about Harlem Hospital? And about Negro doctors? Do you know that we have many Negro doctors? Do you know that most of them are superb physicians and surgeons? But do you know they are not allowed to enter many so-called white hospitals to serve humanity? You should investigate Harlem Hospital if you want to write the truth about Harlem."

We visited Harlem Hospital several times. We were kindly treated but were told by those in charge that "the commissioner wouldn't like it" if they answered any of our questions. So we talked to many people about the hospital. Some praised it. One or two called it "a slaughter-house."

We had a grand time in Harlem. We met nice people, as nice as you'll find anywhere in the world. They took us into their homes. They gave parties for us. They took us to dinner and to luncheons in the YMCA. They introduced us to their friends. We met such interesting people as Langston Hughes and Richard Wright and Ellen Tarry and Walter White and other authors. We met newspapermen, lawyers, doctors, politicians. We met most everybody of importance in the community. We were shown the Arthur A. Schomburg collection in the Public Library at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. We were invited to lectures and plays and churches and schools. And all the time we felt we were visiting our own kind of people.

10,000 Cases

AND then we visited the courts and didn't have so grand a time. Abraham Poretz, prosecuting attorney in the Felony Court, told us that a disproportionate number of the 10,000 cases that pass every year through his court are those of colored men and women. He lists assault and battery as a misdemeanor. He couldn't handle all the cases otherwise. There would be "too much congestion." This court, of course, is in an almost solidly Negro district.

While we were talking to him a colored girl entered the complaint room. She had had one eye gouged out, and she demanded that a man be arrested for it. This complaint was one of the "misdemeanors."

We listened to a few cases in the courtroom. Two Negro boys pleaded guilty to robbing a man in the Ninety-sixth Street subway station. They had taken three dollars from him. One of the prisoners said he had no home, just slept in the basement of a house on 132nd Street. The other had no home at all. Neither had a job. Both were sentenced to thirty days.

"No judge likes to sentence a boy to a reform school or any sort of penal institution, especially if he be a first offender," Walter White told us. "He paroles him, if he can, or sends him to some mild disciplinary institution. But there are no such institutions for Negroes. They have to go to a prison of some kind. There's no place else to send them."

Here's a boy who looks to be twelve or thirteen. He's so small the man on the bench has to lean down to see him. Listen:

"Yes, sir, your Honor. I is guilty. I done stole the pocketbook. But she was such a fat woman, your Honor, I couldn't help it. I was standing there on the corner, and I was saying to myself, 'Man, does you eat or does you not eat?' And then her car stopped and I seen the pocketbook. And I said to myself, I said, 'Man, man, that lady never missed a meal in her whole life. She's so fat she could miss a whole day's meals and never feel it.' So, your Honor, I stole the pocketbook and I run. But the cop done caught me. Bet you if I'd had something inside of me, though, your Honor, that cop'd never even got near me."

The complainant, a huge woman, wept and refused to prosecute. Case dismissed.

Housework Racket

The Negro people are cheated in many ways. Here are two: Agents in the South, and certain people in New York, work together. The agents round up numbers of girls, assuring them that if they can only get to New York they will be given work as maids at thirty dollars a month. Of course they'll have to give the agent one month's salary. The girls come to New York. They get the promised jobs. They give up their first month's pay. And then they are fired. The families who hired them get a cut from the agent. Where do some of the girls go? To the streets.

And they are cheated by so-called respectable white women in the so-called slave markets of the Bronx. Scores and scores of wretched needy black women walk to these slave markets every day, or ride for miles on the subway. And there they stand, sometimes half a day, sometimes all day, waiting for the white women to come and bid for their services. Maybe they'll get only an hour's work. Maybe they'll get five hours.

But what pay will they get for that work? A dime an hour, or at most fifteen cents. These white women, who live in comparative luxury, drive hard bargains.

WHAT is to be done for wicked Harlem? Mayor LaGuardia has done many things, but many more must be done. "The problem," he says, "is complicated by the fact that Negroes keep pouring in on us by the thousands — people for whom there are no rooms, no jobs, no charity of any kind. If we could stop this immigration for five years we could do miracles in Harlem. But we can't stop it."

LaGuardia, is of this same opinion. "Sure, things are tough in Harlem," he says; "But they're tougher in every other Negro quarter in the United States. Go visit Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, and other cities. The Negroes have made more progress in New York than anywhere else. Many Harlem intellectuals are among the most brilliant people living. I'm very proud of them."

Prostitution

Here is the police answer to the question of the number of prostitutes in Harlem:

"We find new ones every day. We take them in and send them to night court. They are usually fined. Then a doctor gives them a blood test. If they have syphilis, and ninety per cent of them do, they are held for treatment. But they all come back as soon as they can, and start to work again. You'll find some of them walking the streets. You'll see others leaning out of windows on the lower floors of some flats. We try to keep tabs on all of them, but that's impossible.

"Usually there's a parade of white men in this station after midnight on Friday and Saturday nights — men brought in wrapped in dirty blankets or in some copper's coat — maybe in their underwear. Some of these babies have been hiding and shivering in hallways or under basement steps until it was quiet enough for them to sneak out and steal something to hide their nakedness.

Mugging

"Mugging, we call it. These men come up here to meet colored prostitutes. Some woman calls them into a doorway. There's often a man with a gun in it. He makes the sucker strip. And maybe he beats him up or cuts him with a knife.

"Another bird will be enticed into a house and robbed. Once in a while the girls will leave him a blanket or something; but usually they leave him bare. Or a guy may just be walking down the street — where he has no business to be — and a couple of men or a gang of boys may grab him. One of them will strong-arm him around the neck and hold him tight while the others strip him.

"We keep old clothes at the station to give to these chumps. Usually we give them carfare too.

"Yeah, it's pretty bad in Harlem. But you can't blame these people too much. Put yourselves in their place. You're hungry. You can't get a job. Your shoes are worn through. Your clothes are in rags. And here's a white man, well fed, well dressed, money in his pockets — cash money. You see this guy, and you know he's looking for a colored girl. If he saw your wife or your sister on the street he might insult her. So there you are. You mug him. You take everything he's got, even his underwear. If you get caught by a cop — but it's a hundred to one you won't — you're still safe. That bird isn't going to get up them to He called his chauffeur.

of a brilliantly lighted cafe and saw white women with Negro men sitting on stools at the bar. One woman had her arms around a colored man and was kissing him. Boys and girls out on the sidewalk were playing tag. They did not stare through the cafe window as we did. Perhaps the sight we saw was no novelty to them.

All that night we toured the district. All night long we saw white women and colored men, white men and colored women. All night long we heard the voices of streetwalkers and the voices of women in windows.

White Prostitutes

We stopped at the 123rd Street police station. "It's a very quiet night," the desk lieutenant told us. "Only twenty prostitutes arrested, two of them white. No complaints of muggers so far."

"There are white prostitutes here?"

"Of course," he said. "Working for colored panders. Giving them all their money. And, more shame to them, some few aren't white slaves. They're volunteers. Coming up here was their own idea."

Apparently nobody knows exactly how many white prostitutes there are in Harlem. After a three-year investigation by G-men, the F.B.I. could state with certainty only that they numbered "between 500 and 1,000." And in June, 1938, Judge Grover Moscowitz, in sentencing James Llewellyn Nesbitt to ten years in prison upon his conviction under the white-slave law, placed the number at the same indefinite figure. The testimony in that case showed that Nesbitt had eight women working for him, and that his income averaged $400 a week.

An Incident

ON the following Saturday night we toured the red-light district with a policeman who was off duty. While waiting for him on 125th Street at Seventh Avenue we saw something that still puzzles us. A luxurious automobile pulled out of the traffic and stopped at the curb. A Negro in a smart uniform was driving it. A colored girl sat beside him. Inside, sitting comfortably on the back seat, was a round little white man with a round smooth face. He waited until the chauffeur opened the door for him. Then he stepped out of the car and approached a Negro couple, a young man and a pretty girl. He bowed to them and said something we didn't hear. The girl swung around and stiffened. Her escort shook his head, grabbed her arm, and hurried her away.

The white man smiled, shrugged his fat shoulders, and got back into the car. The chauffeur closed the door, took his seat and started on, to stop again directly in front of a hotel entrance.

Again the chauffeur opened the door. Again the white man got out and approached a young Negro couple. This time we heard the girl giggle and her friend laugh. But they seemed reluctant to do what the white man wanted

"You got to be tough to get by in Harlem." This is the ex-hijacker speaking. "When I first opened up, three guys came in. They bought some booze. Then they bought some sandwiches and some moore booze. Then they said 'Charge it' and started to walk out. I hit one of them so hard he flew up in the air like a little birdie. After that I didn't have no trouble."

The former Mexican army officer told us of love and hate and murder in Harlem, of his own bright lady who had left her husband for him and left him for a colored tugboat captain. "Now she writes me that she wants to come back to me. But I told her to stay where she is. I don't want her back. I might cut her heart out some day. Still, I suppose she'll come back anyway. Once Harlem gets you, you can't stay away."

We were told of a white girl who cheated her Negro lover. "She gave him only half the dough she made. She was a beautiful thing, gorgeous. Well educated, too. Her people have a big house out on Long Island. Rich as hell. Why she ever came here I don't know. Maybe she didn't, either.

"This punk got her lots of business, and when he didn't get all he should get, he beat the devil out of her. You know what he found out? She'd been feeding half a hundred poor colored families with the money she held out."

"What became of her?"

"Don't know. Haven't seen her around in years."

"How many white girls are there in Harlem?"

"White prostitutes? A thousand, I'd say. Some of them make big money. Others don't. Funny as it sounds, the average Negro doesn't care for white women. He regards them as cold, fireless, thin, and dull. Whatever you may have heard to the contrary, there's no rape in Harlem."

Writer Approached

SOMETIME after midnight, as we motored up Lenox Avenue, the policeman said, "Suppose, Mr. Doherty, you get out and stand on the corner. See what happens."

The car was parked a hundred feet away. A woman approached and took Doherty's arm, said something to him. He shook her off gently and gave her a cigarette. Another woman hurried over to the two. "Cops, Tiny," she said. "Beat it. It's a trap. You're talking to a cop, and there's a cop in that car back there."

Our policeman was annoyed. "That Texas must have eight sets of eyes," he said. "How did she spot us?"

Doherty walked slowly down the street, the car trailed him at a distance. In the three blocks he walked, six colored prostitutes made overtures to him. And two of them, he swore, could not be a day over fourteen years old.

"Six," said the policeman. "There's no other place in the



HEARTACHES IN THE CELLAR: *Leo Shull is a big, flip, balding ex-newspaperman and struggling playwright, who watched the thousand hopefuls that cluster like moths around the icy flame called the theater. He saw them trudge daily from their dreary hall bedrooms to casting office after casting office, knocking on doors that would*

EAGER-EYED kids kept popping into the room above the big restaurant called "Genius Inc.," and interrupted Shull's monologue, to give him tips for his paper.

Leo, Olga Lee and Jay Strong are cooking something with a mob scene in it. Get the kids over there.

Leo jotted it down in an untidy notebook, started...

"I come from Milwaukee, but I was educated in Philadelphia, that graveyard with lights; that playground for cadavers. With two degrees I become a reporter, met theatre folk, and wrote a play.

"What happens when you write a play? The agent says it's ok; the producer, manager, director say it's ok. But the coroners, called critics, say it stinks. To save time I took it to the critics first. They said it wasn't even a play."

The door opened again: Hey Sam Goldwyn is in town. Let's try to get him down here.

"Then I'd go to a play, see the first act, rush home to write the second act as I thought it should be, and go back the next night to see if I was right. Mostly I was wrong. So I wrote three more plays.

"By this time I was a cafeteria shmooser, a cafe consultant. So I made a deal with my brother to send me dough if I needed it and came to N. Y.

In bounced an open-shirted boy: Leo, Alex Cohen says we got a 40 ticket benefit for 'Of V We Sing.' Awright, Leo said. Get a list of the kids who waited on tables and swept up the joint. They get the tickets.

"This little paper is the only daily in the theater, as miserable as it is. All the kids work for it. They musta got about 500 jobs out of it. We print 1,000. It goes to all the big names and the producers. And in the hangout here they don't have to eat fast and leave. They try out their stuff on each other in the rehearsal room, and the prices fit their pockets—even if their pockets are empty.

"For them we started Thursday classes at ten cents a session where guys like Samson Raphaelson, Jane Cowl, Moss Hart teach them how to write and act. And we got out a directory of producers, theaters, agents, photographers, summer theatres, and eating joints where they can starve gracefully in style on free lunches with nickel coffee or dime beer.

Here's a hot flash, Leo. They need dancers over at the CBS building.

"So where do we go from here? Soon we'll have a central casting office to free these kids from the tyrant producers. They fight their way into jobs, but how can the dopes know they're good if they don't see them. If there's profits we'll start a real little theatre, not this morgue they call the theatre. And if there's no profits we'll promote it, the way we promoted Genius Inc."

—Sidney Fields.

CURLY CUES

"Actors Cues" sells for five cents—if Leo Shull's flock has the nickel. If they haven't, they get it anyway. It's breezy, peppery, illiterate. Samples:

"Phillip Barry is looking for a Boston type girl for his new play. (Boston type girl: tall, tepid & stupid.)

"Girls, when you see this agent carry hatpins.

"Geo. Abbott is casting says a chicken who told a robin who sang a note which landed on the hook on the front table where you should always leave all your tips for fellow struggling actors.

"Oscar Serlin who bot Steinbeck's 'The Moon Is Down,' says he contemplates production. He doesn't say his office is locked and locked doors stifle art. Go unstifle him.

"Fawcett publications may take a look at your puss and decide they can use you for illustrations.

"NOTE: Last Saturddy lost its mail. Notify if sent us mail."

Nope, kids ain't like they used be. . . . Last Monday afternoon on Newark's Spruce Street extension, namely Eighteenth Avenue, and just in sight of the Hayes Park West swimming pool where the colored youth may take a dip, two youngsters about eight years of age and mounted on two home-made box and skate scooters, were evidently tired of the usual childish games and so without the bat of either eyelash they would await the approach of one of the Public Service buses as it would come dashing down the hill. . . . Just as the vehicle would get near the bottom where Lillie Street intersects, these two youthful daredevils would tear out and derived much glee at hearing the violent hiss of the air brakes, and I guess too, they thought it funny to see the passengers being catapulted from their seats or the predicament of anyone standing who became tangled up with the bars around the driver. . . . Oh well, maybe they'll feel better next time and chase the bus back up the hill.

Heard on Spruce Street, woman to man, both slightly under: "Come on home, you've had enough Sneaky Pete." He: "No I ain't either." She: "Its sneaked up you now." He: "That's allright, I wants it to catch me." . . . Many stories could be told about the late Mrs. Agnes Kemp, of Trenton, who was buried last Wednesday. . . . She received at Christmas time a record breaking amount of greeting cards from her many friends all over the United States and saved them year after year where she could every so often browse over them. . . . No Republican political gathering was complete without her presence, and none would end without her having said her word. Does the guy and gal who were fussing on the second floor apartment of a North Willow Street, Trenton address, know that they had a good sized audience who was solidly digging it all? . . .

Those poppas of the gay Nineties age are on the loose again . . . One of the rejuvenated playboys was recently told that there was an affair going on at a certain address and that there was much fun to be had at same. . . . Just like any playboy, regardless of age, he wanted to know what chicks were going to be there. . . . When a few names were called of a few ladies who weren't exactly chippies but yet were quite beneath the age of this aforementioned rebuilt model of Lothario, he pops up and says in an indignant voice: "What! All those old hens are going to be there." . . . Here's a guy who comes under the category of "wolf" in a true sense of the word. One of his best friends went into the army. Before he left, he knew something on his friend. Now, with the knowledge of his friend's double stand and to clear his conscience, he is waging a campaign for the affections of his friend's girl, but still continues to be interested in the welfare of his "pal" in the service. . . . Let's end this thing with a musical touch by giving the bouquets to a swingy, rocking number with Sister Rosetta Tharpe doing the vocals and Lucky Millinder's band doing "I Want a Tall Skinny Poppa."

Duke Ellington Marks 20th Year as Musician

By ROBERT BAGAR.

That musician's musician of Jazz, Duke Ellington, is celebrating this year his 20th anniversary in the realm of the off beat. So what could be more natural—all his devoted disciples asked—than that he should fittingly observe the anniversary with a concert in Carnegie Hall? The concert took place on Saturday evening before an excited, even ga-ga, audience. And therein lies a story.

The Duke, all agree, is the number one man of dance music. He has assembled together an orchestra whose members are amazing virtuosos. He rehearses that orchestra with the zeal of the born leader. There is no phrase, no effect, no detail that is not worked over until it "comes up smiling," as they don't say up in Harlem.

He has written brief, air-tight, compositions for this unit that have earned the praise of the most discerning critics. He has created a style of composition, in fact. It is his alone, and a pox on his imitators. In short, the Duke is quite an artist—not forgetting the natural, easy artistry of his co-workers.

* * *

Anniversary Number.

For this anniversary program he composed a special work, a piece in three movements, entitled Black, Brown and Beige. It is a long piece. It is too long a piece. It is, to be perfectly candid about it, a series of brief, air-tight compositions, all prettily tied together by modulatory bridges — well, bridges of some kind or other.

Any contemporary composer—and I mean any—would give his ASCAP rating, or something equally useful, for a few of the themes that are so liberally contained in Black, Brown and Beige What to do with the themes, however, is the question. They would have to be properly exploited, developed, and all the other classroom terminology, in order to constitute a piece of music that is sequential, music that has a right to run over an hour. Black, Brown and Beige, besides, is intended as a "tone parallel to the History of the Negro in America." That, needless to say, does not come off. If you ask me, Mr. Ellington can make some two dozen brief, air-tight compositions out of Black, Brown and Beige. He should.

* * *

Attractive Moments.

The second movement of the work has an interesting text, written by Mr. Ellington, which was well sung by Betty Roche. All in all, the composition has many attractive moments, especially in its strictly dance parts. But, one repeats, it is far from being an in toto symphonic creation. It was given a high-gear presentation, nevertheless.

The rest of the program, devoted to those Ellington specials, like Black and Tan Fantasy, Rockin' in Rhythm, Blue Belles of Harlem, Don't Get Around Much Any More, Mood Indigo and others, was, as you might expect, wonderfully and faultlessly performed. The soloists—and there were scads of them, all the members of the band, in fact—were magnificent.

The concert was given in aid of Russian War Relief. At intermission time Dennis Morgan, movie star, presented Mr. Ellington with a scroll signed by many famous artists in recognition of his 20 years' service in the cause of American music.



The Original Ellington Orchestra

aica B.W.I. and died at 9:45 A.M., last Tuesday. He came to New York at the age of 16, was baptized by Rev. Hayes who then preached in New York. He named Rev. Weathers' survivors as his wife, Anna, to whom he was married 28 years, Mrs. Johanna Weathers, his mother of New York, Lula Rounds, a sister; Philip and Clifford, brothers; and Mrs. Re-

3000 Crowd At Weathers Rites



Mrs. Weathers and members of the family photographed in car as it pulled away from mammoth funeral rites Saturday of the late Rev. C. C. Weathers.

by HARRY B. WEBBER

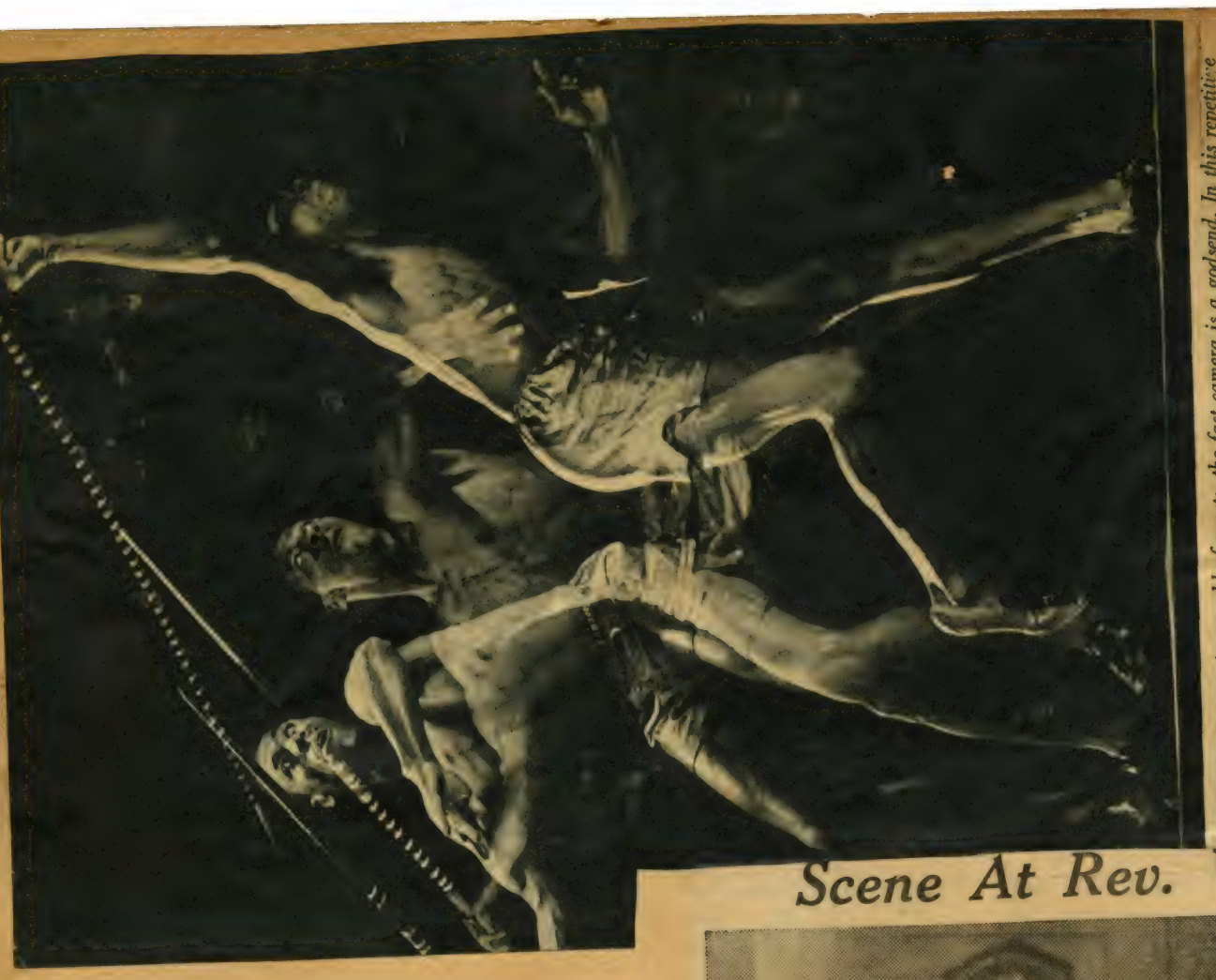
Rev. Charles C. Weathers, one of Jersey's greatest orators, would have been the first to laud the stream of oratory which emanated from the pulpit of Bethany Baptist Church Saturday afternoon at the occasion of his funeral which drew the largest crowd of any local funeral in many years—3,000.

Ministers and civic leaders vied in according the late manager of James M. Baxter Terrace the accolades of a perfect life, perfectly lived.

1500 crowded the auditorium balconies and another thousand downstairs and outside the church heard the Rev. W. P. Hayes, laud Rev. Weathers' "personal magnetism, his unostentatious demeanor" and heard him call the dead minister "God's true nobleman."

"One is tempted into an extravaganza of adulation" in discussing Rev. Weathers, said Rev. Hayes. He praised Rev. Weathers' "ease in the presence of others." said he "radiated sunshine," called him an optimist, a humorist and "no prophet of gloom," termed him "an exceptional preacher, a died-in-the-wool fundamentalist, a man of faultless diction of smooth delivery, of keen analytical mind, a minister with the sermonic instinct and a man in perfect relation with this age."

(Continued On Page 3)



To the fast-moving world of sports, the fast camera is a godsend. In this repetitive image of the late John Borican, one-time Decathlon champion, Mili captures the trade secrets of a well-trained javelin-thrower.

4/2

Scene At Rev. Weathers Rites



Honorary pallbearers, all ministers, hold floral wreaths as Undertaker Dabney directs active pallbearers carrying casket of the late Rev. C. C. Weathers.

Weathers Rites

(Continued From Page 1)

A thousand fans waved in the heated interior of the church as the services began promptly at 1 P. M. with Rev. M. T. Waters, master of ceremonies, and John M. Dabney, undertaker in charge. Led by blue-robed Baxter Terrace Chorus, "Faith of Our Fathers" was sung. Rev. H. S. Van Pelt read the 90th Psalm, "Just As I Am" was another selection by the choral group. Rev. J. C. Nelson read resolutions from Metropolitan Baptist Church. Rev. E. E. Ricks, former Bethany and Pilgrim pastor; Commissioner John A. Brady, Court Street YMCA, Women's Auxiliary of Middlesex Central Baptist Assn., Baptist Ministers of Newark and vicinity, Matrons of Baxter Terrace, Third Ward Clean Government Republicans, Sunbeam Temple of New Brunswick, NAACP, William J. Ellis of Department of Institutions and Agencies, Harold G. Hoffman, Pilgrim Bethlehem Baptist Church, Rev. Samuel Wilson, pastor, Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Winston of Baltimore, Essex County Tuberculosis League. Newark Housing Authority, Bernard S. Miller of NYA, Visiting Nurses Association of Newark, Philadelphia Housing Authority, Old Dominion Non Partisan League, Seacoast Baptist Assn., Tenants League of Baxter Terrace, Peoples Union of New Jersey, Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Central Ave., School Community Council and from Dr. Carl Bacarro of the Newark Housing Authority who read the NHA resolution which was climaxed by the eulogy: "Farewell Silent Warrior"

Rev. H. Beecher Jackson called Rev. Weathers "Exhibit A of scholarship, whose life was written with the pen of truth dipped in the ink of sincerity. He died majestically," he declared, "and was promoted to God by Eternity. If all his friends had brought a flower to his grave he would be buried in a forest of flowers."

Rev. G. H. Pope of Jersey City, lauded him. Rev. D. W. Hoggard of Philadelphia called him a master of the English language. Rev. Hoggard launched into a sermon over the deceased but was halted by Rev. Waters. This incident made the audience smile and then applaud, but Rev. Waters rebuked them:

"We will not applaud," he warned them.

White haired ex-mayor Ellenstein got into the record that "I was glad to do my share so Rev. Weathers might represent the colored group as housing manager and I am glad he gave excellent service."

Rev. H. T. Borders told how Ellenstein called him in conference to ask which minister should manage Baxter Terrace and "I said to him: Charles C. Weathers is the man."

Thomas L. Puryear said Rev. Weathers lost himself in the welfare of his fellowman. He had purity of intention, understood the meaning of love, held an insatiable passion for mankind and regarded death as just an accident that meant nothing."

Rev. Thomas Harten of Brooklyn said "It is too bad so many Negro men and women have to die before the public is big enough to tell the truth about them. Thank God Rev. Weathers died when his sun was on. His was one of the greatest minds of the race."

Rev. Charles S. H. Watkins told of Rev. Weathers life, how he was born in 1888, Jan. 15 in Jamgina and Mrs. A. Morgan, nieces.

Rev. Hayes said "he lived for others. In my 40 years of preaching if I had no other monument when I die save that I helped shape his life, that is enough monument for me." He said Baxter Terrace tenants were "my children" to Rev. Weathers. He called him "God's true nobleman."

Many distinguished men and women attended the rites including Dr. E. Gaylord Howell of New Brunswick, former Mayor Meyer C. Ellenstein, Prosper Brewer, Oliver Randolph, Roger M. Yancey, Roger Tucker, Herbert E Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Harold A Lett, Joseph B. Judkins, Walter White, Rev. H. S. Smith, and many others.

Prominent ministers held the score or more of big floral wreaths outside the church while the mahogany casket was carried out by James E. Fultz, Dr. E. Gaylord Howell, Albert Foster, Wm. Smith Jr., Emmanual Hickson, Samuel A. Foster, James Boulder, Leonard Wright, D. A. Curtis.

An excellent poem on Rev. Weathers death was read by Mrs. Carrie Smith and Mrs. Ninetta Foster and Mrs. Hattie Cippack sang beautiful solos.

Barrymore Wanted 'Greatest Death Scene'; Missed It

By FREDERICK C. OTHMAN.

Hollywood, May 30 (U.P.).—John (The Great Profile) Barrymore, who for the last four decades charmed the women, including his quartet of ex-wives, died without regrets late last night in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.

Funeral services, private and simple, probably will be held Monday morning in the chapel at Calvary Cemetery. Lionel Barrymore has not completed all arrangements.

The pain-wracked Barrymore, suffering from half a dozen ailments, said, during his final lucid moments, that every one of his 60 years had been exciting, that he had seen everything there was to see and done everything there was to do—and that he was ready to go.

"All I want to do," he said, "is give 'em the greatest death scene ever."

Last Sacrament Administered.

That was days ago. He lapsed into unconsciousness then and missed his cue for the final scene. He succumbed nearly eight hours after a priest had administered the Last Sacrament and thus took him back into the Catholic Church, which he had deserted in his youth.

Not one of his ex-wives was at his bedside. With him as he died were only his brother, Lionel, and Dr. Hugo M. Kersten. His daughter, Diana, was in the building.

Old Friends Stand By.

Outside were three of his boon companions, Gene Fowler, the novelist, weeping; John Decker, the painter, and Alan Mowbray, the actor. They joined the watch of newsmen; friends every one, who took Barrymore's death as a personal and professional blow. Well they remembered that he had made more headlines than any other actor; that his every action had been spectacular, whether he was marrying another woman or being thrown out of another night club.

Lionel stood on crutches at the bedside as he died.

"Lionel took it in typical Barrymore fashion—stood up like a man," Kersten said.

"Hello, Lionel," Last Words.

The physician disclosed that John's last words, muttered yesterday, were "Hello, Lionel."

Barrymore was the critics' choice for the greatest Hamlet of his generation, and one of the great actors of American theatrical history. He first played Hamlet in New York in 1922. The reaction was so overwhelming that he toured the world and dumfounded skeptical London audiences with the power of his portrayal. That was the serious part of him, entirely aside from the scapades for which he was best known.

John Famed For Ad Libs

Hollywood, May 30 (AP).—Fans went to John Barrymore plays not only to see him act. They returned time after time to hear him ad libbing.

One of his most famous ad libs rocked a Macbeth audience with laghter at the tense, tragic instnt after Duncan's murder. As Lay Macbeth exclaimed, "The dee is done! Didst thou hear a nois?" A balconyite guffawed.

Imperfect Shakespearean mete and idiom, Barrymore replied:

"Naught but the braying of a distant ass."

New Career in Films.

After securing lasting fame on the age, Barrymore left it for motiopictures. He filmed such of his stge successes as "The Dictator," eter Ibbetson," "Svengali" and "affles."

Barrmore also had a flair for writing He had contributed magazine acles for some time until 1926, wn he published his autobiograp, a tittilating account of his pub and private escapades. It was itled "Confessions of an Actor."

Barrye's sister Ethel, eldest of the thi, kept in constant touch with the ospital from Boston, where shis appearing in "The Corn Is Gr," during her brother's illness.

Nev Saw Messages.

Barrymor never got to see the hundreds ofegrams and letters from frienlike W. C. Fields, George M. an, Herbert Bayard Swope and te Blue—and from fans like the man who sent him a handkerchind the Detroit window washer wwired a prayer.

Elaine Jac Barrie, his last wife, called "darling" in a wire and urgehim to get well. Michael Strang his second wife, sent a telegran

Cohan said: "lieve me, kid, I am pulling for you with all my heart."

Fields, one of Barrymore's favorite drinking companions, sent a joshing message about the amber brew they had enjoyed and wound up: "You can't do this to me, John."

Victory Garden His Joy.

The fabulous Barrymore lived his last days in what he called his Chinese tenement, a mansion in the hills, alone except for Nishi, his Jap servant, and Nishi's 12 children. Barrymore tended his victory garden, planted in horseradish exclusively because that was the only vegetable he liked, and spent his evenings with such old pals as Decker and such newfound ones as his daughter—whose mother was wife number two.

In the mansion, which was stripped of furniture by bankruptcy court order, Barrymore liked to call in the press (which thoroughly enjoyed being called even if none of the conversation could be printed). With whisky glass in hand he would expound on subjects ranging from love to the kind of saloons available in Ecuador, and from the sensation of smoking opium—which he tried once in Chicago—to the utter impossibility of keeping a wife happy for long.

Calls Churchill in White House.

Fowler told at the hospital how Barrymore heard a few months back that his old pal, Winston Churchill, was in the country. Barrymore was feeling low; he'd just been tossed out of a night club. So he phoned the White House, first assuring the phone company he could pay the toll, and talked with Churchill about other, happier days.

A few weeks ago, Nishi, the Barrymore major domo, who provided his master with advice on all subjects, with special emphasis on affairs of the heart, was removed with his dozen children to the Japanese camp at Manzanar. Barrymore was disconsolate.

Slow to Give Up.

He became ill and finally was taken to the hospital, where physicians said he was suffering from hypostatic pneumonia, plus liver, kidney and stomach ailments, which had resulted in cardiac weakening. Still, Barrymore didn't give up. For instance:

Fowler visited him a couple of days ago. Said Barrymore:

"Gene, come closer and hold my hand while I sleep."

Almost reverently, Fowler took his hand.

"Lean over closer, Gene, I want to ask you something very important," Barrymore said.

Still the Old Barrymore.

Fowler leaned closer.

"Gene," whispered Barrymore,

(Continued on page 44, col. 1)

ENEMIES OF THE NEGRO

MANY colored Americans believe that the GREATEST enemies of their group in the United States are the white people.

Considering the Negro's EXPERIENCE in this country for the past three centuries, this widespread belief is understandable.

But it is time for us to face the fact that, regardless of what may be the attitude of many or all white people, there are OTHER dangerous enemies about whom too LITTLE is said and less is done.

What is even more ALARMING is the fact that some of these less widely publicized enemies of the Negro are becoming WORSE in many ways than the bitterly prejudiced minority of white people.

These enemies of the Negro are not white people but NEGROES!

They are the little minority of OBNOXIOUS, bumptious, belligerent, shiftless, improvident, rude and insulting Negroes who go around making America a worse place for the REST of us.

They are the colored individuals who DISTURB other people with their loud talk and filthy conversation.

Forgetting or indifferent to the fact that each individual Negro is in a sense an AMBASSADOR of his group to the rest of American society, they make other people dislike us and not want to live around, work beside or associate with us.

In the cars and buses, on the streets and on the job, they lend JUSTIFICATION to the advocates of color discrimination and segregation.

After all, a group is judegd by the INDIVIDUALS whom other people see, hear and meet.

Naturally obnoxious individuals are more CONSPICUOUS than those who act with self-respect and refinement.

Other great enemies of the Negro are the colored men and women who go around taking OFFENSE where none is intentionally given.

If a white person ACCIDENTALLY steps on their feet or jostles them in a street car or bus or on the avenue, this type is quick to curse or start a fight.

There are the OTHER enemies of the Negro who move into a new neighborhood and proceed to lower living standards by throwing trash into the streets, maintaining jungle-like backyards, quarrelling and fighting, traipsing about the neighborhood in inappropriate garb and permitting their habitations to run down when a little paint, kalsomine, scrubbing and window cleaning would create a far more favorable impression.

The appearance of many Negro districts cannot alone be attributed to the fact that buildings are often OLD and rents too high, because there are white neighborhoods with equally old buildings which do not look so dilapidated.

The enemies of the Negro are those colored people who do not take PRIDE in their neighborhoods and habitations and thus make adequate housing more DIFFICULT to obtain for the rest of us because it is said the whole race worsens residential districts.

Other enemies of the Negroes are those who refuse to bathe regularly or to keep their clothing CLEAN, and yet appear in public places and conveyances, where they are offensive to the general public.

There is no excuse for this lack of PERSONAL HYGIENE in a land where soap and water are the cheapest in the world.

Also enemies of the Negroes are some of our school children, especially in "mixed schools," who apparently go out of their way to make themselves TROUBLESOME and obnoxious to teachers and fellow pupils, and thus help along the propaganda for separate schools.

There are many other Negroes like these who are doing more to retard the PROGRESS of our group to full manhood status than most of the discriminatory laws and regulations against which we COMPLAIN.

If we can vanquish THESE enemies, the others will not matter much.

John Missed 'Great Death Scene'

(Continued from page 42)

"is it true that you are an illegitimate son of Buffalo Bill?"

So be it. Barrymore is gone. There'll never be another man exactly like him.

Barrymore was born to the Royal Family of the American Theatre in Philadelphia, on Feb. 15, 1882. Maurice Barrymore was his father; Georgie Drew his mother. His big sister, Ethel, became a famous actress; his elder brother, Lionel, a celebrated actor.

Tries Art, Cartooning.

The stage wasn't enough for the harum-scarum John. He studied art in Europe, actually sold one of his paintings to Andrew Carnegie for $10, and decided to become a great cartoonist. He lasted one day on a newspaper being edited by Arthur Brisbane, who insisted on cartoons even though his newest staff member was suffering from a hangover.

The theatre, he recalled ruefully, must have been in his blood. Try as he would, he couldn't sidestep it. Instead, he became the leading matinee idol and was so regarded for 20 years. In the same period, he earned himself the reputation of being one of the world's great Shakerpearean actors. Through these years, too, he had woman trouble, too constant even to begin to mention here.

The ladies couldn't resist running their fingers through his curls; he couldn't resist the ladies. Wife No. 1 was Katherine Harris, a 19-year-old schoolgirl, whom Barrymore particularly liked because she could blush. They were divorced in 1917; he was a guest at her second marriage two years later.

Michael Strange No. 2.

Wife No. 2 was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, who wrote under the pen name, Michael Strange. She bore John his first child, Diana. Barrymore always said she divorced him after watching him make love to another woman on the stage.

His third wife was the blonde Dolores Costello, the mother of his two other children. Barrymore met her in Hollywood, insisted that she be his leading lady in the movies, and eventually married her at the age of 46. (On his marriage license application, he said he was 41.)

Wife-the-fourth was another schoolgirl, Elaine Jacobs Barrie, who wasn't the blushing type.

They kissed and they fought. Barrymore finally left his bride-to-be in New York and headed west by train. She chased him via plane. They kissed. He said she was his "Ariel," he, her "Caliban." They married in Yuma, Ariz., in 1936.

He sued Elaine for the last time on Sept. 1, 1940.

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How to Write a Play

Madeline Borman of Glen Ridge Says Her Formula Includes Early Meals, Late Hours

BY EDNA A. W. TEALL

Chatting with Mrs. Madeline Porter Borman of Glen Ridge you may get a formula for becoming a playwright. You may learn that the main thing is to want to be one, then have early dinners, get the family settled, write through the wee hours and you'll arrive at your goal.

Her experience was something like that and she is on the way to arriving. She has dramatized from a book by Paul McGuire the mystery play, "Sparks on Kaitai," selected by the Essex Co. Studio Players for production April 28 and 29 at the George Inness High School, Montclair.

This is the tale. She read the book and thought, "What Possibilities!" She had tried one dramatization before for her own amusement, so she went at it. When it was done, by virtue of early suppers and late hours, she remembered she hadn't even consulted the author.

Assured

Nothing daunted, she wrote to the publisher, found the author was arriving from South America (he seems always to be traveling) and made an appointment for tea. She wasn't at all nervous about the interview. She assured herself she could almost pick him out in a crowd. She knew exactly what he was like! He'd be the lusty, friendly sort, judging from his writing.

Then came the meeting.

"He wasn't at all like the characters he wrote about. He was a suave, intelligent, sophisticated Englishman of the type that makes me lose my tongue and stutter," she tells. "He was very charming, but I wished I was elsewhere.

'Where's Montclair?'

"He asked me where Glen Ridge was. I said 'next to Montclair' and he came back with 'Where is Montclair?' He asked me what were my qualifications. I had none. He said two London dramatists had asked his permission to do the book. Under my breath I was saying, 'If I ever get out of this I'll never try anything so preposterous again.' Like Alice in Wonderland I was getting smaller and smaller and thought presently I'd vanish entirely."

At last the interview came to an end. He asked her to leave the manuscript and thankfully she took her leave, telling herself the work and writing had been fun, anyway. Then, to her amazement, in a few days came a letter with permission to go ahead.

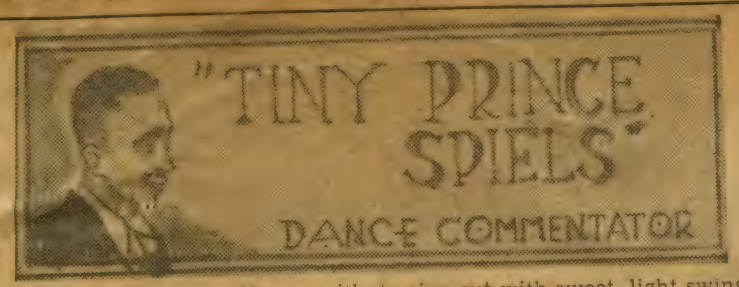
"The misery started all over again," she relates, "for people usually run away when they see some one coming with a play to produce."

But Miss Jan Paul, director of the Players, said she would read it and since then it has been all fun and excitement for the beginning playwright, who has taken part in several amateur productions hereabouts and has great enthusiasm for the theater.

'Snowball'

"I am so grateful to the Players," she concluded, "but I still feel as though I had started a very small snowball on a long slope and that now it is chasing me downhill and getting higher with every revolution. But I am thrilled that it will be done by such an able group. The author has gone on, maybe to his flat in London or his home in China. But he is sending agents to see the production—and maybe I'll wake up happy before the snowball engulfs me."

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GAS — Hear me Mama with a boogie beat. You're frantic, but you got big feet. With flippity flop, and a hippity hop you come on like a draggy cop.

The South American Fiesta, given by the Dancers Appreciation Society, promises to be madder than hens on glass eggs. The date is in August — a Tuesday nite, so if you don't want to be a fool and keep cool — dig this mess at its best. Pete Diggs and his band will rock your castle and the Piccadilly Pipers, A. Clem and handsome Ernie Randome will lay that conga jive on your dusty frame until your hep insane. Jimson, take it slow, 'cause I know you're in the know, but I want to dig this spiel like an unhep heel. Nobby on Springfield avenue, who is our hobby, really just got in some very fine shirts in the wildest pink shades a stud ever laid eyes upon. Bubs, there gone simply frantic. Have you lug the latest breezy plaid white aps that give you the well dressd sporty appearance? Nay Man, f you haven't drop around and ay Tiny Prince sent me down nd I guarantee Nobby himself, Ole Red" will show those too ough suspenders, plus your wants nd needs.

That Girl of the Year Contest is due to start soon and promises to introduce some of the loveliest girls in Jersey, so keep a watch and as soon as Yours Truly digs the issue, he will knock it to you.

T. T. SOCIETY — The first annual Mardi Gras, a straight from New Orleans, will be held August 1st. Ever been to an affair of this kind? Well then, to the young and old, I say the Court Street YMCA really offers something that I know everyone will enjoy. Such novelties as never seen before. Games with your 1942 Debs and hostesses. Refreshments that no doubt will quench your thirst aftergalloping about here and there with that charming young lady on your arm. Like to dance — here is Ernie Philips and his band to give out with sweet, light swing and sway. Speedy recovery to Gertie Bumpas, who has been ill after that unfortunate accident. Glad to see LeRoy Harrell up and around after his appendics operation. Mrs. Daisy King, who is like a picture from Vogue, stunned a few people with that girlish figure. A charming Miss Doris Jones from Los Angeles, California, visiting her grandmother, seen lately giving Tan Town a certain glow in Orange.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — 'Tis said that Shirley Man of Vaux Hall knocked 'em dead when she let down her hair at Orchard Beach, escorted by Charles Malone. Affair given by the Fellowship of St. Philips. Grace Smith, our queen of songs, will open up at the Plaza this week. What's the reason for the breakup of lovely Adeline Gattlin and Golden Boy Ray Alexander.

Ike Quebec blew away a mess of horn and the lanes from Spain caught a train a duce of Sundays ago out to Shady Rest as guest of the Barons of Rhythm. The Pic is going ultra glamour these trail frail blackouts. Joe Smoothers, formerly with Billy Daniels, just smoothers the hens with his purr that's in like a kitten. Back in the Tahitian Room Arthur Terry introduced me to the lovely chirping Dorothy Woods, someone sweet. The Wings Social Club came on Friday nite and Al Harrell gave out on a session that was messy as Aunt Bessie.

Tweedy acting very seedy. Florence and Blanche Briston, two tempting sisters, Gus Dawson, one of those M. speak softly W. stashed in tan gabardine suit, white shirt, dark accessories, giving that Hollydent of these sharp lads will be in Uncle's forces soon — name John Coppock.

Harold Brown and Evelyn Jones of D.A.S., beat it back doing the J. B. version. Jeannette Campbell digging the mess. It was like the Titanic sunk. Bob Alves, the dark Count, is mad at the world. Vicki Yolando Major's singing has begun to have that ooomph. Harold Potts gone with the wind after his gal.



GAS: — CREEP . . . JEEP — Back like mad acting like something the buzzards had. Jappy Nappy, they're going to cappy. Chum let's have some fun . . . Si Si Senoretta and Senora . . . The South American Fiesta given by the Dancers Appreciation Society promises to be madder than hens on glass eggs. This is their second annual affair at its best. Music will be that Conga jive making you feel its wild to be alive, plus our La Machee Kick . . . Ole Red knock me out on a feather bed, but is just insane like a stud in Spain doing his business on the quain.

Joe Crump, the top-notch Jersey attraction has opened up at the Nest Club on Warren and Newark streets and heppies and niftyies are crawling over to dig the band down its stuff with a new policy. P. S. How do you like the chick on bass—wild and in style. The Pic, August 31st, Tuesday nite, the Lemon Meriunge Pie Eating championship, so be there, for its wild and in style. Sorry to hear of Arthur Pratt's operation, so suddenly, doing nicely. Boogie Woogie, meaning low-down, is gaining popularity as new bit of slang. Everyone is going wild about it. The heat has the cats looking beat. Uncle Sam is the man. Roland Morse is calling himself the Hurricane Kid since he visited the spot. To those parties of colored W.A.C. here's wishing you the best of luck. Ben Whitaker doing fine down the line. Some of the first persnos at New York's Zanzibar were Nellie and Rhodell Flemming. Geraldine Hayes, Bill Robertson, Lester McLean, Clarice Maunill Burwell of Montclair, doing the spots. Wilma VanPelt was in Chicago. Moses Jones column of East Orange full of spice and nice. George Rollins home on furlough.

FASHION FLASH . . . Regina King the loveliest personality one ever wishes to contact, sporting a light blue-green dress trimmed in white, red shoes and white hat trimmed, gloves and an all-American Red, White and Blue bag. Something new and unusual in that modern manner. Herbie Smith dressed in sport outfit of yellow pants, ceramy shirt, brown tweed S. B. Sack Coat, suede shoes and imported straw hat, loud splash brown yellow tie, on his way to Philly two weeks ago in that new Buick. Dorothy Spence of East Orange in that white dress edged in red, red shoes and bag. Harold Potts in his sailor's uniform. Charles Lawson in that tan and brown sport jacket. Marjorie McClammy's neatness.

T. T. SOCIETY: — "Yes". Those lads are about to do it again. Your Swanksman Inc., presents a sport fling on August 21, 9:30 until, Clinton Manor. Music by Johnny Jackson and his orchestra, featuring Bob Taylor, the lad with the golden voice. It so happens the slogan of this great club is: This great international crisis may eventually divide us, but the spirit will always be preserved. Something you and I should never forget. Bertha Daniels and Mary Thomas are so busy getting that sun tan at Atlantic City they have forgotten to send that card to their many friends last week. Things come and things do go—but love has at last settled in one fine entertainer and that is Mr. McAllister, "Smokey" to you. Miss Dorothy Johnson is the sweet little lady. They are now Mr. and Mrs.

Rochester, the movie actor, opening a model plane factory for the government. Betty Roche now singing with Duke Ellington, formerly was with the Savoy Sultans. Really was a pleasure to meet the mother of lovely Mary Pitts at the Pic. A charming lady. Happy birthday to Emma Kaye of North Newark. Irvine Turner still the Casanova out with a lovely unknown. Juanita Coleman, one of those teasing browns, lovely as the flower of paradise. Margaret Johnson visiting her family in Virginia. Montclair's sweet little Osley Whte having a fine time at Pleasant Hill, North Carolina. Missed by many. Venus Berryman home from Chicago, Illinois, looking like he has lost about five pounds, but as charming as ever. Clara Harrison, one pleasing lass, enjoying a sip and tip. Ella Hill, one person one doesn't see. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Singleton stepping out one cool nite. Nice.

INTER CITY SWING CLUB, INC. . . Musicians and entertainers come and go, but times caused creative minds with new dances, new songs, dress up in finer styles. All these person hints are advised and taught when you became a member of the Inter City Swing Club, so why not join now and help perfect your self for all engagements for there is a shortage of entertainers. P. S. Nacki Saki Jacki, Booking Manager, presenting an affair at the Pic on August 24th.

FRANTIC INTERLUD . . . — Flash, splash were at the track cut back. Solid slice that's nice. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie Reid stashing and then dashing—don't dig—blowed my wig. The chocolate brown lover, Leonard Hurd, who is the latest, received his physical card along with Your Truly. Jack it won't be long now. Helen Hep hasn't taken a tip. The Futuristic Music Company will open soon. Harold Potts, the sailor boy, is one who is the real McCoy around and putting it down. Skid like mama has been ankling across the turf with another chick's daddy—who is somewhere around forty. She is having a birthday party to celebrate her 18th year next week (strictly news for Newark). They tell me Arthur Terry's Jam Session up at the 42nd Club, Orange was like Joe Louis, a knock-out old time phrase. Ala Mae Miller, the piano girl of the future and winner of that 4th of July Victory Contest out digging what it's all about with Hyacinth Bowie, a glamorous ultra brown frail. Ike Quebec the lad's that's mad and down wtih it up around 126th Street and 8th Avenue, Harlem, with Butch now arranger formerly with Pancho Diggs. Tuesday afternoon to be correct in from Chicago. Mattie Alston, the singing ear ringing M. C., with bird in hand, grinning like it 'twas grand. Susie Bell Clark and Mary Smith, a spifty-looking nifty eased and teased, but couldn't be pleased. Roland Morse feted at Hurricane by Buster Jamerson and sportsman Leroy Dobbs. Bannans can never be any yellow or more mellow as Perilla Morris, the sugar in that cat's coffee. She's tough and fine enough—kicking around Johnny Williams all neet and neat.

The 1943 Girl of the Year Contest coming soon. With spice and ice she's really nice. Doris Jones and Annie Ward, the chippie plus a heppie. Ever meet Jerry? Well she is the latest find somewhere straight from our capitol, Washington, D. C. Lovely brown shape and sweet face. Can Can Dancer from Bali and Stardust Inn, now appearing at Boston Plaza.



GAS: — "DILLER" — It's in-; I don't stand for that jive—like mad Bonnie Davis vo-at hard to beat. Say Mr. on't be late, but don't for-did this date, September pening, STRIP and TEASE Deaturing something new a zes and gifts. Boy what Staf usic by 2 Bars and a a sax man so wild he will knock you out. Jimson, the smoke will be in a haze and the place will be in a blaze for it will be naughty and nice and full of spice, so come out and should what it's all about. They're here—they're everywhere, those gentlemn of unity, the ultra Swanksmen, bringing to you a Collegiate Frolic, September 11, Saturday night. Music by Johnny Jacksons and vocals. Sport wear will be the thing, and as ever the Swanksmen will present a little something to be preserved. Yours Truly will be there—don't forget to reserve your tablbes as there is a run on reservations.

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Have you met them? Yes, it's gone and on a sensation creation fine as wine—a nite of nites. Your boy Oliver Baker back on the beam with a show super, Claude Hopkins, in person, Rita Ricco, Jacki Saki Nacki and many other great stars, plus a barrell of fun. 'Twill be September 13, Campus Terrace—the rage of the age. All Reet—dig this mess at its best—You and I let's get high for they're down with it again—those ever popular Captivataors, presenting their fall Indian Summer Spree, Clinton Manor, Saturday evening, September 18th. 'Twill be frolicking.

FASHION FLASH: — Junior Deb out to Church Sunday morning wearing black spangled dress, coolie Chinese type hat with veil, black gloves and bag, black suede shoes, really stunning . . . Harry Caldwell sporting blue green believed Cheviot suit, white shirt and breast pocket, hankie, black tie, black and white shoes and light white weight hat strolling down Market street . . . Julia Ryans, the dressmaker, with two fine pieces of Fox fur adorning her neck. Ben Whitaker's brown checked sport shirt, tailor made—twenty-five dollars. Cowboy wearing that new plaid suit. The Pancho Diggs Girl Trio, something new, wearing blue sweaters and dark blue skirts to match at the studio rehearsal, gay and young. P. S. Need a good shine, stop over to the Shine Place, 237 Norfolk street, near Dabney's.

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Morristown Special. A treat that will be hard to beat will be heppster's toast, tapping into the hearts and Kelly's band. Say you chappies out in North Newark, you're losing your well-bred manners. Gossip is flying thick and fast. Certain people think—that if you are 400—you shouldn't act like 99 cents. Maude Worthy, Jersey City's cute lady about town, a sight for my peppers. Joe Carter, president of the Arcaidains, treking to the Apple stem. What happened to Dolly? Cut the jabber and hit the flapper—bust my vest to hear of Rose Carter back out in Ohio doing the spots.

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'Twas fine—and girls you did give the crowd an enjoyable evening, Jimson, let's hope for another soon. Did my page of age Boogie Joogie.

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GAS:—Spiel Heel, for I am covering the field . . . of hues for the news. Say Mama Stunt, I'm hitting a bunt, so let's woogie like a runt. Be with the home base and stick with the race. That's us or bust—hot off the griddle and fit as a fiddle. Yes. It's them. The best for the rest. Put on your Indian frock and come out and rock, for the Captivators will be just as groovey as Poccohantas. The queens (ladies) will be there as you know—of yesterday—and their affairs are in like a Mickey Finn. Sweet music will be the thing by Johnny Jackson. The moon will be high in the sky for it won't be dry—'Twill be Indian Summer Nite, Saturday, September 18th. It's a date so don't be late. P. S. Collar the mood and dig into the groove.

I doff my hat and bow very low in favor of the Courtiers, one of the great clubs of the future. This group is not the elderly type nor in the chippie stage, but persons who are in the best of age of rage. You and I expect big things to grow from little acorns, so I've said before Al Madison, Carl Jones Ted, Adams and Earl Harris, success to the best.

Boogie Joogie nite coming soon. Dig it—something wild but in style—romping by a mile. Professor C. Hollinger, a one man's army in a recital of music. One grand guest, at Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston street, Newark, annual Old Fashion Southern Barbecue, September 18. Saturday nite . . . Morristown look out. The Dancers Appreciation Society Calvacade of Swing will appear there sometime around September 26th, featuring stars like Bob Taylor, swoon lad; Mary Crawley, singing ace; Joe Crum and his band of 1000 themes; Betty Roche, Duke Ellington's vocalist, and many others. P. S. The 1943 Victory Models search for the Girl of Year Contest "date."

FASHION FLASH: — Barbara Turnage a mad red hat . . . Bill Ward, dressing like a page from Esquire, plaid pink stripe single-breasted drape suit, cream colored shirt, brown maroon tie, buttonaire, white handkerchief, tan shoes and hat. Irma West of Davenport avenue strolling in pink-red suit, white blouse, black gloves, bag plus tempting smile that could go a mile. Brown shoes, and a white string of pearls. Abbey Jackson, sipping and tipping in grey flannel single-breasted suit, blue shirt, grey-brown tie, white handkerchief, brown suede shoes and gray hat, hiding behind dark glasses. Marie Foster in a velvet suit dress. Ladies and Gentlemen, knowing that hair cut prices have gone up—everyone is looking for the best—and that is where Mr. Thomas Shop of 237 Norfolk street comes in—a barber born into the trade. Even for a shave—meet him. P. S. Get your shine at 237 Norfolk street—the best for a dime anytime.

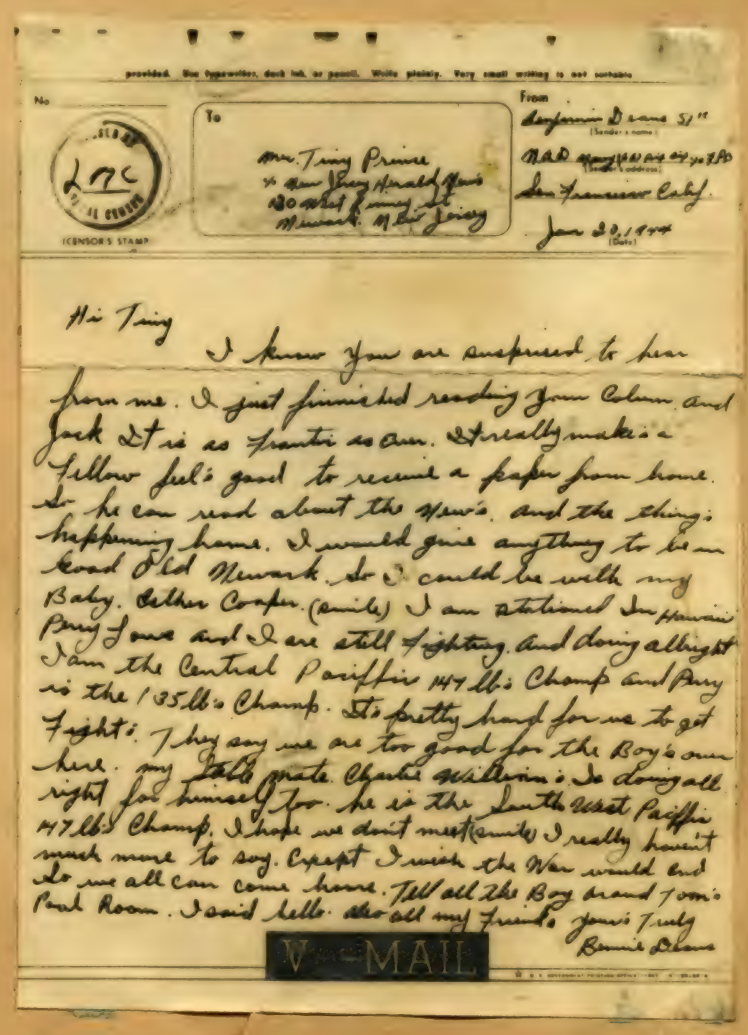
T. T. SOCIETY: — Margie McClammey and Bell Anderson relating their trip out west, visiting Margie's relatives in Chicago, and also dividing the time between Bell's relatives in Easton, Illinois. After peeking at hte Great Lakes and Riverview, much like Coney Island, plus sipping at the Rumboogie, Chris Delias and Joe's, a place where the entire floor show is made up of Fairies—to you men in ladies clothes. John Tolan, who is studying, taking time out to sip a soda at Groves Pharmacy, with his brother, who stages and directs floor shows in nite life. Merril Washington arriving home from Virginia looking in the pink. The W.A.C. have been lucky, after seeing Private Eleanor Van Horn of Des Moines, Iowa, looking like an out-door girl. James Melvin, one of New Jersey's top flight sportsmen, out giving his hunting hounds a run before entering them in the New York Huntsmen Show. At last a long-budding romance has ended sweeter than ever. Miss Willa Whitaker and Corporal Jasper Brown were wed on Sunday P. M. Lillian Paterson wearing yellow-flowing silk with assorted lillie, bridesmaid. Private First Class Aibert Strange best man. Bride was in heavy white invaluable flowered silk. Present were a room full of guests: Estelle Whitaker, Sue Fisher, Leonard Hurd, Hazel Snell, Alberta Whitaker. Mr. and Mrs. Peoples, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Paterson, Dorothy Brown, Sarah Wells, Estelle Ford, Ethel Whitaker, Ham P. Gibson, E. Brantley, E. Smith, Pauline Gibson, Ruth Bowler, M. Battler. Three cheers for the Federal Radio Skit, featuring Eddie 'Rochester" Anderson. That d es not make an issue of color.

INTER CITY SWING CLUB, INC. — Arthur Terry still at 42nd Club. The Question ? Mark Girl will appear at the Piccadilly in the near future along with Pony Haynes, star attraction along gossip's row. Buddy Johnson's trying to steal this lad on the road. Nacki Sacki Jackie's Pretty Man Contest, September 21st at Pic will be a seneder—dig it. Mary Crowley's heart and soul around town. The Casa-Blanca will feature Clem Mooreman, a new spot opening down town Newark. Rene Starks coming Fashion Show.

The gossip of tomorrow and today—A Pretty Man's Contest, Sept. 21st, given by Nacki Sacki Jackie, 1 Peshine avenue, Newark.

FRANTIC INTERUDES: — It's in like Gunga Din. Like an alarm on a farm. Irvine Turner vocalizing Night and Day. The fox who is in the box. Louise McGee as sweet as she can be, to me. Daddy Leonard Hurd, the latest word at Induction into Marines September 9th. Betty, one of those yellow-mellow cream puffs with a dip of chocolate gay as May, playing away. Dig this stuff, or I hear it's tough Evansion Reports were of that grand group of colored lads and lassies that tripped to the music of Al Donahue at Frank Dailey's Terrace, strictly an ofay join. Dig them for they carried on like the best, Herbie Smith, Savoy Short, Pres. Leonard Hurd, Fannie Scruggs, Earl McKellar, Anna Tuell, Muriel Washington, Ruby Wright, Dot Streete, Ardesia Hayes and Beatrice Kindal. Shucking and trucking and the show at Murrains was wild Friday night, Adeline Gatlin with her love, Ray Alexander, Charles Youngblood, a Canadian Negro flyer, Unice Clark, a lovely W.A.C. of Jersey City, Hollywood' chorus girls, Blanche Calloway, Cab's sister, Eddie Max, Virginia and Sallye, wild spots. Charming Norma ett home for week-end. Dark Count Bobbie Alves looking grand and in demand. So many chicks you could stir them with a stick. Leon Smith's farewell—mad. Sut Morgan and Jimmie Floyd of West Virginia State College were seen lounging with Grady "Lounge Lizard" Trawick. The Swanksmen's Collegiate Spree as frantic as it could be—hoppiness and glamour—the heppsters delight. 'Twas wild and in style. Miss Janet Holt looking good in blue, Bernice Porter around putting it down, Owen Turlington, Kitty King, George Alford, digging the chicks, and Janet Conte in a brown sport dress, Swanksmen knockin themselves out in tails. Mrs. John Anderson, Marion Davis, Edna Holliburton's yellow suit, Lorraine Harris, Jean Ford. Rocky's going away table with Marion Holt, Gloria Tillery, Earl Harris of the Courtiers. Johnny Jackson's swaying and playing. Jazz they're tough and things were gone like spice and rice.

47



provided. Use typewriter, dark ink or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. 2 NC

CENSOR'S STAMP

To Mrs. Tiny Prince
% Amsterdam Star-News
230 West 41st Street
New York City

From Benjamin Brown Sr.
[illegible]
San Francisco Calif.
Jan 30, 1944

Hi Tiny

I know you are surprised to hear from me. I just finished reading your Column and Jack it is as frantic as ever. It really makes a fellow feel good to receive a paper from home so he can read about the news and the things happening home. I would give anything to be on Broad Old Newark. So I could be with my Baby Bessie Cooper (smile) I am stationed in sunny Burma and I are still fighting and doing alright I am the Central Pacific 147 lbs Champ and Burma is the 135 lbs Champ. It's pretty hard for me to get Fights. They say we are too good for the Boys over here. my pals Private Charles Williams is doing all right for himself too. he is the South West Pacific 147 lbs Champ. I hope we don't meet (smile) I really haven't much more to say. Except I wish the War would end so we all can come home. Tell all the Boys around Tom's Pool Room. I said hello also all my Friends. Yours Truly Bennie Brown

V-MAIL



"GAS":—It's terrific, so put on your mask and collar this trash. Ye, ho, take it slow, caus Jack, I'll be back, sharp as a tack. It's the latest phrase and craze from bon-voyage lads going to do their bit for your Uncle Sam, that big muscle man. Beg pardon, very very sorry—like Japanese when make mistake.

The MEN'S LEG CONTEST cancelled until Tuesday, October 12th, 9 until. 'Twill be madder than a hen setting, so be sure and come out. Hal Mitchel, one of the greatest trumpet players of our time, plus Brother Kelly, on drums frantic, Clarence Mack, terrific bass fiddle beater and La Rue (Danford) Jordan, your piano man of ivory tone, plus Nacki Saki Jacki, M. C. and a host of others. It's a date, so wait, ust beginning our winter Frolics. Well, all reet, let's take a peek into a dainty neat place that is hard to beat. The food is grand and in demand. Spotted such celebrities as Arthur Terry, rough M. C. plus Brother, the Savoy Sultan's bass fiddle player munching and crunching with Lester Young, formerly of Count Basie's band, and Betty Roche, who is doing a grand job as vocalist along the main stem. Yes, these and even more hip cats can be seen gliding into 101 Oakwood avenue, Pete's Chicken Shack, Orange. P. S. Taste those pies. Mandy Ross swings out for a night at Ann Gordon's, October 16th for the Phelp-Dodge Social Club. Ben Whitaker playing a frantic part up in Orange with that certain Miss Cream colored complexion, cold black hair, blazing eyes and a shape, oh my. Need a clean room, a fine meal. If so, Daddy, trilly around to the Lincoln Hotel, 51 West street Tan Town (Newark), indeed one of the grandest spots for a good lodging. P. S. Spiel the Prince sent you down. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Raymond are two fine people.

FASHION FLASH: — Minnie Taylor's cute red hat . . . Miss Dorothy Frazier, Tan Town Deb looking fine attired in red camel hair coat, black velvet collar, burnt brown pumps, same bag, radiant smile still pleasing. Willie Dukes, downtown Broadway celebrity, appearing a few moments at Boston Plaza in double breasted lounge drape long roll shirt, brown and white knit tie, white handkerchief in breast pocket, brown feather-weight shoes, hair in his popular upsweep. Helen Miles, one of the leading hat stylists, out with a soldier in a black single breasted suit that looked as if it walked out of Vogue's Fashion Book. Dapper Dan Gibson, Joe Crump's No. 1 drummer, in grey chalk stripe double-breasted lounge tinted white Duke of Kent shirt, blue figured tie, tan shoes, grey low crown hat, white kanie in breast pocket, tweed grey-green diagonal single breasted top coat. Nobby of 121 Springfield avenue puts down a tough bit of stock—gabardine sport shirts, plaid knit ties of every hue, something new in caps and hats. Julia Ryans, the 1943 Victory Models dressmaker turning out a few of the latest creations in ladies fall suits.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Fashions at its best—November 14th at Campus Terrace. Rene Starks, the designing figure of West street, will eventually present something new in creative ladies modes. P. S. 'Tis said girls that men models will strut their stuff, so be on hand, for is it not said men are in demand.

Did you ever read one of the pamphlets distributed by the Essex County Workers Council of the New Jersey Urban League? If there is any way you can secure one, please do so at your earliest convenience and read and consider every quiz question. This is a little missle to warn you and I of peril to come if we don't save and prepare for the future. Indeed it was shocking to hear of the passing of Leonard Fry, a mere youth who didn't even share his bit of life. Leaving three sisters, Evelyn, Eleanor, Frances, and brother James Fry. It really seemed like old times to see Crib James Newman out of the army, back home with his lovely little wife Frances and their baby boy. Doing fine. William Bryant, Steve Abramson, Judge Page, James Young and Charles Gelemvater, five playboys of Lincoln University are well on their way to a studious fall term, when my mind treks back to remember their terrific send-off to themselves ending a summer spree. Although our friendship has not been over a period of years, I wish Henry Johnson who is leaving for the army, the best of luck and also George Johnson of Groves. On October 16th at 2 p. m. the N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council of Harlem will present Count Basie at the Savoy Ballroom. It's a date. A drive for new members.

The Y. M. C. A. Friday nite came from under with charming little ladies such as Betty Majors, Bertha Jones, Lillian Daniels, Mildred Walker, Ethel Ellis, Marion McClary, Lois Larnx, Lola Miller, Arlene Blythe. The Exclusive Arcadians Social Club, the only one of its kind, meaning after understanding their aim to educate the younger set and study Negro History. Something that every colored person should know a little about. This dance was one of the finest and a real credit to this young organization. Johnny Jackson supplied the rhythms. 'Twas grand lads such as Harold O'Nea, Wilson Williams, A. Boyd, Louis Burrell, Linsay Hunter, apprentice seaman, Wallace Davis, Lillian Daniels, Dorothy Caren, Charles Smith, Albert Geddis. It was really one enjoyable night.

INTER CITY SWING CLUB, INC.:—'Twill be remarkably well for you leading entertainers and musicians to remember that Sunday afternoon, October 10th, at 3 p. m. our first meeting will come to order. The fall membership drive is on. If there are any persons who have talent of any kind, please fill out an application blank and send it in to 237 Norfolk street, Newark, Tiny Prince Publicity Agency or Naki Saki Jacki, manager, 1 Peshine avenue. Allen Drew, world's greatest ad lib master of ceremonies and Dancing Dink, a solo artist far beyond compare, mad like Sinbad. P. S. Watch out Johnny Fussell, now featured at the Plaza, plus Madeline Keith, fiery show. The Nest Club featured star, "Flash Gordon", the devil angel girl in like good gin. She's on the loose like a roast goose. Frenzy. Here is wishing Earl Hardy, trombonist of Jimmy Lunceford's band a speedy recovery—slight cold. P. S. The Inter-City Club meeting at Piccadilly Sunday afternoon. Dig Herbie Puggsley do his cry the blues act at the Nest.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—My name ain't Bow Pete. Take that jive across the street. Knock on wood because it's good. To those lanes at O.D.B. Louise Scruggs lunches and crunches alone. What no sugar daddy? Miss A. Edwards, please don't cheat, I know that the handsome lad in the army is hard to retreat from, don't mail that letter now. Eloise Perry looking for her tall skinney papa, Mrs. 5 by 5 jive alive. George Kyle has finally snatched back his bird and it's the latest word. He laid a ruff (one quarter) on Alphonse Hayes, Jr. Junior Playboy received a call to Uncle Sam's Army, so it goes to those who knows, it's a shame it's on the quain. Another five spot offered for the name of the lady if she was one, who was feeling spry Friday evening along about midnite and laid on the floor because she could drink no more around West Market street. Who said the lady that features two wigs goes with a certain hype columnist. Dig the dirt, for I hope it won't hurt. Off the record. Ernest Smith playing 400 of these colored nites. Yeah man, he can do a little sand. Don't be a fluke pay with the juke boxes wild but he is in style. Jazz, I wonder if Clifford White still sings "Drag in the bag." She is a creamy mess, but she is there with the best. Mary Crowley, vocal dream. Al Henderson's Trio over at Dodgers Grill giving a thrill plus madcaps of taps Joe Gregory, master of ceremonies entertaining there. Duke Ellington's band rocked Laurel Garden until the rafters reek. Jimson, 'twas frantic and pantic, greatest affair in history of the box office. Every stud from the grassy lanes and wide open sprains. Yes from as far south as Cliffwood. Dorothy Yancey and friends, Miss Anita Williams, Mrs. Sandford, Cooke Alma Middleton, Ethel Porter, former vocalist of Barons of Rhythm, Miranda Morris, Mrs. Ruby Sally, Mrs. Mack, Joseph Wyatt, madcap Joe Alexander of New York, enchanting Betty Roche. Yes, keds, it was in. Symphony Sid looked grand spieling with cats in the band. Ruth Palmer, Ruth Shepard. Squares, they were begging for air. 'Twas anxious. Period, man.

48

SAVOY **MAMBO CLUB**

1 9 5 3

OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE HOLDER IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING IN THE "SAVOY MAMBO CLUB" AND IS ENTITLED TO ALL FAVORS AND PRIVILEGES.

President

This Membership Card is Void if Presented by Anyone under the age of 18.

Club meets every Monday Nite from 9:00 P. M. until - -

*** Membership fee — Ladies - 25c — Men 75c**


SAVOY
Monday Nite
ULIE
HAMPTON
of the
EL TEMPOS
Mambo CLUB



THE HEPSTER — Pops, you can give me some skin cause I'm in. Sorry that your boyd hasn't been on tissue in the last issue, but you can bet, I'll come on with some mess that will beat the very best. I'm going to spread eagle and Joe gigle till the early bright for things will be right. Do you dig pig Now you can ick up from the rear if the front is too strong. Meanwhile, keep your eyes peeled, for I'm covering the field.

CAFE SPIELS—Let's peep into the scenes and dig what's on the beam. rust this to be true on what's new. Tan Town's Newark's colored area) nite clubs are switching to a new policy and their entertainment is caning fast. Yes, it's now a cover charge on the door at the Pic. Believe me, with the jam review that the Pic boys are presenting its woorth every enny. Pete Diggs, vibroharp hot, and Togge Smyth comb, groovey with a new celebrity each week. New Yorkers a-whisper that Gracie Smith, blues singer, is a must.

The Howdy Club opened its doors last Tuesday nite under new management. It was a wow! Washington and Marshall streets packed going to and fro. Spotted Lucille Smith, Ralph, playboy, Smith and many others, plus the music of Joe Crump, 'Ray - O - Vacs", Laurence Miller and Miss Rhapsody. . . The whole town's talking about the singing of Lee Williams. The host Four Musical genius are really giving out with real fine music over at Lloyd's Pine Room. The crowds are turning out nitely and service is done up politely by manager Smokey McAllister, who plays the m.c. stint. Nellie Lutcher did not draw out as many as promoters expected down at the Adams Theatre last week. Club 42nd, in Orange, jam sessions are the rage in this day of modern age. Music mad Babs "Brown" Gonzales suing Victor R. C. for (zillions) seventy-five thousand. Claimed they used his "Oop-po-ada" recorded by Dizzy without his permission.

Billie Holliday's man of the hour, James Melvin, has done it again—and the whole town's gavving. Yes, folks, he is driving his new convertable orange-yellow Cadilac, mad and really gone. At least Duke Ellington said so three weeks ago. Yes, Pops, our gal, Sarah Vaughn will be in town Thursday. Let's hope each and every one digs her at the Adams. Clubs seeking to know who is who in music, call Bigelow 3-5558. For rumbas, congas, waltz and foxtrot. Fats Gordon on the piano, Art Williams on bass, Chink Williams on drums, Al Armstrong on trumpet and Henry Drant on tenor. The band, the Dictators, will open in the Rose Room of Lyods and appear there every Friday nite. Lin Wright on vocals.

FASHION FLASH—Lawrence Minton, in a tan-gray double-breasted suit, brown buckled shoes, yellow spread shirt, green tie, yellow double-breasted overcoat, brown hat. Tee Ross, of Orange, dressed in a spangled Persian blue dress, with the new look, black and blue modern shoes, with a black felt hat with a Persian blue feather. They say Modenia Boyd Davis is one of the best dressed women in North Jersey. Fashion shows are really the thing now-a-days, since Rene Starks, the founder, started them.

CLUB WHIRL—It will be Sunday nite, December 7th, the Pearl Harbor Floor Show and Dance, featuring music by the Honey Drippers and Roosevelt Sykes. 'Twill be a frantic nite and all club members are expected to be out at Graham Auditorium. Junior Brown, the son of Mrs. Ida Brown, will leave for the Navy. Almost forgot "Happy Birthday" to Eva Caushey. Virginia Scott still one of the prettiest models around. Let's wish a million years of happiness to Annabell Clark and Earl Williams. They take their vows Sunday at 3. . . Nacki Sacki Jackie, the man of a thousand laughs and giggles, does them up at Guilianos each Sunday from three til nine. The Invaders Social Club gave their Post-Thanksgiving affair Sunday afternoon. Beautiful sweet and hard to beat. Hattie Scruggs Taylor, president; Pearl Duval, secretary; Gladys Diggs, treasurer; Adeline Gatlin Alexander, vice-president and three charming business managers, Mollie Johnson, Johnee Bell Phillips and Lottie Lewis. Was a grand time. See you next week.

NITE LIFE
BY TINY PRINCE

Club World, Inc.

Members! Let's discuss Club World's 49 policy, and also to name new Board of Advisors. Hear whats new about giving dances for 49. Club World Inc., wants to help clubs cut expenses in half with more advertisement streamline bands and acts . . . Who is the Queen of High School? Happy Birthday to Dee Johnson, Lillian M. Hurdle, Bernice Simpkins, singer Bill Goode, Venus Walker, Jimmie Grant and Charles S. Kelly . . . See you at Debuteens Y.W.C.A. Orange, N. J. your M.C. at Amateur nite.

Fashion Who's Who

Dear Tiny,

In reply to your choice of the Ten Dressed Women of 48, where have you been that you could overlook as smart a dresser as Miss Ola Mae Miller of Newark and Mrs. Flossie McIntyre also of Newark. In my opinion the judgment of good wearing apparel goes much farther than flash — its good taste and the ability to wear clothes well. This is not to belittle the ones you've chosen, but to serve merely as a reminder. A faithful reader of your column. E. Thornton . . . answer next week.

Man About Town

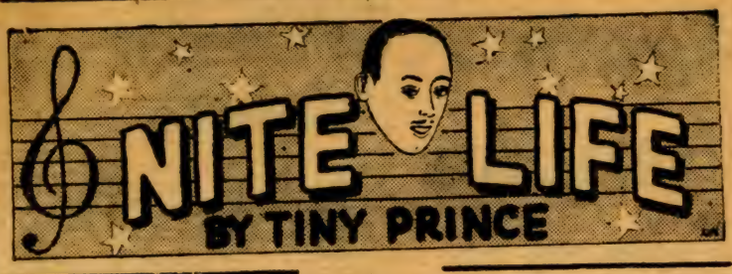
The Howdy Club hilarious these quiet evenings when Redd M. C. Foxx takes stint at mike, plus "Susan Love" . . . . Chancey Talbot gay boy now owns a dry cleaners. Charlie Ventra and Jackie Cain will be Be Bopping in town soon. Billie Holliday in custody again . . . Ophelia King, wearing a watch and ring that would make some chicks envious . . . Chippies getting ready for trek to Apollo Theatre, New York to dig "Corn Bread" Hal Singer and his band . . . Charges are being made about Twin City Skating Arena discrimination against colored people . . . Lloyd Manor "Grace Ladies Blues Smith," wowing them. Nat Brown, a treat, but Joe "Vibraharp" Manning and the Cleffs are strictly on a pleasing entertaining kick. They have added harmony and melody to their unit . . . A complete new outfit with Frank Brown on piano, Charles Slade, cocktail drums, Joseph Watson, on bass . . . Exciting but pleasing is the word — their new efforts hold patrons spellbound listening for more . . . Nice people — that's Lucille Green . . . Club Mombasi alive with the jive "Nacki (cool semooth) Fats" M.M. doing them up like only he can . . . Tony Jenkins recorded two numbers accompanied by organ "Dreaming All the Time and "I'll Never Forgive Myself". Skippy Williams to sing at Camp Kilmer . . . Old Timers affair par excellent, folks seen tipping home like Charlie Williams, Bernice Carey, James (pretty) Melvin, Roy Jackson, Eight Orchids, Inc. Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hayes, Albert Gibbons, Wally and Modena Davis, Sarah Smith, Bitsy Scudder and his charming wife Doris. Sipping among the throng "Orthea (eye cute) Howard," Major Taylor, Adeline G. Alexander, Nacki Sacki Fats and Rebecca dress designer Newby. Battle of Wild Bill Moore and Memphis Slim will be messing around yet their going to rock. Jan. 29th, at Graham Audit.

Until next bright hope you see the light . . .



HAL SINGER—"Man, Blow That Horn," said several hundred teen-age fans Saturday night at Graham Auditorium when the Penguin Canteen presented Hal Singer and his band. This new sensation of the sax opens this week at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem where many Jerseyites will trek.

Aug - 14-1948



CLUB WORLD

Now is the time for good clubs to come to the front and join a worth while organization. Club World's benefits are many, and single members are welcome . . . Vacation tips, and cards, Mrs. Ellnore Thomas and her gay friend Gertrude, of Washington, D. C. visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jordan of Riverview Court. Fox Head Hotel, Canada, where Shirley McRimmon, Ruth Dantzler, and Bernice Shepard, stayed; has never been so gay . . . Happy birthday to Earl Coleman, Edith Scott, Alvin G. Gatlin, J. Mandevelle, C. E. Wilkerson and Annabelle Sellas . . .**Vernell Fillery is the president of thee (speak softly) 8 Orchids** . . . Babs and his 3 Bips and a Bop, are slated for the Baby Grand, 125th st, New York . . . Members we have cut rate tickets, that we are giving away for most of the Broadway shows, don't forget to send in for them . . .

FASHION PLATES

Leona Shields, green linen dress, pearls, cocanut straw, black shoes, and bag, at Bridge Club Unit . . . Grady Lounge Lizard Traywicks, wearing checkered brown slacks, polocoat, blue shirt, yellow brown tie, brown loafers, Jersey City . . . Dorothy Hamilton, dancer wiht a new style hairdo called "Alone with you"—neat eh' smiles . . .

CAFE SOCIETY

Maybe this is the time for some little serious jive:

Many little chicks and frantic cats with tricks, are talking and squawking. The chief beef, is that their names never appear in this fine leaf . . . "Nature children 'this is the reason," Because you are not down with any action, like a star attraction . . . So when I dig the play, I just can't write it that way, "Ooo-Ya-Koo" . .

The three hottest spots in Town this week are, as follows . . . Howdy Club—featuring the Ray-O-Vacs, offering music that is so pleasing and original to Jazz-Bop fans they flock there six nights a week. "Lester Harris," who was fourth in the "Musicians of the Year Contest," is proving himself superior as a sweet blues singer, smiles, Charlotte Livingston, and pretty Agar Austin of E. Orangee . . . Dodgers Lounge—tis variety on the half shelf. Gus, the owneer has gone the limit giving you Bill Cook W. A. A. T.s popular disk jockey, who is your host. Plus Mary Manns, and her kings and uqeens of rythm, who will move you if they don't groove youu. Bernie Mackey, Ink Spots former Electro guitar a feature, with Al Hibler Duke Ellingtons vocalist as guest Monday nite. Piccadilly—presents sax blowing powerhouse "Ben Webster" supported by the all stars. The last show Friday Eve, was bar studded with personailtys such as Irene and Blanche Bristod, Wadell (gay boy) Smith, Babs (dimples) Mathews, sipping and rocking in their seats . . . Harvey Judkins, with another sweet treat Reva Goodwin, of Codumbia So. Carolina. . .

This was an open letter that I received by your scribe in regards to one of the local playboys. . .

Dear Tiny:

Please dont write anything else in your column about **Continental Jeffries**, cause the old chicks and the young are worrying and pestering him to death. . .

Your friend Miss C. E.

She must think that I amDaniel Cupid. . .

Orchids to Mr and Mrs. Doug Lett fifth wedding anniversary . .

ELLA FITZGERALDS SONGS ROUT BURLESQUE STRIPPERS

NEW YORK CITY—The Burlesque strippers and comedians who have been invading Jazzdom's stronghold, 52nd Street, are beginning to beat a fast retreat thanks to the untiring efforts of Songstrett Ella Fitzgerald.

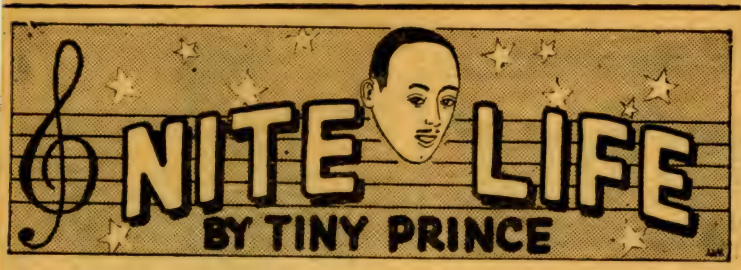
Ella, who opened at the popular Three Dueces, on 52nd Street, last June, odiginally intended to stay at the club for three weeks and then take a month's vacation. The songstress had, howeever, been away from the street for a long time and didn't know how serious a situation Jazz faced. There were only two or three jazz clubs left on 52nd Sstreet, she found.

The songstress decided to rebuild the street for the jazz musicians and called on the disc jockies and columnists of New York to help her. Before opening night at the Three Dueces wa over, the Burlesque intruders knew they were facing a formidable foe. On opening night the club was packed beyond capacity. And business never decreased during Ella's entire stay.

When her engagement was about to end, the manager of the Dueces, Sammy Kaye, persuaded her to reconsider and remain an extra month. The Burlesque crowd who had been anxiously awaiting her departure sat down and wept. Their heyday, they realized was coming to an end.

On August 7, Ella finished her stay at the Three Dueces. She left knowing that she has really helped the jazz musician capture his haven, 52nd St. Slowly the clubs are beginning to replace the Burlesque strippers and comics. Sept. 27, Ella sails for London, England . . .

"PICK UP ON THE LIGHT, IN SEVEN BRIGHT . . .



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Salutations! here is news to chase away the blues. The "Lordsmen" of East Orange along with Bill White were among our new members this week. Our secretary is anxious to hear from the "Sanquine Girls, also the Decium Pullas", the President is Mrs. Prince Taylor. King Hiram's Craftsmen Center at 105 Broad St., offers something new to clubs only. . . . To our coming new members, please get your applications in early. Send birthday greetings to Herbert Smith and Hattie Myricks, and Wylman Jackson Jr. Watch for your card on where to buy it cheaper, this week in the mail. Charls Webb and Shirley McRimmon of the "Exclusive Arcadians" request your presence at their acquaintance matinee. Cafe Superior, Sunday, Nov. 28, 1948 . . . Gertrude Gibbons and tall Gwyn Harris are whispering about the "14 Pals" coming annual affair Nov. 19 at Terrace Room. Music by our man, Duk Ellington and his great aggregation. Plus Joy Sherrill, and Al Hibbler, the voice of tomorrow.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Lillian Rogers wearing a three button D. B. brown plaid suit, white lace blouse, brown suede shos. Musical almode Nov. 14 at Alumni House featuring vocals of Fred Patterson; piano of Karl Green, 4 o'clock and 8 o'clock showing. Clavon Jackson at Terrace Room wearing D. B. suit, white roll collar shirt, blue red stripe tie, black shoes, extremely neat.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

REPORTS — "Enchantment grooves the place" says Gus Young on drums and his band, Cherry Rer, teasin and wigglin till your eyes pop, great. Rena Collins, singing them like only she can, from her pretty soul. Larry Williams, handling M C. job like crazy. . . . Eddie Vinson, almost gets television show sponsor changes mind: reason! Product a hair grower, smils. "Bill Cooks Caravan" concert, a must. Your President Lester Young and his band, plus Hal Singer who is terrific, and many others the date Saturday, Nov 13! at Mosque Theatre. Bee seeing you there.

An open letter on a New Song.

"PICCADILLY THEME"

It's the groovest place to be caught
The Piccadilly, the Pic for short
It's that Atlantic Frantic place in the sun
Where you dig each and everyone

The atmosphere is just wild, and
The show stays in style
The rumpers room is in demand
Fits right in with the frantic plan.

You can sip and tip politely,
Cause the place is open nitely
It's the finest place to be caught
The Piccadilly, the Pic for short.

To the Piccadilly Pipers

Ronnie Johnson and Milt Larkns telegram for drummer Clarence Donaldson. Grace Smith with that card from Tony Jenkins singing in Detroit, Mich. Sarah, Ella Moncur and Jacquet arrived there last Friday. Mandy Ross, singer Allen Griffin is the rave of many little chicks. "Bill Ford's" band in Cincinnati. The "Four Clefs" out in Club Monbasa. Wonder what happened to that hot flame between Laudrick Milligan and Mary E. Love?? Many a sweet little girl is weeping.

PFC. POWELL DIES IN ACTION

Pfc. Henry Powell of 31 Hillside place was killed in action on April 6, somewhere in Germany, according to a report received by his mother Mrs. Mattie Jones April 21.

PFC. Powell was a popular member of The Magnificent Wacks, one of Newark's most fashionable clubs and was widely known as a fighter for that democracy which he died defending.

Powell's most recent letter shows that he lived to be an integral part of something his heart was set on when he went in the army January 21, 1943. Negro combat troops fighting side by side with whites on an equal footing.

Powell had been overseas for seventeen months, having served in England, France and Germany.

This is his last letter written to a friend:

"Dear Nell,

Now it can be told. There are "Negro Soldiers" fighting on the western front deep inside Germany.

The set up is something like this: Several months ago the army started a reconversion program in this theatre. You probably know all about this so I won't go into it. What it all added up to was, they were taking white rear area troops, giving them a refresher course with a few added attractions in infantry tactics and shipping them to the front. As you know there are quite a few "Negro soldiers" on this front who, prior to coming overseas had been members of combat outfits. They had been trying by all means possible to get into outfits that they had been trained for. But they were always told that there was no place that they could put them. These organizations included the infantry, paratroops, tank destroyers and combat engineers. This went on for about a year or more, then finally a directive came out indorsed by "General Davis" that they would accept a certain quota of 'Negro soldiers' who had had previous combat training as infantry reinforcements. They got way over their quota, gave them a refresher course and here we are. Incidently this training was given to us by men who had just left the lines for various reasons, wounds, combat fatigue, etc., so you can see we got the best training possible. The fact that we're still alive after having been in battle several times proves it.

After receiving our training we were broken up into smaller groups and sent to different divisions. There we were attached to companies. The rest is history.

In my case our group was sent to the 78th Division and they like having us here as much as we like being here. Most of these fellows especially the "Joes" in my company, bend over backwards trying to be nice and the fellows return their courtesy.

Although it hasn't been confirmed, we of the 5th platoon, A, 310th Inf. 78th Div. are believed to be the first "Negro soldiers of any war to fight on this side of the Rhine. We also believe we are the first to have a man killed in action. I can't give any more data on this until his parents are notified."

As a matter of record there are also "Negro soldiers" in the 9th, 99th, 8th, 104th and 78th Divisions. I guess that's about all for now.

That's his last story. A name that we should remember as that of an American who died for a principle which he lived by, all men are created equal, PFC. Henry Powell of Newark, New Jersey. He died making history.



Pvt. HENRY POWELL

Scribing Society

By JACQUELINE ABBOTT

Well Gates, I know you have missed me after three weeks vacationing in Chicago. Miss Newspic (Vivella Ellis), Mr. James H. Purdy, and Yours Truly arrived in Chicago on July 3rd at 8:16 a.m. We were met at the station by the well-known City Editor of the Chicago Defender David Kellum better known as Bud Billiken and Mack Whitfield who surprised us with his wild Cadillac. Leaving the station we journeyed to the Pershing Hotel located at 64th and Cottage Grove and was greeted by the smooth Earl Graves Jr. manager of the Pershing. No, no, girls, Mr. Graves is sharp, married and too busy to enjoy life so don't run to Chicago thinking you can get a date (smiles). After signing in at the hotel and so forth, Mr. Kellum then took us to a night spot called Circle Inn to have what he calls a cup of coffee for breakfast (Seagram's 7 Crown). Next we visited the great El Grotto's dining room located in the Pershing where we were served lunch. Incidentally, our lunch cost us about $1.50, if you think I'm joking go to Chicago and buy lunch at El Grotto. On the eve of the 4th, Miss Newspic, Yours Truly, Mr. James H. Purdy Jr. and Mr. David Kellum were the guests of Mr. Charles Coles and Mr. Harry Fields, proprietors of the exclusive El Grotto Supper Club. The all-colored entertainment held at El Grotto was headed by the inimitable Ivy Anderson, long featured personality with Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Also featured in the show were Derby Wilson and Frencie Kaloah who was a knockout and Sonny Thompson (Prince of the Ivories) and his orchestra. After leaving the El Grotto about 3:30 a.m. in the morning we found that night life still carry on so we strolled into the Pershing Ballroom to dance to the music of Eugene Wright's Dukes of Swing.

And is Mr. Kellum a Jitterbug you bet. On our way to the ballroom, we spied Bill Kenny (Ink Spots) and Ernestine B. Washington. Due to the fact that Mr. Purdy our well-known newspaper man helped to introduce us to Chicago's most popular Mr. David Kellum who without him Chicago would have been a drag. And boy do the girls rave over Kellum. Vivell Ellis (Miss Newspic) and Yours Truly were the guests of Mr. Kellum on July 4th at the Sports Men Cocktail dance at the El Grotto. The next couple days we went on tours. We visited the Chicago Defender News Paper Press. Mr. Jack, the chief guard showed us through the Defender from the first proofs to a final copy. Continuing our tour we visited the famous Military Park where we dropped in at the Museum of History, the outdoor Concert Arena, which is great also, went for a boat ride on the great Lake Michigan and traveled on the famous Lake Shore Drive. Miss Ellis and Yours Truly also visited the University of Chicago; here we went through the Social Science building. The University is a city within itself. It was founded by John D. Rockerfeller. Back to night life Miss Ellis, Mr. Purdy and Yours Truly dropped in at the Rhomboogie Club where the all lolored enterainment was headed by Fletcher Henderson and his orchestra, plus T-Bone Walker the great Blues singer and a chorus of beauties. Our elegant hotel manager, Mr. Earl Graves made our stay very pleasant, due to the fact that he is a very busy man. Which, incidentallly in Chicago all the men are too busy. We also met [illegible] Defender's p[illegible] Scott Tyler, [illegible]n. Although Tyler is a man of about 23 you would think he was only 2. Although we were strangers, Mr. Tyler, you should know better than to think that we of the East honor men. Being total strangers in Chicago, we received the attention of the busiest men. Lest I forget that we spied Lillian Alexander Lorraine Martin, two of the girls who participated in the Newspic contest.

hWen we spoke to these two drags, they were feling vry gay.. Dig what I man? We also met George Lindsey of the New York Central Railroad who helped us along with transportation difficulties which were very hard to get accomodations for Miss Ellis to Los Angles, California. Other night spots visited were the Log Cabin, Pershing Cocktail Lounge. On July th Miss Ellis left for sunny Califoria leaving Yours Truly in the wilds of Chicago. Yours Truly visited the great Club De Lisa where little Miss Corn Shucks sang the blues plus the 4 Hi-De-Ho Boys, Business Men of Rhythm and many others. In Chicago they have their Breakfast-dances at a different hour than us; their Breakfast dance starts at 6:00 a.m. in the morning. Great deal huh? I also visited the Loop which is the Business section of Chicago; their buildings are tall, but not quite as tall as buildings of the East. All movies, night club, dance halls etc. are air-conditioned. Perhaps, if the balloroms here in the East had air-conditioning they would make money in the summer just as well as in the winter. Droopped in at the Regal Theatre in Chicago where Buddy Johnson and his Orchestra were playing, also on the bill with Johnson was that King of Boogie Woogie, Maurice Rocco. The show was great, especially when I heard Joseph O'Loughlin, our own Newark boy playing the lead of Johnson's theme song. Ella oJhnson and the Orchestra really knocked the audience out when she sang "Please Mister Johnson". Leaving the theatre and dropping backstage I received news that Buddy Johnson's band would be back in New York about 1946. Just before I left to come back to Jersey I dropped in at the El Grotto and caught its new show featuring Ivy Anderson who was held over, Dusty Fletcher, a gerat comedian, The 4 Mello Tones and the "Prince of the Ivories" Sonny Thompson and his orchestra. To Mr. David Kellum (Bud Billiken), our host who was the cause of Yours Truly and Miss Ellis for having such a great time in the great wilds of Chicago, we salulte you. On my return home, I received news thatt Jimmie Pitts is ill in the hospital; here is wishing Jimmie a speedy recovery.

Negro Pharmacist Wins PBA Honor

Montclair Druggist to Get Life Membership

Thomas Womble, Montclair pharmacist, will receive a silver life membership in Montclair Local, Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, at a banquet Wednesday in Highgate Hall, Upper Montclair.

It is the first time in State PBA history the honor has gone to a Negro not a policeman, Jack Earley, president of the Montclair local said. Howard Devaney, State PBA president, confirmed that, adding that silver cards had been awarded two Negro policemen for 25 and 31 years' service respectively.

Womble, who began work in a Montclair drugstore when he was 8, said yesterday he was so pleased he did not know what to say. The PBA award, highest honor the unit can bestow upon a civilian, is for Womble's services as an outstanding citizen in Montclair's Fourth Ward, according to Earley.

Womble is proprietor of the Elm Pharmacy at 220 Bloomfield avenue, Montclair.

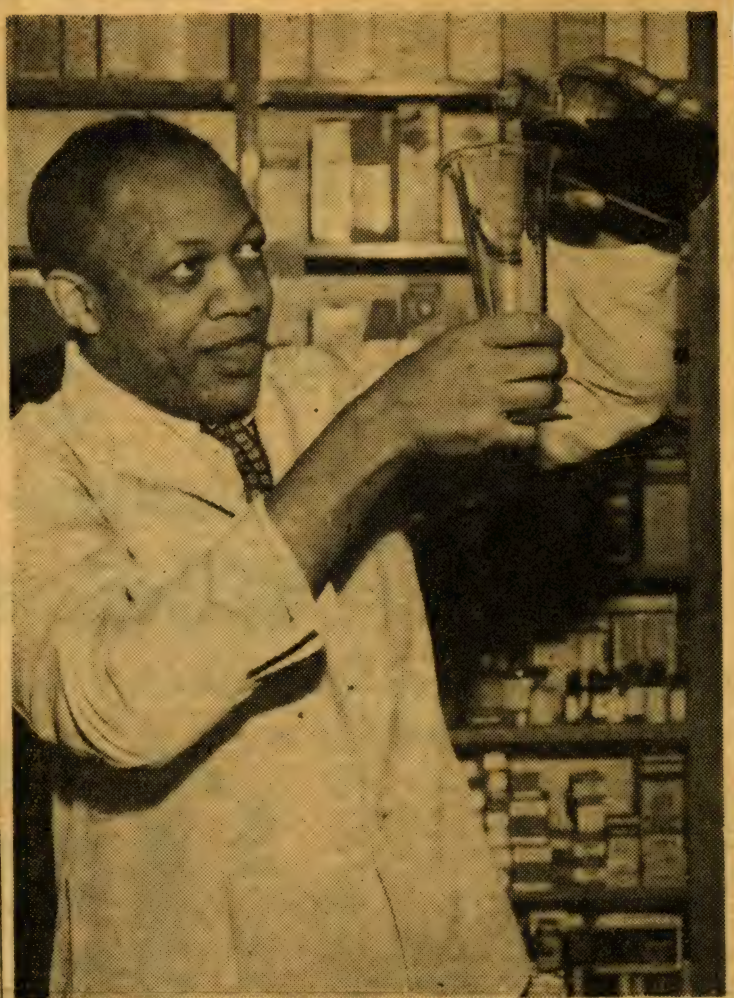
Helped Community

The outstanding citizen honor was earned largely through Womble's efforts to improve conditions in the Fourth Ward. Indirectly, he has aided law and order there by providing a wholesome haven for teen-agers, supporting church and YMCA work among children and aiding needy older people.

The 37-year-old druggist was mixing a walnut sundae for a teen-age girl who had stopped in on her way home from school yesterday. He smiled at her conversation with another teen-ager. "Teacher says geometry is logic, and the trouble is, I just can't logic," the girl declared. Womble rang up the sale and stepped across his shiny new drugstore to fill a prescription.

On the shelves behind his drug counter were parts of his collection of rare drugs and old patent medicines. One yellowed package was marked, "Berry's Catfish Oil" for tired feet of firemen, mailmen, farmen and policemen.

The soft-spoken druggist said Montclair police do not use catfish oil for their feet anymore. In fact, he added, Berry's had closed shop before most of the present police were on the force. But every policeman who has pounded the active Fourth Ward beat since Womble opened his Elm Pharmacy eight years ago, has made it a habit to stop in for friendly chats.



Thomas Womble at work in his pharmacy in Montclair.

Grateful to Cops

"They have always helped me," Womble said. "Sometimes they come around when they're off duty." He said the police encouraged him to make his store a rendezvous for teen-agers to keep them off the streets and out of trouble.

Many ailing residents of the Fourth Ward have turned to Womble when they had no money to pay for prescriptions. Police say he has never been known to refuse a worthy request of that sort.

He has boosted church school attendance in the neighborhood by unsolicited gifts of ice cream and cookies. Last Summer he treated children attending the YMCA camp nearby.

Born in Bloomfield, he has lived most of his life in Montclair, where his father died when Womble was 10. He was graduated from Montclair High School and Rutgers College of Pharmacy four years later after commuting between the college and a drug store job in Montclair.

He stuck at the drug store job until 1941, when he invested his savings in stock and opened a tiny store of his own at 222 Bloomfield avenue. Last year he moved into his own new building, twice the size and next door to his old store.

Given Another Award

For his part in Bloomfield avenue's "face-lifting," he was awarded the Town Development Board's Citizenship Award, which now occupies a place on his drug counter.

Womble's hours are long and his time is divided among the soda fountain, prescription counter and sub-postal station. He said in his spare time he reads about his hobby, pharmacy. He visited the World's Fair in New York 23 times, just to see the drug and science exhibits, he recalled.

There will be more time soon, Womble's reading for his 22-year-old nephew, Roger Reed, expects to join him in the drug store after getting training as a p[harmacist]

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NEW JERSEY HERALD NEWS



TAN TOWN—'Twas real gawn —a thriller and a killer. 'Um nice with all the spice of life. Virginia Scott took first prize as Queen of Sheba at the Artist and Models Ball. Yes, everyone who was someone treked to Graham's, including Bill Chase of the Amsterdam News, Melonee Jones and radio's Hal Tunis. Gay socialites are tripping and tipping to Lloyd's on Monday nites to the jazz, bebop and conga sessions. Yes, and eye-perfume cuties such as Odessa McDonald, Martha Brown, are munching and cruching at the Manor's now look cafe. One the Avenue 'twas Joe (song bird) Alexander, with tall, teasing and pleasing Charlene Jones from Ohio. . . Bunker Hill Bob of the Hi De Ho Club knocking and rocking charming people like Hazel Middleton and golden boy Taylor.

YOUR FAVORITE MUSICIAN Bab "Brown" Gonzalez followed his card in from Chicago to make the WOV Saturday morning show. They are still raving about Grace Smith in Columbus, Ohio. . .Bea Tricks promised to send e whiffle when she won the case of White Horse Scotch sponsored by the Exclusive Arcadians. Johnny Williams is the proprietor and bartender of the week at Cafe Society. . . Did you know Mary Reid is a gone vocalist?

VOTE FOR HIM OR HER—William Flannagan, one of the voices of the Velvetones eased into town, looked good, loaded down with ou yeah, gold—loot. Girls—Tony Jenkins has just arrived back in the east. What has happened to Modena Boyd Davis—no see. The Piccadilly Club has not been bought or sold yet. . . Margaret Hoffler is still ill. Jimmy Lunceford's band will broadcast from Club Spot on March 9th. P. S. Chicks and chickadees East comes early this year. The stork is warming up his motor for Mr. and Mrs. Carlos James—delivery to be made in April.

TODAY—DON'T WAIT—Lance (Bob) Taylor, of the Lucasta cast, trekking into the nite club last Saturday. . . Sarah Smith, the Chesterfield Girl, lives in Cranford now. The Adams may turn down colored shows next season. Why? Because seats are destroyed, bottles are broken and thrown in the rest rooms —causing large plumbing bills. Dodger's Lounge is holding its own in these trying times. The Howdy, mad and messy like Aunt Bessie.

FASHION FLASH — Herbert Smith at the Eboney, New York, wearing a double-breasted cocoa-brown suit, grey-yellow soft wool suit, dark brown California overcoat, brown shoes and hat. . .Kitty Matthews in a black crepe dress, with silver spangled stars. Here shoes were in that modern cut style, brown Mouton coat, gloves, green scarf, sipping coffee at Thompson's Restaurant. Wish model Genevieve Weathers a speedy recovery. Seriously ill at her home in Belleville. It will be strictly formal attire for the Captivators affair, February 28th at Lloyd's Manor.

CLUB WORLD—This week—like last—clubs are jaming affairs, and somethings must be done. The Club World is viewing the tense situation with much alarm. This is poor business for all concerned. It splits the crowd and box office attraction. Each and every club must join this organization at once. . . It was a happy birthday to John Stoute, printer for Our Lady Queen of Angels Roman PlatonsCatholic Church. Giggling wiggling was the mood at the Platons affair last Friday nite, the 13th. Among the many spotted were Ada McDaniels and Jimmy Wicks. Yes, East Orange's club classmen, in person Slick McGee, tripping with an armful. Tripped past the table of the Ebonetts—J glamour girls. Um, the Pine twins just swept past. Norma Bland gaining weight—crazy about her hair-do. Emma and Frank Carroll surrounded by their wedding bliss. Flip my wig—about the Eight Orchids—ah-loot chicks. Jean Campbell, as ever, with skin that appeals. Fred Middleton dancing smooth and in the groove. Edmonds, our favorite florist, and Marie Whigham, in tea-bit chatter at a setting. In all one charming nite. P. S.—Catch the Bill Roberts matinee at Lloyds on February 22nd—smiles. Watch "The Women".

1947
Oct 10 — ?

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

WHAT'S HAPENING — News along the grape vine, "King Cole Trio," will ease into the Newark, Armory, Jay and Sussex avenue, Saturday, Oct. 25th, plus the added attraction of Tiny Bradshaw and his band, and a great ofay crew that you will not want to miss. Pick up from the rear if the front is too strong. Well Jack, before I cut into my sack let's see what's in crack. Tis a tip for the hip, watch for the opening of the "Sky Club," something new has been added, too. . . . Many clubs of various stages of organization at this present time. . . . Some are thriving but many are dwindling away to nothingness because potential patrons haven't been asked into the folds by tales of club gambols. Don't be so reticent about publicizing theatre dates, dinner dates, dances or just plain get togethers with food. Send your name into this column with your presidents name and secretary to the meeting of the newly-founded "CLUB WHIRL" to appear in this issue on tissue. . . . Many of the leading clubs have already signed up.

FASHION FLASH — Elwood Deane in a brown plaid two-button lounge suit, white shirt, black tie, brown hat and shoes, a white handerchief in his breast pocket. Jean Cambell, the lady of the hour in a yellow coatshort, brown and yellow blouse, and brown shirt, with shoes and bag. Ralph thee Smith of them all wearing clothes like only he can, plaid lounge suit(of greyish bovil brown, white roll sport shirt, tan shoes and hat. The topcoat that he carried across his arm was a ulster. . . . The whole town is buzzing cousin about the affair to be given about Nov. 2nd at Lloyd Manor, by those Fashion craze creators Albert Holley and Mac McCree. . . . Dressmaking spot at 310 Washington street, Newark T. T. Society—Watch for the corner stone laying Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19th 3 p.m. at Abyssina Baptist Church, 224 West Kinney street, Tan Town. . . . Rev. Means R. P. pastor. . . . Tweedsmen, Oct. 31 Hallowe'en fling t'will be the nite to be right, down at the Terrace Room. . . . Bobby Peale, the lad who really covers the field, home and on the roam. The chicks going go-go over hte glamours of new beauty of the Grahams new ballroom. It's whispered that C. L. will ankle to the alter Xmas day. Just one of the eligible bachelors. The "Women" one of the gay clubs of the day, promise to present something new for the season. . . . Mrs. Arlene Simkin Lett, should be named outstanding women of the year. Morgan vs Carolina in a battle that was not disappointing at Polo Grounds, New York. The score in favor of Morgan, was 19-6. We looked hard for the Nelson lads of Newark, but so much went on that your boy could not locate them. Spotted Alan Gibbs and his brother cheering for Morgan. The game over we ankle, or should say rumbled down to the Baby Grand on 125th street, . . . Ethel Moore, and Rene Starks with their guest Josephine Wallace of Baltimore, Maryland, chuckling over the antics of Manhattan Paul, Gate Mouth Moore, the music of Ben Johnson and the Cats and Fiddle, who were real gone. . . .

FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—Babs Gonzales and his Three Bibs and a Bop coming soon plus Hadda Brooks and her real wild but groovey style looks. . . . Look out for the new Be-Bop Dictionary. . . . I'm an unheep heel so let me spiel if you don't dig the deal. He is great and straight, Sham Tucker the lad with the twist in his voice, smiles at them and they fade at Dodgers Lounge. She is a gleamer and a modern streamliner Mary Kembly cute and brown and she can really sick around. . . . The main man on the street is divorcement Pete. Billie Holiday slated for a release soon, is that the James Melvin influence? Louvenia Crews, one teasing, pleasing yellow mellow secretary the cooler the breeze, the younger the couple, the tighter they squeeze. Oct. 1st, the "Ravens" will come to town to put it down. Mrs. Lenos Shields is brown and can really put it down, smiles. You asked me to write but I can't think, I have no pen or ink. I've butter when I didn't have bread, but let's you have both until your dead. Let's hope you have good luck all your life but when you pass away, leave me your pretty wife. The wish of the living playboy. . . . Leila Freeman, the urddy brown who puts it down with too much mess and fines doing them up. Down at Thomas Restaurant, Jean Davis, Frank Carrol, Harry Sykes, Harold Ray, and Larrine Carrol, eating and treating. Watch for the girl of year contest and win the television set. Apples grow on trees, grapes grow on vines, you have your fling and I'll have mine. P. S.—Pick you up on the rebound next week.



The Modern Thought In Tan Town

E. C. A.—Realism has overtaken our social set, but yet they must awake to accept it . . . The Alumni House is available to many intelligent people for birthday, wedding receptions and church socials. Yet despite this, they turn away from the finest place there is . . . You can hear conversations among the wit and philosophical vowing we have no respectable places. This is no longer true. If my voice was an influence amid the social set, I would curb from the downtown white places and stop and look in at the Alumni House . . . Freddy, the bartender will treat you as one of the family — and prices are what one appreciates. The spacious walls and the French designs, which adorn panelled doors will haunt your — form out of the past. Harry L. Wheeler, the young man with a future is really one of the finest fellows that anyone coud select as a manager. He does things the way real people like them done . . . Don't forget — take a peek into the Alumni House.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS . . . Jackie Wynn, the golden boy-elect, wearing a tan shirt, brown pants, brown shoes and cocoanut straw. . . . Gertrude Gibbons looking cool as a julep frappee in a pink and gray skirt, black blouse, black suede loafters, straw bag. Carl Jones wearing a blue double-breasted basket weave suit, white shirt, brown-blue tie, brown shoes, leghorn hat — extremely cool and conservatife. Cute little Miss Jean Melvin in a red and white checkered dress, white play loafers with hair braided in the Shirley Temple style. (P. S. She is a piano protege). Leonardo Hurd wearing a grap sharkskine suit . . . Oliver Porter wearing the tie . . .

BON-TON SOCIETY . . . The nites are warm and the weather has been excellent, but the best treat of them all will come soon??? The glamour boys — yes, and the glamour girls are in for another nite for things to be right. Dr. McCarrol, the lady medico, has been rated tops in her profession. . . . Yes, I forgot to ask Andrew Keyes about that airplane ride. Heard he was out to the airport to watch the show. Met Donald Lloyd's charming mother downtown the other day. She gets younger as the days go by . . . Herbert Smith has retired from this column, due to the fact that he has been elected president of the Entreprenur Civic Association. Glad to hear that Doris Scudder is recuperating . . . Tweedsmen, Inc. — Ahoy Mates, come aboard and sail with the Tweedsmen on a late summer cruise aboard the S. S. Terrace Room (never sail) docked at 1020 Broad street, Newark. They embark Saturday evening, August 16 at 2100 (9 p. m.) and cruise until 0200 (2 a. m.) Don your leisure clothes and be prepared to sail into a sea of mirth,

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

CLUB WHIRL (Columnis's notes:)—Tan Town's many clubs are giving this club the run. We are not able to answer all of the requests for information about the Club Whirl at this time. Please be a little more patient and your replies will be in the mail—but if you are looking for success for your club—this is for you. Meanwhile the Dancers Appreciation Society is becoming alive with the jive with the jive—so watch them. The Esqui-vogues December 25th Christmas Dance will be a holiday session. Arnett Cobb, the dymanic sax fiend, will be on the scene November 15th at Graham. Sassisty will trek and truck to Lloyd's with the Captivators on November 15th. 'Twill be reat and hard to beat. Duke Ellington, the king of everything, November 21st.

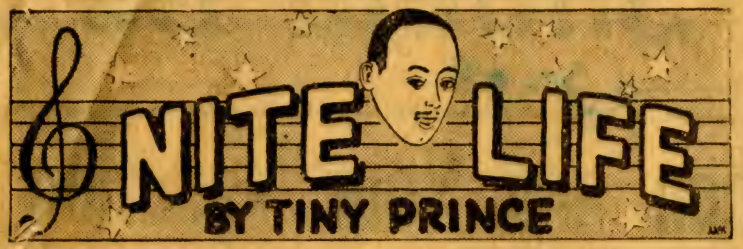
FASHION FLASH—Ella Moncur sauntering along High street in a plaid raincoat, brown shoes, plus a modern hair-do. James Melvin looking over his new place of business—a garage, es, wearing a light blue shirt, blue and white tie, a dark blue-double-breasted suit, black shoes, white hat and cream - white polo coat. Nancy Davis in a maroon jargon, a white Gibson blouse, black bow tie, black shoes and a tan garbadine top coat—real neat. Dr. Hilton's shoes shining like patent leather leather after being done by Willie's of 98 Morton street.

T. T. SOCIETY—It's rumored that Juanita Gaskin has whispered "I do"—wedding bliss—despite the issue of invitations. Let's wish Constance Smith a speedy recovery from her recent illness. November 4th was happy birthday to Mrs. Myrtle Blaine, a very charming mother. November 14, 1888, was the unveiling of the Cri 1888, was the unveiling of the Cripus Attucks monument. One would never thing Mr. and Mrs. Dock Hayes have passed their twenty-fifth anniversary. You haven't met a talented lady until you have talked with Mrs. Essie Jones, representing the D. G. Real Estate Agency. Visitors, who are always welcome, last week were Dr. Hyland Reid and his dainty little wife from Tennessee. Incidentally, Dr. Reid was the first pilot and advisor of the Tweedsmen and was New Jersey's leading advertising man. Received word from Donald Barrett of Oberlin College. He is working upon his four year musical scholarship. Bill Cook's radio show at Cafe Superior a thriller, with Lawrence Miller. The cozy private party at the home of Mr. nd Mrs. Bob Alves last Saturday nite was a must. Amid the warm lights one saw Miss Jane Stuart, the James Melvin, Mrs. Hazel Shepherd, Mrs. Mary James, sophisticate, John Willis, Jack Farms, James Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stringfellow, Preston Robinson, Ramaneo Brant, lovely Ruth Taylor, Mrs. C. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. J. Minefields and many others.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Sipping and tipping along with snifers and grippers. Hip-popas—tall modern mamas. "If you got to run around and go—give my dough." Received that gone letter from Philly and it made me willy-nilly. Yes, 'twas from the most popular lady down that way, Thelma Fisher. You would be surprised to know how many hep-ocrats have fallen in love with Snooks Harris — smiles. Jean Clark, the chick with the ah-loot personality, is back on the scene. Elbow Sam, one time local boy, in from the main Q with something new. The Monday Nite Jams at Lloyd Manor are foot-loose and fancy free. Spotted such gay people as cute and alroot Albert Brown, putting it down. Being jostled through the throng and looked into the eyes of Montclairite Mary Pitts and home-town Annie Bateman. What a nite—to dig the sights.

People are saying Eunice Gray's illness is an escape from the flaming love of Leonardo, the ballroom dancer. Europe must be feed-so save your bread. Doris Jones, an eye-perfume cutie. Brother Moncur, bass player, in from Cleveland, where he grooved his hand. Hep insane—the Sky Club. It knocked me to see a colored window dresser in Lerner's window on Broad street.

P. S. When your'e out to lunch —don't do the Bow Hawk Hunch. It's a sprain for a lane. P. S. A Pre-Thanksgiving Jam at the Kinney Club Monday bright nite, November 24th, with Dapper Dan Gibson's band, etc. . .



Club World Inc

Attention club members have you any suggestions for keeping cool, please send them in at once. We are sending out a membership card to Mrs. Dragen; singing star in "Carmen Jones" and "St Louis Women" and who was rehearsing in "On The Town", who gave birth to a Boby girl, at St. Barnabas Hospital. Mrs. Dragen will sail for Europe this fall with the original "Carmen Jones" troup . . .

Now Is The Time—Join The Club World, For The time Of Your Life

Helen Donaldson, one of the sweetest little ladys will trek to the alter sometime soon . . . Receceived that card from Andrew, Elizabeth, and Esther Keye's, vacationing in Rose Garden, Windsor, Ontario Canada . . . Hats off to the Eight Orchards' They are now members of our organiation. The members are Vernell Tillery, Sarah James, Betty Wilkins, Elector Bynoe, Edith Brandon, Estelle Johnson and Anita Williams . . . P. S. We are trying are darnest to get tickets for a good television show.

Fashion Plate

Norma Mitchell, the girl with the shape that is out of this world, seen wearing white blouses, grey new look shirt, black shoes, and bag . . .

Open Letter . . Dear Tiny, Mae Hatcher Is My Choice For "Best Dressed Girl Of The Year" . . . Spotted Her At "The Bridge Unit", Wearing A Skipper Blue Suit, Blue White Hat, Blue Shoes, And Long Blue Gloves, Really Smart . . .
Sincerely a Reader

Tan Town Scenes

Its plenty hot your nitelifter is a sitting and a rocking in some cool spot with a hand full of cold mint julep of planter punch.

Mean-while things are happening! The Canteen-(Penquin's) are pulling a surprise out of the bag this week Yeah! man, the new recording artist "Paul Williams", will be at Graham July 10th. .

Zoma Maxwell model of Vaux Hall eloped with Tommy Terrell of Elizabeth, N. J. last week end. Watch for Lucky Millender and his show Wednesday Eve between 8 and 8:30 July 7th over station N. B. C. with Jackie (Moms) Mabel . . . They are replacing the Dennis Day Show . . Anna Williams shouts hello' from Atlantic City . . . Lloyds Manor will really rock and many people are on hand to see Joe (piano) Crump, and the Ray O Vacs, come on like only they can . . . Spied Phyliss Parker the golden girl giving the group the once over.. Dodgers Lounge is making a terrific plea for suupport. When they opened up this week W. A. A. T's Bill Cooks, guest were Sarah Vaughn, Billy Ford, Kathern Thomas, and Illnois Jacquet, what a nite . . . over Dizzy Gillspie's Concert, great but not packed. Only four hundred and fifty people were present. Birds eye view of the few, were Jackie Wynn, Sam Griggs, Deddy Evens, and Gladys Jones, who sand "the music was great and in another world" . . .

Sunday Juuly 4th the gayest traveling trip witness, when yours truly met Anthony Hinton and his veddy charming wife Doris of Jersey City . . . believe it or not one could hardly forget strong man, Douglas Manning, smiles, and the nice Martha Blackwell, and cutie little Melonee Jones of Vaux Hall . . After lunching and relaxing in Bear Mt. Park, they drove fourth into Albany, over to Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., what a day . . .

"Until Next Wednesday Dawn, — I'll Be Gone"

Feb 12 1949



Greeting! The first meeting of the year was held at the home of Miss Phyliss Parker of Rose street, Newark, N. J. Single members were not present, but will attend the general session in February. Many of the club representatives were present. "The Contract Plan" and the new club policy was discussed and approved. We will discontinue Club World as a column featured by the "Nite Lifer", but will make arrangements to keep it single, and place our advertisements in the "Herald News". Everyone has been whispering about town about the Suburbanites Cupid Frolic at Lloyds Manor. . . "It's a date Feb. 12th, 1949, music by Brady Hodges, songs by Freddy Patterson", whispers Pres. Lillian Pitts, Jean White and Sec'y Beatrice Mitchell. Sorry—its birthday congratulations to M. James and Miss Gladys Brown.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Open Letter

Mr. Thornton,

Your letter was appreciative, I've been right around home. Your choice was wise, Miss Olie Mae Miller, has also been selected by me, but not this year. I've never met Miss Flossie McIntyre, but I'm convinced your taste is excellent. Perhaps a contest of the ten best dressed men and women set to vote would serve as a happy medium, smiles —Tiny Prince.

It creeps up on me but I'm with it. . . Eye-perfumed cuties, bartenders, entertainers and many nite lifers have been slipping away to the Monday Eve Jam Sessions. . Pops Coprews Tavern, Eddie's 570 Club, Frederick's Lounge, The Family Bar, and Blue & Silver have been super frantic and panic, with home folks. Each week these dates are held at one of these spots, among on hand to bug and sand. . . Mrs. Sutton and Renee Starks at Shakespearn play staring young interpretive daner Donald Suton at Arts High. . . Piccadilly Club, meetings Dole Dickens quintette plus Scotty on trumpet this week. Oh! Yeah! they are just in from Crystal Caverns, Cleveland, Ohio. . . Wild about Mrs. Reid's home on Fairmount avenue owner of Nest Club. Al Cook's gone with the wind music by Claude Maxwell and band vocals of Skippy Williams. . .Tony Jenkins doing great at Continental Bar, Pittsburgh, Penn. Girls young and old are talking about the honesty J. T. Barnes Artist Bureau, give honest advice to girls who have no beauty on talent . . . Grace Smith ah-loot rocking the Pine Room at Lloyds Manor. Y. W. C. A. Feb. 11 Debuteens Amature Nite a charity benefit yours truly M. C.



AFTER HOURS

Ow la-la-tis-cool things are getting better all the time. The change of show time at Lloyds Manor. "The Les Hommes Des A'rs" are here. The Harlam Club on Belmont Ave. moving in the spotlight . . . Charlie Ventura and his band, Benny Green on trumpet, Jackie Cain singing and Roy Karl, its going to be a date so get it straight Feb. 26th, the pdace Lloyds Manor. Coleman's Label has something new on the Ray-O-Vacs—"Happy Am I" to be released soon . . . They are rocking the A1 Muriel Rasberry a young cutie-pie . . . February birthdays, Clarence Mack, Wm. McHarris, Muriel Cross, Robert Monroe, Lottie Dix and John F. Aeriel. "Meet me at the Monday jam sessions" is the local fraze says Bill Fredricks. Dodgers Lounge will open up real soon. Arthur Terryl will C. C. the "Elks Fine Brown Frame Contest," Feb. 19th . . . Sarah Vaughn, in the Chicago "Blue Note." Where is Fred Patterson? not with Brady Hodges band . . . Notables gossiping about Rene's Artist & Modells ball. Interior Decorators working into the wee hours on Litle Johnny's Tavern.

PROFILES

Joe "Vibraharp" Manning, and the Clefs, a group that is moving to the top fast . . . This unit features Frank Brown on piano a lad who has it, Charlie Slade on bongo drums, Joseph Watson on bass. Music with harmony, and a drive that keeps you patting your feet or snapping your fingers. Watch for their recording "Cream Cheese & Jelly." Joe Manning has built something that has folks talking and pushing him into top spots in ew Jersey, and New York's Apollo Bar, where they open this week.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Glamours Orthea Howard, wearing grey brown sharkskin skirt, dark grey gabradine blouse, brown poney skin coa, suede brown shoes and bag, and French grey tam. . . Earl Hill, attired in blue grey herringbone S.B. suit, white shirt ,checkered red tie, brown shoes, grey hat, brown ulster topcoat.

Club World, Inc.

Saturday Eve past was one to remember. The Suburban - ites Cupid Frolic at Lloyds Manor was gay and in the play. Among the guests were those "Men of Affairs" and the "Les Hommes Des A'rs" whose table was filled with goodies and liquid taste. Their members are eight James Boyden, Pres. Samuel Hawks, Bus. Manager, James King, Eula Porter, Secretary, James Smith and Harry Van Pelt Senior. Friends sipping at this table were Betty Parish, Grace Lee and many others. . . . Leo Guy and Lou Blakley, Leonard Smith tripping and tipping. Ethel & Beans Jackson the newlyweds sitting along with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Mitchell. Oh Yeah Moe Jones, Eleanore Morris and Jack Howell congo and rhumba mad. . . . Spotted our boy Jimmie Tillery cool as ever. Vauxhallite Coridean Green sitting with the folks from Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hinton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hancock, and Louise Samford. . . . "Les Bonne Filles" Erma Lowery, Elizabeth Davis and Molly Greenlee girls after one's own heart. Mary Gilmore Roosevelt Davis Skeets Johnson, Jean Pouncey, Rudolph Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll were among the many hundred socialites out to this rollicking, frolic affair.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

E. C. A.—At least we have someone who is ready to champion the rights of our younger class of men and boys and fight delinquency. This group has already been down to see the Board of Education and asked them to back a soft-ball league, . .June 2nd will mark the opening game of this group, who will play fiive nights a week, beginning at 7 p. m. This entire program for our youth has been accomplished through the hard work and efforts of Charles Hogan.

So far there are eight teams listed: The Alcazars, the Graham Rams, Third Ward Republican Club, Little Johnny's lads, Pee Wee, Oscar Watts and the Lions A.C., the Duuke Hatters and the Waverly A.C. Charles Hogan is a fellow who has been around the Third Ward all of his life watching the conditions.

Today he feels that the need is urgent and he is contributing his time and efforts to fair play for Negro youth. . .well its orchids to this outstanding outlook. . .Support your Urban League Now. . .Mothers and Fathers and all legal guardians of the future—this to to you. Your child needs protection from the city streets. Children are mained and crippled by the thousands each and every suummer. . .Please send your children to the playgrounds or places like the Y.M.C.A., Boys Club for Junior Civic Center. Keep them off the streets. Their future is really in your hands. No children need to be hurt this summer.

LA PRINCE—Yean, Bo! take it real slow. . .So many chicks have besiged your boy about the Leg Contest—he is going mad. So for ycur infro, this is it—just come out and when you arrive at Lloyd's Manor, May 9th, you will be able to sign up.

Gus Young has set a mad new pace for little bands—hot with a variety of sweet music and the best voice of Helen Russell. . . Pops- as I ramble on through the field of dreams, I think of all the past heppest scenes, and I feel like a turtle with out my girdle—do you dig pig? Let's get on through the tall corn like dickens after the chickens. . . Savoy Shorty, the lad who is sporty, M. C. d the show of the R. Y. Social Club early bright nite. Some of the gay May—Mrs. Ruth Edwards, Dorothy Burnett, cute tempting browns; little Mary McClammy and her escort, Leon Randall. We booted and rooted down the line to fine things real cool with Myrna Collins and Sallie Morris. . .

Watch the Eagle cause he is going to wiggle. When Mabel Fields dance group tie up with the D.A.S. there is going to be some somke in this town. What female promoter is in hot water with the F B. Eye? What's happened? Skids, what's happened to the kids?, , ,Be-Bop every Friday night at Lloyd's.

The Pie Eeating Race will take place. . .Juanita Marshsall, one of the Red Bank residue, in town looking hooray and gay. . .Teddy Brannon, one of the home-town piano mad lads, featured with the trio over at the Three Dueces. . . Yester Young, the saz horn, tooting master slated to appear at Graham for one solid week beginning May, 19.

Haven't seen the cute elite Mrs. Elizabeth Heyes in ages-smiles. .

Oliver Presaps' party a howling stuccess-gimmy dem gams, yeah daddy, the baseball game was rained out with Sunday's sun sneaking in. . .Sorry to hear of the death of little Ida Ransome. . . we all miss her. . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Mrs. Ruth Alexander sporting an exclusive two piece blue suit, red shoes, red ear rings, fox fur jacket. . .Chauncey Talbot, the lad who sells all that real haberdashery, wearing a grey suit, yellow asport shirt, brown shoes and hat. . .Mary Lee Patterson styled to a smile in green. . .

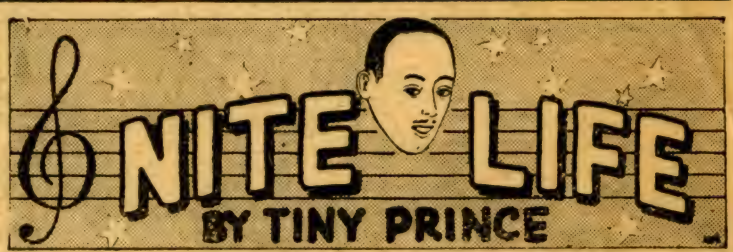
Count Heyes, the piano protegee of Count Basie, wearing a double breasted suit, brown shoes, yellow tie and shirt. . .The Queen of High School Contest ends this week and Queen will be honored Friday nite at Graham Auditorium 8 until. . .Bishop Peraval Gibson, first Negro in the West Indies, to wear the consecrated robe as Bishop of the Church of England. . .

Vocal astute Mareea Ellerson, of East Orange, won the oratorical contest sponsored by the I.B.P.O.E. of Elks of Orange. . .Ella Moncur, one of New Jersey's noted beauty experts, and Annie Ward Mother s Day Cocktail Party at Small's Paradise, New York. . .Phillip Lowe and his dancing brother, the famous Buddy Lowe, looking absence, at Lloyds. . .I know the Rene Starks marqee will knock you out. Her new beauty salon will open this week. It hear it whispered many are waiting for appointments. Congragulations to Pearl Holt.

Girls—The 1947 Leg Contest Finals May 9 at Lloyds Manor—Girls.



"Packin' Them" are "The Lucienoires," who are currently appearing at the Hawkin's Hideaway, 380 West 125th street, New York City, under the versatile leadership of Lawrence Lucie. Other members of the combo ar, Claude Gorvey, piano; Lonnie Nurse, bass, and Nora Lee King, vocalist and drummer. This musical aggregation has appeared at St. James Hotel, New York City; Hollywood Cafe, Pittsburgh, and also in the swank 52nd street clubs in New York City.



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Mother's Day thought that it was the best of everything to you —that day.

The drive for single members is on. If you haven't received your membership card—get one now. Write or call Club World, Inc., 188 Belmont avenue . . . Remember the Mignonettes — well they have been reorganized. Zoma Maxwell is a member. Who are the Revelers? Mr. and Mrs. James Murray and Mrs. Algine Ray at the Hudson County beauticians dance with Dizzy Gillespie at the Terrace Room last Friday nite. So it's hats off to Miss Kitty Johnson and Mrs. Sallie Byzer who really were responsible for this affair of the season. . . Clubs come and may go—but the Ecqui-Vogues live in your heart forever. This is said by all of those who represent Tan Town's young social set. Brady Hodges is your band for the evening of May 14th at Terrace Room. Call Bernice Bernard for tables. She is one of your hostesses for the evening.

FASHION FLASH

Buddy Newby along the Avenue in gay ray double-breasted suit, white shirt, red and black tie, black shoes, white hat and blue raincoat. Sarah Brown in a two piece green suit, with pleated skirt, brown coat, black shoes. Savoy Shorty at Les Femmes affair in gray double-breasted suit, white slot shirt, red tie, black shoes, gray hat, gabardine trench coat. Mother Brodie, the mother of Rev. Brodie, received a Mother's day hat from Rene Starks.

TAN TOWN SCENES

Give yourself a treat and see the terrific show at the Kinney Club. Bubbles Thorpe and his band is a riot of gay show and dancing tunes. Redd Fox, the husband of Evelyn Killebrew, is frantic and a must. Flo Thomas kills you with a teasing act — while Helen Stuart, the fire dancer and don't take your eyes off of Kitty La Shields, a twister. Skip Williams adds much to the show with her singing. Then there is always Mr. Chips and Mose Johnson, who really know how to serve you. Teddy Silverstein had made this place a place you cannot afford ot miss. Happy natal day to Lou Blackmon, William Lorrie, Master Toohey and Anna Mae Hall. New show around town — up at Pic.

Gladys Martin's legs are in a class all by themselves. They say Albert Brown looks all alone—'tis not true. Mattye Helms letting in on what has happened in the past. Watch for the "Apple Jack School" — the young folks night club. Yeah keeds can learn to dance and see a show for the small fee of fifty cents. Margaret Wilder—a gone exclusive — gets your style. Ike Quebec, the tenor king, riding our city streets in his town DeSoto. Pretty Oliver Porter doing them up at Pop session. Wishing Nate Brown's mother, Mrs. Mary Brown, a speedy recovery.

Watch for a new Negro hall coming up soon. Meanwhile, until next date — don't be late.

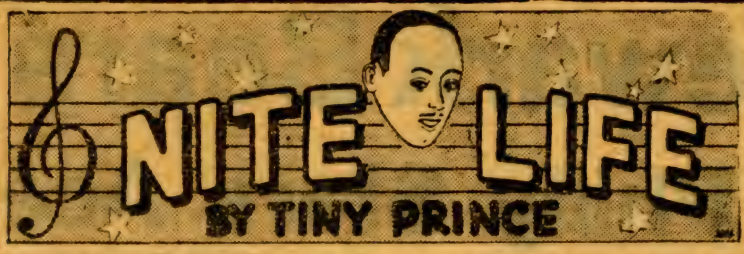
Gracie Smith Night At Graham Is Great

BY TINY PRINCE

NEWARK—Grace Smith, who swept away all female vocals in the Herald News, "Musican of the Year Contest" score again . . . Heading a parade of Entertainers, Grace, presented her Nite of stars, at Cafe Superior . . . Twas a nite Dole Dickins Quintett was too great, and the crowd keep them on the band stand until they couldn't play another number . . . Sammy Hendrexs the guatarist a must . . . Reese LaRue the body, just shook until the lights dimmed, twas a gone act. Mrs. Willa Mae Jones, Vice D. T. Ruler of Essex Temple 42, catching the eye of Arthur Terry M. C. in his brand bit of humor . . . Toney Jenkins, singing those South American numbers, like only he can. Guest like Charlottee Livingston and Lucy Hall sipping at their tables . . . Chink Williams in for his bow . . . Anna Stevenson, "The Aristocrats," Gertruds B. Darns, Lillian Moss Ruth B. Camore, Lucy Walden, Jewell Smith, Anna Harrison . . . Others were John Wilkie, Elmer White, Leonard Jeffries, Margaret Brooks Elizabeth Ruff, Betty Woody, Doresta Davis, Ann Poindexter, Hester Massey, Joe Alexander, Richard S. Vickson, Samuel M. Davis Jr., and your band of note "Bubbles Thorpe" and his band, whew! what a nite . . .

GRADUATION PARTY

NEWARK, N. J. — Mr. and Mrs. E. Mack gave a party in honor of their daughter "Maryan Mack" who is a graduate of West Side High School . . . It was at their home 210 Morris Ave . . . After a delightful repast there was much dancing and gaiety . . . The guests were Evelyn Jones, Arthur Moore Virginia Beachum, Steve Waller, Ollie Brown, Carrie Mack, Dennis Johnson, Vivian Marten, Richard Mackson, George Harvest, Artis Edwards, William McCullough, Percy Harris, Catherine Bonds, Mr. Mrs. Rascal Mack, Mr. Mrs. Edward Mack Jr.



Profiles

Eddie Burton owner of 570 Club congenial smiling and gay . . . Not a wory or care in the world, a jolly fine fellow to all that knows him. You could spot a mile, the fellow with the twinkle in his eye, serving on the left during the Monday sundown jams. You could of met the Washington's the Jackson's, Bessie Mae and her friends from the Majestic Beauty Bar, boy! what a session. Yeah! and Eddie Burton, gay boy right smack in the middle of all this . . .

Fashion Who's Who

Eye, teasing brown Hazel Mack, wearing a blue blouse, blue earrings, grey skirt, black pumps and bag . . . Laudrick Milligan, attired in D.B. blue suit, white shirt, red poker dot tie, yellow brown overcoat, hat and shoes . . . The whole town talking, the whole fashion world will be there, where! at King Hiram's Lodge, March 12th, the 1949 Artsit and Models Ball. Costumes stores are being over run by the gay folks trying to get into that night's glamour. Be seeing you there . . .

Cafe - Au - Lait - Society

"Everything is real cool" — The Monday nite Jams are booming Lloyds Manor, groovy-Grahams Audit, like a movie, smiles. You can't miss getting your kicks, if you dig these two licks . . . Palace Blue Room, featuring the female Bert Williams, Jackie (Mom) Mabley, A. Terry, M.C. supported by the Toggie Smythe and his mad four sounds. The musical tone of Toggie's sax, won him the Herald News award last year, he is a "I must see and hear", Happy Birthdates to Clifton Small and Skippy Williams. Is Ella Fitzgerald for Bop or Jazz ask fans? This singer was one of the first to introduce BeBop to the general public, after seeking the info from our own Babs Gonzales of 3 Bips and a Bop fame. Greenbrier Inn, in Eatontown, [illegible] all dressed up for its season shouts, Bill Roberts N. J. bartender. Booking son's pappy Williams is your favorite cute baby Agency's say S[illegible] her a naughty girl. Me[illegible] Carolyn Marie Whigan stroller wit[illegible]

age of entertainment. Music, swing and congo 'bop' will be your dancing and listening pleasure . . .

Chicks like Lottie Dix, Adeline Gatlin, Mary James plus oodles of cats are gone over the eye popping pictures drawn by Valtrae, Ike Williams, at Little Johnny's . . . Mr. and Mrs. Clement Sampson of Trenton, N. J. honeymooning in Tan Town. Memphis Slim has the only complete album of Bessie Smith records. Joe Manning's Four Clefs off to Club Fourteen in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Spotted Louise Sampson and Dorothy and Wilbur Hancock at the Venturra Dance . . . Nite lifers will be surprised to know beautician Pauline Cofilde is expecting a visit from the stork . . . When gay times meet at Pop Durham's Alcazar its to chat with bartender Lero y Harriell who is the queens toast, for all the fine wrens and hens.



Greetings gate lets educate— Didn't know Hattie Myricks could sing so pretty? The Packson Jackson Sunday Matinee smooth like a new groove. Louise Robinson giving the young boys a thrill and me too, smiles The sundown, Monday Tavern jam is the latest lick for these old timers on that kick. The 570 Club, Blue & Silver, The Family Bar and Corprews Tavern where many a fine young thing has her ing. Among the regulars are Gladis E. Anderson, Vernon C. Skipwith, Pearl Grant, Charlie Mike Jr., Charlotte Livingston, George Harris and Madalyn Hill. Did you know Mary Ried is a gon bongo drummer and singer? Gate Mouth Moore will go into the ministry after his close at Club De Lisa Chicago, Ill. . . . Eye perfume cutie Helen Williams, cute enough to win a contest. Crazy about those snacks served at Snooky's "Piccaddilly Luncheonette" in upper West Kinney St Louise Gray, Mildred Ware and Gretchen Tower still three frantic gay lassies, smiles. Charlie Ventura and his band, the talk of Tan Town (Newark to you). P.S., he will be on the scene Sat. nite, Feb. 25th our spot Lloyds Manor. Girls ow! and ahing! Tony Jenkins over a day to sing a few. Grace Smith opened at Small's last week, great Jean White doing the downtown spots . . . Cleo Smith real teasing but sweet . . .

PROFILES 3

Billy Ford scheduled for a tour soon. Meanwhile Billy builds his book with good arrangements like "She Wolf" recording, and "Good Bait" in his stints at the Bop Session the kids go wild . . . The next quartette to hit national fame will be a frantic group from East Orange, N. J., the Flamingoes" hear them and judge the mfor yourself.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Lounge Lizard Grady Traywicks in from Chicago, white button down shirt, bow tie, cardigan jacket, flannel pants, brown shoes. Norma Mitchell wearing a hair style that has tongues wagging and popping . . .

CLUB WORLD, INC.

Single members had their meeting last week . . . There were many new faces including applications, that were received thru the mail. The new singl plan was read and discussed, this included ticket distribution, dues and benefit arrangements. Club World, Inc. has set its format for 1949. Herbert Smith is director of single members. Club representatives will meet at 115 Orient Avenue, Jersey City, Feb. 27th at 2 o'clock. April 1st is the date for the first spring party . . . "The Lordsmen, Inc." presents their first Pre-Spring dance, March 5th at King Hirams Craftsmen, music by Larry Clark and his band . . . Everybody is asking about "The Eight Orchids"? . . . Happy birthday notices to following members, Billie Harris, Laura Ross, Florence Frazier, Ruby Stone, Hershel Davis, Enice Sanford and Jimmy Vaughn . . . Everyone including many of the ladies' clubs are asking who are the "Les Hommes Des A'rs" . . . "The Surprise Club" formal in Jersey City, Community Center included following personnel, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Louise Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hinton, Clement Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Childress, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Samson, Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Brown . . . a good time was had by all.



CLUB WORLD, INC. — 1949

Greetings! Out of the old year into the new—'49 . . . Club World, Inc., a non-profitable institution formed to mutually promote the social morale civic educational and recreational welfare of its clubs and single members names its top clubs of the year. . . . The Eight Orchids Social Club, girls who did much to elevate good taste in social circles. The "Du-Bonne's" of Jersey City young men with a purpose in mind watch for their frolic on Jan. 8th, Community Center, Jersey City, N. J. "Lordsmen" of E. Orange who are new but promise many smart affairs. . . . "Royalist" athletic and social, looking for clubs who want to match games in softball, tennis, backetball etc. Watch the "Suburban-ites", a group of charming maidens out to capture your hearts in February. We also must mention the "Sanquine Girls" who disbanned, but were a threat for tops in popularity. "Decim Puellas" socialites elite. . . . Clubs who are tops but not members of Club World, Inc., yet smiles. . . . "Platons, Ins." conservative giving only four or less affairs a year, and "Tweedsmen." . . . "Three Pals" equal unity. Hats off to the "Panquin, Inc." who did more than all social agency's to keep our boys and girls out of the streets. . . . The "Old Timers" who have recaptured the spirit of the past. . . . Mention goes also to "Less Bonnes Filles", "Townsmen", "Klub Kollegians" and Exclusive Arcadians, Suburban Set. . . P. S.—This section strictly for clubs! members! and a dash of socialites. . . .

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Best dressed women through the year . . . LeEtta Brown, Ella Moncur, Rebecca Newby, Ethel Mae Moore, Rosamond S. Marrow, Modena B. Davis, Millicent Brown, Roselle Ried, Elizabeth Keyes, and Theresa Ross. . . . Best dressed men, Jimmy Fultz, Anthony Hinton, James Melvin, Ray Jackson, Carl Haley, Wally Davis; Bobby Peale, Jackie Wynn, Edgar Jope, William White, Jerry Bland, Robbit Reid, Chancey Talbot and Scotty of Dole Dicken's Quintette. . . . If any of you readers disagree send a letter or card about your selection. . . .

MAN ABOUT TOWN

This section is always reserved for the latest on smart places Be Bop, hip chicks bands, and show people. . . . When better things are read you shall dig or scan it here. Ou La La! Grace Smith still queen of blues in '48, house rocker at Dodgers, sent her Birthday greetings Jan. 1st. Danny Gibson No. 1 drummer with Chink Williams runner up on the Be Bop kick. . . . The Four Bars & Melody featuring Margaret Hoffler broke up. . . . The Ray-O-Vac record became a sensation overnite. . . . The Piccadilly done up a la modern featuring nothing but the best in musical groups like the "Pic Pipers", Hal Singer, Art Blakely, Sonny Thomas, Billy Ford and George Barkleys band . . . Al Cook's place on Orange St. did them up featuring Claude Maxwell's W.H.B.I. ban plus Goldie a exciting thrush . . . or singer to you. . . . The Palace Blue Room open in Rahway for people who like to hide out for funand frolic. . . . The Hirman's Craftsmen Lodge Hall newly opened in '48 a must. . . . Delores Williams and George Hayes treking the gay way looking good together. . . . Skippy Williams off to work in New Haven, Cann. . . . Its Happy Birthday to M. Brown, Dorothy Grant, Dee Johnson, Lillian M. Hurdle. . . . Among the pleasant memories would be the birth of Gay Sherill Johnson to Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll's baby boy. . . . Until a new day, I'll dig you and say, "Pick me up on a late date. . . . .

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Newark's Most Beautiful Bar
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Cocktail Hour
Every Sunday 12-1
VISIT OUR
PACKAGE STORE
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& Beer
TELEVISION
Baseball — Fights

CORPREW'S



Profiles

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Geenbrier Inn, in Eatontown, N. J. is all dressed up for its season's patrons shouts, Bill Roberts your favorite bartender. Booking Agency's say Skippy William[illegible] a naughty girl. Met cute Carolyn Marie Whigan[illegible] stroller with her [illegible]. Every Jack'n [illegible]urel Garden [illegible]shington, the [illegible] Williams, a [illegible] age of entertainment. Music, swing and congo 'bop' will be your dancing and listening pleasure . . .

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TAN TOWN SCENES—May the rest of your fifty-twos be mellow, and the right hypes you can't quit-May all your gold be mellow and the cool green fit your mit, Do you dig? Artie Cooper, the bass player at Howdy Club a must. Meanwhile, catch the quietness of the hep folks when Gloria, the glamorous, sings her numbers. Up at the Polar Bar several weeks ago you missed the sight of Billie Holliday, James Melvin, Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Ford, drinking hot chocolate—after leaving Graham Auditorium. The Piccadilly Club is opening again—featuring the vocals of you guesed it—Tony Jenkins, a voice delightful. Tan Towners are going mad buying up every Herald in sight. Hum! that's right—the contest closes April 10th at 12 o'clock midnight. The dinner of Jersey Joe Walcott last Saturday afternoon at the Owl Club was a gone goner. Express my sincere regrets to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos James in the loss of their first born son. News all of Dorothy Crane. Have you tried along the lines about serious illness the Hot Tammales sold by exclusive Negro dealers?. . . Blue Monday parties have started again. Meet you next Monday at Frederick's Lounge. Golden Boys are trying hard to land dates with charming and irrestable Marie Blount. Community Hospital will be closed indefinitely unless contributions are sent in at once. Attorney Burrell and Finlay Wilson, Exalted Ruler of Elks, admiring the calendar by Sepia Artists, Inc. Did you know that Miss America, Love Finley, has a younger sister Mary who is twice as pretty, and a Barnes model? Hairdressers and Beauty Shop owners watch for your only Negro Admiration Shampoo Distributors. Clubs are letting Oliver sell tickets up Orange way—Amherst street and Central Avenue.

FASHION FLASH — CHARLIE CAN—at Novelty Bar a double-breasted green herringbone suit, cream shirt, red-grey tie, tan shoes, brown hat, red scarf and lightweight polo coat. Roberta Cooper, at the High Steppers Appreciation Dance last Friday nite wearing a dark blue crepe, high heeled dark blue shoes and bag. Many letters have been coming in to me this week concerning my choice of the best-dressed female in New Jersey so this column is asking for your letters on the subject. Isaiah Williams, the artist, in a light grey sharkskin suit, white Barrymore shirt, brown tie, brown shoes and hat, breast pocket handkerchief.

CLUB WORLD, Inc.—Entertainment chairman of this committee Malone Jones. Every popular ra- [illegible] vicinity has been contacted for free tickets for the broadcasts. Once they are received they will be distributed fairly to all interested members—by draw—if the demand makes it necessary. Our good friend, Bill Cook, of W. A. A. T. has all ready come thru with a promise of several each week for the Caravan Disk Jockey Show—every nite between 11:05 and 12 midnight.



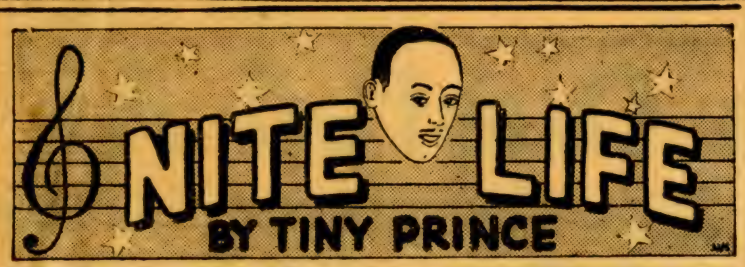
FASHION FLASH—In the field of style I wish for you Modena Boyd Davis, will continue to be one of the best dressed, along with Melonee Jones of Vaux Hall, Larrie Stalks, Pearl Duval, and to Millicent Brown, who I also say Happy birthday....Some of the best dressed personalities who continue to hold their own, are Edgar Pope, Larence Minton, Rabbit Reid, Herbert Smith, Earl Carl Trainor and Clarence High-Hill, Jackie Wynn, Carl Jones tower....Lets wish that Emily Miles, Elizabeth Parker, Rene Starks, Ella Moncur, Janet Biddle, and Zella Prince, surpass all years in their upward climb for Negro trade....

We wil also name the best dressed Bartenders, Clarence Hayes, and Bill Roberts, and Jimmy, and Melvin of the Howdy Club ....Best dressedMusicians are Clarence Mack, Danny Gibson, Flap McQueen. Togge Smyth, Larue Jordan, Chink, and Trumpet player Scotty of the Dole Dickins group.

CLUB WHIRL—As you undoubtly know the Esqui-Voques Xmas dance was the tops. Don't forget to send in for your application blank so that your club may join in sharing in the lime light of the future....

Greetings from the clubs all over the State....We would request that the Captivators only present four dances a year like all clubs with the fifth a formal... We also wish a better year for the Platons, the Invaders, Squire Club, Club Fifteen, Suburbanettes Club Clique, The Women, The Ebonettes, The Y, Debs and all the other Clubs who joined the "Club Whirl"... Just a reminder that the PENQUIN CANTEEN, will feature for your enjoyment The Jimmy Luncerford band Jan. 9 Friday at Graham's Audit. 9 until-plus a show that will groove you if it doesn's move you....The TWEEDSMEN, will give their postponded dance of last Friday,-this week end, January 2nd 1948 at the Terrace Room .... Until a better sight, watch this column to be right....

FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—"We cannot expect a Happy New Year," unless we earn it, but to you all I hope you live a million years and yet I never die...."Allyoms Alms," - what a year with fine intertainers, smooth baretenders and music mad musicians his is just some of my personal wishes for 48....Thanks for that girl of the blues "Gracie Smith," I wish her new years audience will be much more appreciative. To all the brown or blue, I wish ten thousand things for you.... Let the new package store over at Fredericks Lounge, be a howling good idea for business....



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Modena Davis, Melonee Jones, and Dewey Ackis sum-up our organization. ',Club World Inc., is a non-profit institution formed to mutually promote the social morale, civic, educational and recreational welfare of its clubs and single members also to rend aid to the sick, disbled and distressed, and to dependents of deceased death, thus promoting the future enterprise of our own members in any community."

So for the time of your life, this year's fun and entertainment can be different if you join Club World, Inc.—now! $1.00 a year.

Every one is talking about the Platons "New Look", affair. Will you be there?, Going to look for Shirley Warren, and Genevieve Weathers. Brady Hodges will supply the musical background, the date, June 13 Sunday evening 6:30 until ?? Be looking to see what is cooking.

FASHION FLASH

Ala Mae Miller at the Bridge Club, wearing a brown skirt, rose blouse, rose red topper, black shoes and that teasing brown skin. . . . Charlie Mathews wearing a gray flannel D. B. suit, black shoes, white shirt, blue grey tie at "Willie's" shoe shine parlor. Sallie Morrison, with a new hair-do, thats gone and back again, smiles.

Don't forget to send in that letter about who you think is the best dressed women of the year, and why?

Earl Hill at Little Johnnie's wearing a grey hat grey D. B. suit, blue sport shirt, black shoes.

TAN TOWN SCENES

WHEN something is done about, for the future, youth will do it. Proven by Arnold Grey, Oliver Brown, Rose Mae Cherry and Jack Hicks. They are members of the widely spreading—

Marcus Hicks Memorial Assn.

This Benefit Dance to be given by this group will be supported by over a hundred performers and celebrities. Such as Margaret Hoffler, Clarence Marion, Joe Crump, Gus Young and band, Bill Goode, Toney Jenkins, Larry Clark, Hall and Chapman dance team, Kathern Culver and many others. . .. Everyone who is some one will be there, its a date for Thursday June 10th at the donated Graham Audit. The stork left a visitor for Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jones, at the Lutheran Memorial Hospital last week. A cute pin up girl named **Crystal Elaine Jones** . . . Bobby Plater wild saxman and the arranger for Lionel Hampton, penns those letters from Chicago to that address on High street. . .Happy Birthday to Vauxhallite Cordidan Green. . . Ed Mosby the Picadilly host laid iow with a bad leg. Shssss! its's whispered all over town that Billy Ford, will be in the Pic. Yeah. its true they spotted Anne Tuell, of radio fame driving one of those new 48 Lincoln convertibles. Arthur Terry and his grand rascals will open up at "Al Cooks" bar and grill this week. Tommy Terrell of Elizabeth, N. J. and Zoma Maxwell, seeing one another very very often those colored nights. Watch for the "Grace Smith Nite". Don't forget to send those get well letters to our music master **Ernie Philps**, mail them to yours truly, and I will forward them. . . **Rosetta Johnson**, and **Golden Boy Connie Jeffries** will ring those wedding bells soon, so I am told.

Unntil next time, keep me in mind.

PROFILES

Drummer Herald News Award winner, Danny Gibson, Dapper Dan born and raised in Newark, N. J. He is a member of Lady Queen of Angels, R. C. Church in Newark. Danny is the talk of the music world, iLonal Hampton offered him a job, he refused. When you see him he is excitement incorporated, life in the flick of his wrist. Danny won the drummers award in 1948, leading with about 6,000 votes ahead of the nearest competition. He worked with Joe Crump, Al Henderson and was the top drummer with the much talked about "Savoy Dictators". Danny toured the country with Hal Mitchell and a number of big bands including going to Canada and Bermuda Island with Arthur Terry and Ike Quebec in 1941. . . . Danny is now with Joe Mannings "Four Cleffs" who have recorded "Swanee River" which has booming sales. His favorites are Count Basie, J. Lunceford's old band and Woody Herman old crew. With Danny's experience and musical background he still believes that he and other Negro musicians should continue to study long after getting into professional fields.

FASHION'S WHOS WHO

The harmony of contrast broug

The harmony of contrast brought this into view Easter Sunday and Monday nite, Llulu Thompson, black velvet two piece suit, red bolero jacket, suede shoes low heels and bag. . . . Willkie Reid wearing a double breasted suit, grey shirt, brown green tie, brown suede shoes. Francine Mack wearing blue grey suit, grey bag, blue hat, pink veil with two birds, blue shoes and gloves. . . . Florence Bristol, blue coat, pink veiled hat. Leonardo Hurd, single breasted grey shirt, green brown tie, brown hat, brown topcoat. . . . Pretty hats and shoes were everywhere. Anthony Hinton in singleb reasted blue suit, pastel blue shirt, brown tie, brown shoes and hat and gray gabardine topcoat. Cute Jean Blount at Our Lady Queen of Angels R. C. Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, and Geech Small. . . .

Met the charming Ella Moncur coming from New York wearing a bonnett that had a up and down effect with flowers under and on top. A long with her was Colstral Powell, with another pretty hat. . . . Irma Allen won the Lloyd Mannor hat affair although there were many, one would not be the judge of. . . . Annabelle Reams, wearing platinum fox furs, with Rosalie Jennings, her hat and Kolinsky furs. Well, Ruth Lawsn was in there als with her stle maritins, Mary Hayes with a cream puff filled with yung rseb uds in her hair. Mildred Cde, nice, wearing a simple baby's bonnett with blood red roses. Mary Potter with the casablanca hat adorning her head, and Feleiia Lurence wearing a robin's nest, they were just too much and did deserve honorable mention.

CAFE-AU-LAIT?SOCIETY

Pops this week its the house of merry scenes cause this ole town is rocking. S weet women tormenting your mind all the time. Allen Drew the granddaddy of M.C.'s down at Kenney Club, so flip he will make you lose your grip—laughing. New York — Dinah Washington's mom bucks air travel jitters, takes first plane ride to hear daughter in Carnegie Hall. . . Tog Smythe and band filled in for "Three Sharps and A Flat", out at Club Mombasi with Earl Warren last Week. . . . The Howdy Club going in for big name entertainments "Pic Pipers" coming soon with Bill Douglas Trio and Three Voices opening there this Week. . . . Ravens five Harlem Easter Parade gay nineties touch singers stop traditional avenue show in mauve decade carriage. Louise Gray is yellow and mellow, so says J. H. . . . Cootie Williams recovered from injuries back in action trumpet star resumes activities with month stand at Savoy. . . . It's the move that will lay you in the grove. . . . Say Irene Williams still carrys a torch for that cerain guy. . . . Happy birthdate to J. T. Barnes model Willa Flemings, Mildred Hawthorne, Joseph Bryan, Lillian Jones, Buddy Wiltaker, and Marion Bryant the psychatric technician. . . . The Piccadilly wilder than all wid "Cats & Fiddle" great. Says Edgar Pope, Rosalie Hicks, Lonzo Green and Ann Baxter who sang like only she can. Bridge Club dining room where the food is excellent has an atmosphere that is out fo this world due to the management of Bill Malone. . . . Whispers Pearl Laws f "Eight Orchids. . . . Records to buy "The Frantic Four's "The Huck-A-Bop, Togge Smythe's "North Wind"; Gus Young's Orchestra, "When A Woman Loves a Man". Kitty La Shield and Nacki Sacki Fats, killing everyone at the Mummies Social Club's affair. . . . Petey Smith prize fighter, and Alfonzo W. Corftez strolling about town. Dora Robinson the nice lady I met from Washington, D. C., the guest of her aunt Julia Ross. . . .

PREDICTIONS

That yours truly will M.C. the next "Debuteen"' affair. . . . That the Friday nite Bop sessions at Graham will be the best in town — plus something new. . . . That Paul Williams will get you excited May 7th.



Oct 53

Club World, Inc.

Hi members its been a busy week. Among the new members this week were Norman Hurd, Shirley McRimmon, Dock Hayes, Robert Harris and Ann Washington. Club meetings of all clubs and single members will be held every three months. With the meeting in January 1949, mailed notices of date will follow later. The new senior President of Club World, Inc., is Moe Jones, the Junior Pres., Miss Hattie Myricks. Happy birthday to Dorothy Hamilton, Shirley Cox and Dizzy Gillesple. . . . After the Lincoln-Howard football game, Oct. 30. at Ruppert Stadium, students will trek to Terrace Ballroom for the victory dance.

Fashion Who's Who

Bobby Peale, the host in Roost attired in S.B. blue serge suit two-button white tab shirt, yellow tie, brown suede shoes. Many ow's and ah's at Wideway when Rene Starks appeared in a stunning satin and ihifon dress with the cuffs adorned in $$ white fox fur.

Man About Town Reports

Cherry Red! the exotic shake

SEPT 6 1941

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By "TINY" PRINCE

AN OPEN LETTER:

Tiny Prince:—After our (ha, ha, ha) heated, but interesting discussion of show business, I decided to write an article with one thought in mind—that someday in the future there will be found a solution and system where in all agents and promoters judge an artist on ability and talent alone—not just on strength of feeling and friendship—such as they do in Atlantic City and other places that I know.

After traveling extensively throughout the States, Canada, and Mexico for two years, I have made some wonderful contacts and had several good offers while under contract with the band currently featuring me as vocalist. But the moment I was free every contact suddenly became terribly busy or was out of town. Days ran into weeks of continuously going up and down Broadway, the of offices of named agencies. Eastside and Westside—in and out Some places I never got past the receptionist—or their secretaries. Perhaps my name didn't turn to register famous—even though I did show clippings and pictures which would get me— "Come in tomorrow". Even the colored places and radio were once unknown, but someone had the heart and foresight to give them a do. From there on the artist chance to show what one could break. That break would be a either rises to fame or falls.

In Atlantic City certain cliques feature the smiling same acts over and over again every season. (This article by Tony Jenkins will continue next week.)

BEST DRESSED MANNERS — Negro women of today have a likable future and much to be thankful for in this world. They enjoy far more advantages than the women before them. They have become such a force that other nationalities have discussed them intelligently. The colors, grace and shapes, as well as endurance, are the pillows of the future motherhood. The whites rave about their complexions and are even going to the extreme to have that dark hallow. This is after they meet and greet our petite bourgeoosie, the well-groomed class. One can really appreciate what the other folks are talking about when one observes . . . So to you well-dressed women and others — I say keep your best foot forward.

Lawrence Minton, in the role of so cool, wearing a light-cram-cream pants, white gabardine sport shirt. Yeah, we can't forget the ton shoes and felt sloch hat of olive. Zoma Maxwell in a grey crepe cape sleeve afternoon dress, with draped front extending to the back, forming a bustle, square neckline, black seude shoes, gloves and bag—at the Pic.

BON—TON SOCIETY—The old convention was something novel. It was a laugh-licking affair date-ed years. The Baptist Tabernacle of Bruce street deserves much credit for sponsoring a creative group of entertainers. Mrs. Rosa Gibson visiting her son-in-law and daughter down in Cliffwood, where the air is fresh and cool. Jean Melvin, rated by Elizabeth Keyes, the dressmaker; Valtae Williams and Photographer Al Henderson as perfect. She is Rene Starks' youngest modal. When you're out this week don't forget to run over to Beth Israel Hospital. Although it will not be a pleasant trip—you will cheer up a grand guy—Bobby Peale is in room 301, first floor. All the gay and sweet lassies go up—and lads too. Yes—a reminder, he likes ice cream, cigarettes and greets his visitors with a big smile. Evelyn Boyden in company with a hab-a-lab handsome young boy from down that way. Yeah, you can bet Myrtle Hayes, our alluring chick, was around. Leonard Hurd doing them up with a teasing little mellow, yellow girl.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Gas its pass. I'm in the mood to show you the groove. She is on ink—so can't think. Dig pig, it's the whirly gig. Clarence Mack, the bassest of bass, doing the tov n with Grace. His music is out of this world. The screen is tought but good enough. Ever dig Ella Mae play—she is mad—they say. Posing isn't the thing she rocks the box. I'm not igging you—I'm just digging you. Ike Quebec signing autographs in the streets of Newark in person. The Prairie View Co-Eds, the jumping jive maids from the toast of hades will be here on September 13th. Dad they will be mad and messy like Aunt Bessy. Um' at the Graham Auditorium. Morris Parker back home for a season from his world cruise. Has Nancy Davis left Newar kfor New York?—What's new—what are you going to do? Harold Majors and his lovely wife sipping at the wig-Wam—cooling. Well it's reet and had to beat—at all the barious shades, but the best of bands go to Graham to ball when the weather is fine, we will be right in line. Where is Jean Clark, the lady of lark? I know it's going to kill you, but the Herald News is going to move—so get in the groove and follow. Watch the Modern Arts, Inc., Mrs. Bertha Lowery and her two sons shout hello from out Ohio way. Dan Bankhead, a surprised lad, but I'm really glad. Flo Thomas at Lloyd's Manor in the know with manager, Smoky McAllister. The Monday nite jams running over with fine frantic people—it's your must or bust. Joe Crump's band of a thousand themes doing what th people want—playing like mad.

Watch this column under its new name, Tiny Prince Spiels, be picking you up and laying them down next week.



Club World News

How many ways can your club make money, without going into any great debt?? Where can you hire the best and most reasonable bands and halls?? Your club can find out these and many more answers by becoming members of Club World Inc. . . .

Electo Bynoe, who is exotic is also a member of the (speak softly) '8 Orchids. . . .

Vacation greetings from friends away include those of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson Jr. who are visiting friends and relatives in Virginia . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Dock Hayes off to Columbus, Ohio, and then on their way to Elks Convention, in Cincinnati. . . .

Don't forget the Lucky Eight Social Club is giving their first annual dance sometime in Sept. So watch for the date and get it straight. . . .

Leg Contest Sept. ??

"Yes" the frantic Million Dollar legs are our newest attraction. In their line of duty they are supporting girls all "Over"—"Hum." "Thin Legs, Long Legs, Bow Legs and Legs." Back in the gay 90's to see an Ankle, was a disgrace, less more a knee. Our ambition is to show the best legs in Jersey without shocking your modesty.

Sincereiy.

Fashion Plate

Ella Mae Moore, tan two piece suit, brown white shoes, brown blouse, pearls, straw brown yellow bag, at Bridge Club Unit. . . . Oscar Waats, brown D.B. suit gabardine, tan sport shirt, suede-loafers, owner of the "Pee Wee Shoe Shine Parlor". . . .

Cafe Society

"Billy Ekstine" the No. 1 swoon boy is on his way to the Tan-Town (Newark) to you August 21. . . . "Yes" it will be a gone Saturday nite, and things will be tight and right. Joe Morris will supply the music featuring Johnny Griffin on tenor sax. . . . Jimson don't miss this musical treat for it will be hard to beat. Graham Audit . . .

Howdy Club, will rock with the new show. . Rena Collins singing popular songs like the old days. Rhythm Wiley, and his famous harmonica swinging the blues. When you're eating the southern fried bird, (chicken to you), Mabel Leslie, the shake dancer will serve as a hot sauce. . . .

Johnny Wilson, home from Fort Dix, looking healthy and wealthy. . . . Ella Fitzgerald, wowing them at the Apollo Theatre, N.Y.C. I could write ten years of his life, but the good deeds would take columns, and it was proven by the huge crowd that wept at the funeral of "Slim" O'Neal. . .

Time marches on — but "Brownie Mae McKnight," looks Spanish and cute forever. "Duke" Ellington has not disbanned his Famous Orchestra. . . .

Greenbrier Inn, Yeah' man, it's fine and in line, and "Miss Rhapsody," is schooling them and cooling them with sweet blues notes for the ears. . . . George Rollins, who was once featured with Cab Calloway, taps right into the hearts of all who see him work. . . . Dinah Washington is now the produ mother of a bouncing baby boy. The Dole-Dickins Quintette, down in Washington, D. C., Margie Douglas, Lulu Daniels, Ruth Lewis, tripping and tipping into the gay spots to see what's new and who. . . .

With packageIN-

Piccadilly sold, with package store included. Continental (Connie) Jeffries and Clarence Hayes are the young new proprietors. It's a new move that Cafe Society has been waiting for over seven years or more. Jeffries and Hayes promised to make this the most exclusive snow place in North Jersey.

Lyric Club featuring Togge Smythe and his contest winning sax. . . . Helen Russell, the girl who once had the sweetest voice in this town, around, but not looking sweet. Too much joy juice....

New York, The Roost, caught preview of Billy Ekstine, balladeer, plus Tad Dameron, and the favorite Charlie Ventura. Seated around the door Sat. night was Duddley Rucker and a teasing maiden. Close to the band stand sat Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hinton, with Melonee Jones, of Jersey City munching and crunching that tempting chicken. Boppy Peale, covering the field, and Fred Robbins of station W.O.V. gay and play. Symphony Sid your host and B-Boppers toast, realiy has brought the best for guest . . . a boost to the Roost. . . Evelyn Boyden and Myrtle Hayes home after a short trip away. . . .



CONCRETE JUNGLE—After dark Stolen kisses from lips so teasing and pleasing—such as Helen Monks, Dorothy Hamilton, Delores Miller and Dee Johnson. Loud laughter from musician Fats Gordon. Legs, thighs and well curved bust stand out along around Celstral Powell, Mary James Millicent Brown. The BeBop blues tinkels from the piano of mad Jordan Florida, while gay colored lights blink and blaze forth mirrored in maze of tall buildings surrounded by dark creeping shadows.

Brother (bass) Moncur in from Cleveland Ohio with June (piano) Cole. "Lovers Gold" title of new Ella Fitzgerald recording—you must hear. Notes to New Yorkers: Scotty's Frantic Cats open at Baby Grand Tuesday nite, a 2 for 1 show with Billy Ford's Combo also with them Friday Jersey nite . . . Telegrams will soon have Grace Smith, ladie of the blues, off to a Virginia nite spot . . . Folks in the entertainment world are whispering about the popular sax-a-fiend who is locked up in Jersey City pokey . . . If you are interested in a nice apartment drop me a card. The Owl Club really gay and in the play . . . Margaret Hoffler McMillian now lives at 1056 South St., Norfolk, Va., and just the proud mother of a bouncing baby boy. P. S. She was one of your top vocalists in the Musican of Year Contest 1948 . . . Jimmy Anderson really coming on with his horn nowadays. . . .

BETTY JEETERS! just a name, perhaps it means nothing to you. Have you heard her sing? Well this will be my treat; nitely and hard to beat. She has studied at C.B.S. studios over 4 years. Her secret ambition is to be a concert artist. Featured at Lloyds Manor as a new find.. In a year or two, if this 19-year-old girl keeps her head and is not swayed by tinsel and glamour, her name will be on every page and tongue in the country—just remember. . . . .

FASHION WHO'S WHO— Felica Carter wearing jeep shirt, sport bollero blouse in blue and jodhpurs at Montclair's fashion show Sunday. James Melvin, No. 1 gay boy riding in yellow Cadillac. . . Jimmy Copeland new shirts on display. . . .

TAN TOWN SOCIETY— Gasps of oh! and ah! at Carole Edwards dance con[illegible]t on the nite of 24 [illegible] Holloway sang, as Vinella and Vilena Miller and Gloria LeGall tripped to and fro, plus the terrific pace of C. Edwards as she did the dance of possession featuring Dumballa, Mumble, and group, 'twas a well rounded program despite the small attendance. The entire show deserves a big hand for the elegant display of coordination. The big moment was at Miss C. Edwards' home where a party broke forth, interpretive dancing that shook the rafters in a filmy tantalizing movement to bongo drums. Guests were Catherine Noel, Lorraine Johnson, Thomas Craig, Gertrude Jones, Mr. and Mrs Maddan, Herman Austin, William B. Davis, Peter Cooper Richard Nolley, Johnny Hartzog, Warren Graddick, Lola Miller, Joseph Reid, Sam Hughes, Jeanette Stewart, Rose Mayben and Harold Melvin. . . . Margarite Smith and Florence Monk two cute skaters eh! smiles. . . .

Get well notes to Anthony Hinton, Josephine Williams, and Mahlon Waldon. Happy birthdates to Rolando Wattey, Aldora Ashley and Wilma Sloan. Gloria Banks, Jeanne and Audrey Martin doing the sophisticated spots. Folks in Morristown, N. J. are tickled pink about renewing their exclusive membership at the Two-in-One Club on Spring St. . . . Socialites are all talking about Ronnie who presents Dan Michaels of Erskine Hawkins band at Club Diana in Vauxhall, N. J. July 11. **NOTE**—Name bands or local entertainers can be secured by calling Mi 3-2096 the "Inter-City Artist Guild".

Sat June 19, 1948

NEW JERSEY HERA



CLUB WORLD INC.

President of Junior Division, Fred Middleton says—latest news is good, the membership drive is on a hundred percent. . . . The "Decim Puellas" has just joined our organization, so we welcome them this week. Single memberships are jumping ten new members have signed up. Every radio show in this vicinity has promised us tickets for their radio shows. If you want tickets for—Yankees vs. Philadelphia Athletics on August 15th. Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals on August 3rd—write to Club World Inc. (members only) tickets for reserve seats cost $1.00. . . before June 20th. . . The Dodgers A.C. one of the fine young clubs, is giving a frantic frolic June 19th Saturday nite at Grahams auditorium. Gertrude Gibbons, graduation girl of West Side, and Julia Mae Middleton, from the class of 48, Bordentown, say the Dodgers A.C. "are in there." Ann Washington the new lady doctor home from Fisk, pert and alert, smiles. . . .Nacki Jacki who is Sacki, will M.C. the Sanguine Girls dance and show June 26th. Plus the music of Brady Hodges, with Dot and Stella exotic dancers.

FASHION FLASH

Mary Woods, Steping of the 42 Lenox avenue bus, wearing a grey green skirt, white blouse, red loafers and a red jacket. James Melvin No. 1 gay boy at the Pic, wearing a royal blue suit, grey blue shirt, red checkered tie, blue suede shoes, white straw hat. . . Who is the best dress women of the year? ? ? Rene Starks, taking a designing course, at a well known school in New York. Pearl Duvall strolling in a new look black dress, black showshoes, straw puffed hat, grey coat. . .

TAN TOWN SCENES

Arthur Terrys grand rascal's, are in that groove, with Grace Smith, doing all the vocal one can stand. Its hot licks at the Al Cook new spot on Orange street. "See you there this week end". Its the brand of music you like, when Billy Ford and his band give out with those songs you like to hear at the Piccadilly. Around the bar clapping hands, Wadell Smith, Billy Margo, Gene Dixon, Mrs. Ried, and her son Wilkie Ried and his lovely wife. Notes to B-Boppers if you miss Delmar Nickols, you can visit him at Fort Dix, he is in the Army. Lloyds Manor really rocks these cool colored nites with the music of The "Four Clefs" . . . . Feet patters, around the bar include those of Jean Cambell, Oliver Porter, Clem (legs) Allen, and Regina Black. Bill Goode, and the Four bars and Melody ease into downtown Howdy Club this week. Florence Kirkely, Ethser Jackson, Anna Paul, Evelyn Jackson and Jean Marshall are just a few of the charming girls seen at the Lordsmens affair at the Bloomfield avenue Skylight Ballroom.

Sorry to hear about Scotty, trumpet player of the Dole Dickins Quintette misfortune. Thieves stole six suits, shorts, ties, shoes, at a date in New York. He posted a $100 for the return of his traveling bag. All the kiddies are excited about the 1948 Sports Prom. June 27th at Lloyds Rose room. Girls Savoy Shorty, has a new Cadilac, and its being whispered all over town. Ann Korngay and Leonardo the ballroom dancer lovers at the Marcus Hicks Memorial Benefit last Thursday nite. You can bet the place jumped Larry Clark and his band certainly played up some music Joe Gregory, knocked every one out, and many other entertainers just did it up too. . .

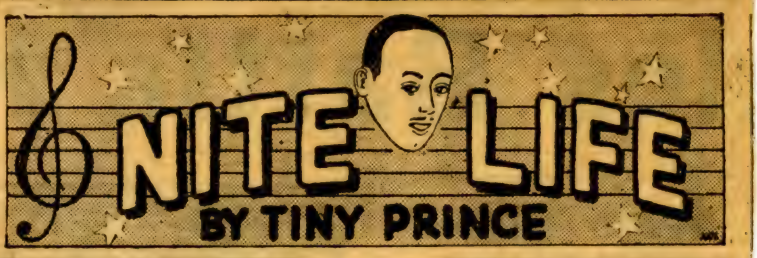
Keep every think right, until next late bright.

The Platons affair was one fine affair last Sunday and everything was as cool as a summer day. Amidst the many guests one could hardly miss the table of Dorothy Grant, it was really laid out with tasty goodies. Met Marie Anderson who was as gay as ever. Elector Bynoe, the tall, teasing brown of the 8 Orchards, socializing like mad. Herbert Smith, Chairman of Club World Inc., seated at the "Mignonett's" table. Let's not forget Zoma Maxwell and Tommy Terrell, Jessie Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton of Jersey City, Hattie Myricks, Marion Money, Rossia Green, Benny Thornton. . . . Spotted Charlie Whigham, the man of the last hour, and good looking Bobby Peale, and Doug Lett, and Wally Taylor of the Tweedsmen.

Meet me at the Howdy Club to see "Four Bars & a Melody."

June 5th 1948

ALD NEWS



CLUB WORLD INC

For the time of your life, "Join the social set for fun and entertainment, $1.00 a year. Yes! its the **CLUB WORLD INC** ... Every one is doing it, such as celebrities like Sarah Vaughn who will receive her membership card . . . The Penquin Canteen will only open Sundays during June July and August. The Postal Alliance affair had many lovlie lassies among their guests. The giddy and gay folks really froliced to the music of Larry Clark. Mrs. Sstelle Washington who is the Charming mother of Muriel Washington of Montclair. Betty Janes, and indian brown Billie Green, eJan Cambell and Chauncey Talbot. Neat elite Mary Smith, and many others. At Terrace Room . . . When June 13, comes put out your "New Look" and I will meet you there. Wrere? The Terrace Ballroom! It will be the Platons, Affair with lads like Bobby Peale, Joseph West, Kenneth Rose, a great club

FASHION PLATE

Miss Clem Allen, at Springfield and Belmont Ave, wearing a black two piece suit, jink blouse, black shoes, a silver fox fur . . . Elwood Dean at the Wallace meeting, wearing a royal blue D.B. suit, grey shirt, blue checkered tie, brown shoes. The Lass Jerry Montgomery, of Queen of Angels choir, wearing blue suit, check blouse, blue shoes and hose and red fox fur.

TAN TOWN SCENES

Musical and vocal teachers are impressed by the voice of Mary Reid, who is one you had better watch. Candy Carter heads this way soon with his band.

Eddie Mosby manager of the Piccadilly, is looking ahed into the future. He plans to bring back "Billy Ford" and his band . . . This aggregation rocked the Pis, and kept the aptrons standing in the aisles until closing time, from Friday until Sunday night. They will open up again at the Pic, June 6, for a six week engagement. This band was also a winner of the Herald News "Musican of the Year Contest" . . . chosen by by you! Eddie, also will bring new talent, plus big time acts, and attractions. Doles Dickins, combo that is becoming an eastern rave was in their knocking out its guests this past week end. They are managed by Fritz Pollard . . . P. S. the Pic will soon be open six nights a week.

camp on the arm of Connie. "What's wrong Rosetta Johnson - - - pray tell us" . . .**

Harry Weber who wrote "The Life of Van Cleve," is back home and the Intellengsia are all aglow. While listening to the "Four Clefs." in the Manor room, spied Hild Edwards, Lottie Dixs, Jackie Wiliams, George Hayes, and Pauline Franklin, sipping . . .James Melvin No. 1 playboy with his lovlie daughter who just returned from school, looking sweet visiting.

Until next week don't peek.



Club World Inc.

Here's the way things shape up at the moment. The Club World Mothers day matinee party is scheduled definitely now for May 9th at the Cafe Superior. Details will be realeased in plenty of time. Its happy birthday to Elizabeth Fuchia, natch. Many people are asking about the "Strangers" a new club. The members names are Marie Anderson, Helen Green, Ruth Roberts, Grace Rogers, Clara Saunders, Emily Smith and Marie Whigham. The advisor is Mr. Lowery I. Ray. . .The affair they presented last Saturday Eve. was super. Wishing to express sincere appreciation "The Three Pals" extend a invitation to their third formal, Saturday, April 24th at Graham Audit. Lucy Hall, Mrs. Berdelia L. Taylor, and Mrs. Doris Hightower are the respected members. President Algine Ray of the Progressive Beauticians Club, promises something new in hair style April 18th at Beautician Hall. Members with Club World cards can eat two hot dogs and a hot chocolate, at the Polar Bar, Belmont and 18 avenue, this week only. The Captivators captured Bob (Lance) Taylor and Velma Gray for Saturday, April 17th twill be one fine frolic at Lloyds, a social must.

Fashion Flash

Mountclairites, Bob (Dark Count) Alves, wearing a sharkskin S. B. suit. His shirts of pastel pink, marron tie, brown shoes, along the avenue. Ethel Mae Moore, in the pink after her recent illness. She wore a black flowered print, black suede pumps and a hat that only Ethel could design, smart. Lawrence Minton passing the Spruce record store attired in a S.B. rough brown tweed suit, olive shirt, brown shoes and hat. Don't forget to send in those letters about your choice for the best dressed woman in Jersey.

Tan Town Scenes

Lads and lassies are clucking like baby chicks, Bull Moose Jackson the musical treat will be hard to beat April 17th at G. A. The whole towns talking and Lucky Millender will be here with his new band. Sarah Smith tripping into Little Johnnies, people gasping at her new look. Watch for the winners of the "Herald News—Musician of the Year Contest". T'will kill you and thrill you. "Warren Evans" record of Don't Be Late re-issue will be out soon. Just in case the wolves would like to know, Eleanor Smith was the name of that cutie girl sipping soda in Hi-Spot Friday nite. The Penguin Canteen romping like mad with Brady Hodges, plus the Jackson Jackson team, whispers Ann Williams, Maggie Wright. Mary Patterson has and engaged look. Billy Ford and Dinah Washington teaming up for a record and dance date. Joe Crump piano mad nab says it isn't true. Eye—perfume-cuties are sweet talking about Nacki Sacki Fats who is knocking them out at the Piccadilly. Anna Mae Hall and Bill Robinson tap artist dancing with a too muhc finess. Twas a happy birthday last Eve, for Jimmy Wilson. Belita, Geneive Stanford our favorite thrush, and community worker expecting a visit from the stork. Wally and Hattie Taylor with gay Larrie Stalks doing the town two nites in session. Blue Monday's Party at Eddie Burtons 570 club, will be jumping along about midnite. Al Cooper bought the Douglas Hotel in Philly, one of those moves by a Jersey lad. The chick that has the spiel of the ala modern is Eula Ferguson. . .Luck to Clarence Brown, opened up his new store at 68 Montgomery street. Sarah Vaughn will be on hand to award the musicians, there O'scars. Tersa Ross, the fashion queen, gave a chittling switch last Saturday that was out of this world. Bill Cook, fans of W. A. A. T. 11:05 till 12 o'clock are calling a known disk jockey Simp-Phony Sid. Until next week I'll be digging you. . .

Suspected leader of dope ring, 10 others held by federal agents

★ ★ ★

RAIDERS FIND 'CLUBHOUSE' IN BASEMENT HERE

One of the alleged ringleaders in North Jersey narcotics traffic and 10 suspected Plainfield "dope pushers" were arrested yesterday by federal narcotics agents in a series of early morning raids in Essex and Union counties.

Narcotics agents, assisted by local police, have seized more than 115 dope peddling suspects since they opened an all-out drive four months ago.

SPORTS FANCY SUITS

The suspected ringleader is George Curtis Hayes, 26-year-old Newark Third Ward resident who police say sported a fancy array of 15 "sharp suits."

The basement of Hayes' home at 21 Bedford st., according to police, was elaborately furnished as a clubhouse where addicts could pick up drugs and "pushers" dropped in for their deadly supplies.

The 10 Plainfield suspects, all charged with illegal possession of narcotics, are:

Willis Ford, 29, a painter of 214 E. Fourth st.; John Cooper, 20, Plainfield High School senior and star athlete, of 427 W. Third st.; Mrs. Bertha Adams, 18, a domestic, of 835 W. Third st.; James Tanner, 28, a Newark musician of 1203 North ave.

RELEASED IN BAIL

James Prayer, 25, a janitor, of 657 S. Second st.; Robert Brown, 33, a laborer, of 444 W. Fourth st.; Mrs. Juanita Brown, 20, a domestic, of 449 W. Third st.; Russel Sykes, 35, a laborer, of 522 W. Third st.; Mrs. Dolores Kaiser Rhea, 21, a housewife, of 417 Plainfield ave.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Merritt, 22, a housewife, of 115 Carlisle terr.

Hayes, Ford, Brown and Prayer were released in $1,000 bail pending federal grand jury action when arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Clohosey in Newark. The other defendants were released in $500 bail.

COPS COOPERATED

Thirteen Plainfield policemen worked with U. S. Narcotics Agents William Schlossberg and Daniel Belmont in rounding up the 10 suspects, Newark Detectives Vanderreet and Anderson assisted in the arrest of Hayes.

Information gained in the raids is expected to lead to other narcotics arrests in North Jersey.





DOPE SUSPECTS—George C. Hayes (top) is flanked by U. S. Marshals Leo Mault (left) and Joseph Sojka following his arrest in Newark. He was called the main source of narcotics for addicts in three North Jersey counties. Below, a deputy marshal (left) escorts Willis Ford and Bob Brown (right) into court for arraignment on narcotics charges. They were among 11 arrested in an all-night roundup in Plainfield.



MAN ABOUT TOWN

If you can't quit it, then keep with it. The Boper session gone with what wind. Cutie pie Jean Miller, Dorothy Cherry gay and in the play with Mary Hudspeth ow-popin-like all saints at Lloyds Manor. The Combo world is aghast! Herb Scott (Scotty on trumpet to you) leaves Dole Dickin group. Wonder where is Shirley McRimmon?? Gay lads are mad cause Charles Williams lost a good one. "Veletones" line up Enoch Mortin, Mike Flanagan, Musline George at present as they stopped over in home town for three days stay. P.S. They will open up in Cleveland, Ohio . . . A must — Dinah Washington's "Laughing Boy" . . . George Smith, with a teasing curly haired chick wrapped up in a dream . . . Cootie Williams battle against Charlie Ventura great . . . Spotted Frank & Emma Carroll balling the jack . . . Ann Baxter the little girl with the voice of tomorrow climbing the ladder step by step. Will appear at Cocktail Sip, every Sunday starting Feb. 20th at Cafe Superior. Catch the "Four Raves" Vibraharp and piano mad Gene Philps, bass Dick Harvest, guitar Eddie Davis, drums Danny Gibson . . . Zoma Terrell one of the best dressed women in Union County doing them up in Tan Town with her hubby Tommy . . . Johnny Nab, hotter than a forty-five in the hills of our Fair city . . . smiles . . . Claude Maxwell, and his band featuring Skippy Williams as vocalist packing the house at Al Cook's . . . If you miss those Monday jams sponsored by Bill Fredericks loungs and 570 Club "shame on you" . . . Quotis "Coprews," Mgr. Robert Hunter, which is supported by fine chicks like Lorie Finley and Ann Komgay . . .

The Fine Brown Frame Contest sponsored by the Elks, Feb. 19th is going to be something that many a young lassie has looked forward to.

Profiles

Billy Ford's trumpet and band, a triple threat out to Tylers Chicken Farm. The stuff that Billy plays like "She Wolf" one of the bands originals, is pleasing with a certain something that hits the spot . . . Yes! there is even madness in the music, but built around a modern——thrill put to score. June Cole at piano, Henry Durant on sax, Billy Emmet on drums, and Buzz Johnson on bass . . . Catch that Watina Allan, shaking at Kinney Club, Oh yeah!

Fashion Who's Who

Lillian Williams wearing a black skirt, red orange blouse, and beret to match with black shoes. Calvin Carter, blue suit white shirt, yellow tie vest, black shoes, overcoat and grey hat.

Club World, Inc.

Members are still talking about our last meeting of clubs. Single members will hold their meeting the third Sunday of each month . . . Watch your mail box for the new single members plan . . . Send all correspondence to Miss M. Jones, 115 Orient avenue, Jersey City, N. J., our Secretary. Send get well cards to Mrs. Elizabeth Keyes of Orange and Clarence Baskerville. J. R. Plowden off to alter Feb. 13th . . . Watch for Queen of High School Contest," here. Brenda Burroughs says "Quote It twill be a cupid date with the Suburban-ites Cupid Frolic. Unquote" Tickets are going fast, so hurry up and get yours for this affair Feb. 12th at Lloyd's Manor.

Sham Tucker, Ad Libs, Tickle Dodger's Patrons; Is Drummer

BY TINY PRINCE

NEWARK—Sham Tucker, the ad-libbing master of ceremonies currently featured at Dodger's Cocktail Lounge, literally ad-libbed his way right out of the cradle into the theatrical world.

The tall handsome lad, who who has been tickling the ribs of Dodger's patrons for the past 32 weeks was born in New York City, and before coming to Dodgers as a M.C., travelled the circuits from coast to coast as a blues singer and tap dancer. Nor does that mark all that the unpredictable Tucker can do for customer's money.

He is regarder as a triple threat entertainer, being able to also sit down and wield a mean pair of drumsticks and carries a Local 802 musicians card to prove it. If that isn't enough, check Downbeat Magazine and you'll find that he received votes for his work on the skins in a popularity contest.

During World War II, Sham travelled 22 months with the USO and made V disc recordings with Duke Ellington and Count Basie. He has also worked with Teddy Wilson, Eddie Heywood, Hot Lips Paige and many others.

Tucker was chosen by drummer and bandleader Gus Young at Dodgers, along with the owners, for the purpose of presenting the sizzling floorshow presentations. Bill Cook's radio show featured him for 16 weeks.

The present show includes talent such as Gloria Robinson formerly of Tab Smith's unit. Dorsey and Young Two demon tap dancers of the Jackie Robinson show. Zorro and Zorita one of the greatest Interpretive dance teams around in the East. Mabel Collins fills the bill with sweet songs that you will enjoy.

FOR SALE

LIVING ROOM COUCH and CHAIR in fine condition

2 GIRLS' WINTER COATS
Sizes 10-12

LADIES' DRESS COATS and CURLY CLOTH COATS
Sizes 16-18

MEN'S OVERCOAT—Size 40

All in Very Good Conditoin

PRIVATE HOME
358 BERGEN AVENUE
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

1947

WHAT'S HAPPENING——

Dear Readers:—The Babs Gonzalez 3 Bips and a Bob are coming to town November 1st. There will be stars from 52nd street and elsewhere. The Graham Auditorium will be packed and they will have Timmie Rogers on hand also to entertain the crowd. The point is—this affair was advertised being given by your boy, Tiny Prince. I wish to retract this statement. Yours truly is not sponsoring this dance at this time.

Bill Cooke, master of ceremonies and disk jockey, will open up at Cafe Superior so soon it will shock you. So be on hand and dig the band.

FASHION FLASH— Yes, it's Fashion Fair, owned and operated by Mae McCree an dAlberta Holley on November 2nd at Lloyd Manor. Clothes and beautiful models, including a pleasing brown Alberta Johnson. Cynthia Loust in a brown dress, pink coat, black suede shoes and bag. Carl Trainor in a dark blue sable coat, light blue shirt, red, white and blue tie, oxford gray trousers and black shoes.

T. T. SOCIETL—Jimmy Fultz, Owl Club owner, and Ethel Moore gave a fling for the Anna Lucasta cast and Bob Taylor—that will long be remembered. All the gay people, who know our one and only Bob Taylor, came out and there were many more. Among those were: Ella Moncur, the beautician; Johnny Jackson, the band leader; Leonardo Hurd, ballroom dancer; Celestal Powell, Ruth Gainous, school teacher; Mr. and Mrs. Lou Blackmon, fashion experts; Fred Clark, publisher; George Thompson, reporter; Dewey Ackis, photographer; Isabelle Cooley, Anne Blanche, Claire Joy, Warren Coleman, Duke Williams, Ray Allen, Slim Thompson, Sidney Porter, Slim Thompson, Sidney Porter, Anita Turner, Ralph Coleman, stage manager; and Harry Gribble, writer and director. Anne Kornegay helped to photograph the group. Others present were Elba Harris, Dotty Thomas, Larrie West and Major Taylor. Yes, don't forget Merritt Smith, who played officer.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—This is service for the services. The Captivators' Fling will be the thing on November 15th. She is a real gone gal—Sue Warrick tempting brown, who is really putting it down. Nacki Sacki-Jackie, manager of the Stall Bar and Grill, Plane street. Lois McGhee looking sweet anl hard to beat. Hep kerricters along the Main Stem are peeved about not receiving invites for the Frank Carroll wedding.

Fat Jennings, big butter and egg man, on the scene as big as a dream. The Sky Club is a coming cozy spot. Watch for the celebrity opening. Helen Miller in from Jersey City—a treat for the beat. Lawrence Miller, one of Newark's greatest singing super alue. Anna Stevenson back from the Apple—it's that guy. The Monday nite jame at Lloyd Manor teriffic—plus the Ravens and Savoy Sultans on November 1st. Sam Culbert doing 'em up and looking like always. Pearl Ormbly and Ida Miller going greater and looking sweeter down at the Postal Alliance Fall Dance. Tiny King sipping and tipping. Regrets and my sincere condolences are extended to the Ernest Royal family—one grand guy. Tony Jenkins off to Ohio to chirp. Justine Johnson ellow and yellow. I feel like Mutt and Jeff in a Lincoln Zeph. It's on the beat and really al reat—so dig this stuff cause it's good enough. Arnett Cobb coming to town to do them up in brown. Dig pig. Savoy Shorty looking very sporty—meanwhile, let's stay in style and smile. Be seeing you at the Tweedsmen—Terrace Room—Spook Nite. I'm going to cut on down to barbecue zoom and knock myself out with some chitlings.



George J. Johnson and Melonee Jones. Is it true Rosalie Jackson is one of our most charming women, P. S.—that's why she is President of Suburban Set, who gave frolic last Sat. nite at Lloyds Manor. Among the guests were Clavon Jackson, Lil Williams, Richard Vivian, Mitchele, Harold and Wilma Warnick and gay Anna Hall sipping and tipping. Meet me at Terrace Room Nov. 19th, going to trip and tip with my boy Duke Ellington, presented by "14 Pals". . . . Its also the 14th Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. A. Washington, smiles.

Fashion Who's Who

Millinery and dress maker Lucille Greene of Bayonne doing the spots in city wearing whats new in bronze bootery, beige two-piece dress, brown suede bag, hat and gloves. Wally Davis, tweed herringbone grey suit, white shirt, blue grey tie, blue suede shoes, blue overcoat, grey hat. "Along Fifth Avenue" tickets with Janet Beadle they say is a must at Terrace Room Nov. 21st 7 p. m. . . .

Man About Town

REPORTS—Mid-winter scenes, not high powered dreams are the talk of tan town this week. Every Jack and Jill is thrilling to the hard to get heat of George Barkley's band at "Pic" Dig! you heard it there—and read it here. Bashful Bubbles, terrific, tops many mad tenor men. Yes! and don't forget "Pic Cocktail" hour Sunday 28th.

Nov 20

ESSEX

SPRINGFIELD AVENUE

Dec 11-48



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Attention all members . . . during the week of January 1st, 1949 all club delegates will meet under the Board of Directors to discuss next years program. If you are thinking about buying Xmas presents send for Club Worlds reduction list . . . The whole town is talking about Rebecca Newby joining those girls about town the Eight Orchids . . . A&T College Alumni Ass., Inc. gave their annual Student Benefit dance. Music was by Brady Hodges and band plus singing of Fred Patterson . . Each year this fine Ass. gives a dance to raise money to send some boy or girl down to A&T College. Among those present were Tootie Equire, Harold Ray. Billy Edwards of Tweedsmen. President Thomas Simmons, Arnie G. Leake, the Lowther Brothers and many more gay people.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Nackie Saki Fats, wearing blue suit, brown shoes, white shirt, blue tan tie, overcoat polo. Willa Den Moore, fur coat, green dress black gloves & bag suede shoes.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Reports . . . Nite clubs are going through a slow period Santa is taken his toll. Never the less the better clubs are still carrying on. giving out with the best . . . The "Piccadilly Club" features the "Piccadilly Pipers" the No. 1 music Combo. . . Clem Moorman piano man of this group was once president of South Sides High School, French Society. Guest include Roselie Hicks Edgar Pope, and Rachel Young who state "they are tops." . . . Illness takes Eddie Vinson out of action ten days, resumes band activity Dec. 17th . . . Jazz fanatics like Dorothy Gross and Arnold Bostic are treking to How'dy Club these colored nites. Redd Foxx the new M.C. is tickling the customers to death with jokes. Winnie Windy Warren her songs and saxaphone great . . . Pic Luncheonette, 310 W. Kinney You hungry? Let's stop in at the St. Modena Davis Chihuahwa dog, name is Chico. The "4 Caldweils" and Herbie Fields band in Baltimore, Maryland. Hortense Pendelton still one of those fine frames, look cookie . . . Hats off to the Herald News air time. WHBI 1:15-1:30 Sunday Dec. 12th.

Duke Ellington, Dec. 11, at Laurel Gardens, a must. The "Four Cleffs" knocking them out at Lloyds Pine Room. Rose Good, the little brown angel has a pretty pair of gams (legs to you) smiles . . . Bill Cook is getting better and bigger than the best "Dec. 10th Cab Drivers Ball at Lloyds Manor," says Jessie Pearson, President **Open Letter—We take time out to thank the entertainers and our many guest for their attendance at our previous affair. Thanks! Roscoe Dyla & Grace Smith.**

J'avais Perdu La Fete Et Ma Parruque (I've lost my head and my wig).

BURNET ROSEN
We Invite You to Visit the
HILL'S MOST MODERN AND
UP-TO-DATE BAR
Where You Can Obtain Choice
WINES - LIQUORS - BEERS
JOHN MORRISON, Mgr.
164 Spruce Street Newark, N. J.

DOORS OPEN 11:30 A.M.
COURT
WEST MARKET & HIGH STREETS
MA. 3-4173

Thurs., Fri., Sat. Dec. 9, 10, 11
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
"TARZAN and The MERMAIDS"
— also —
"Courage of Lassie"
In Technicolor
SAT. MAT. — EXTRA FEATURE
"PHANTOM VALLEY"

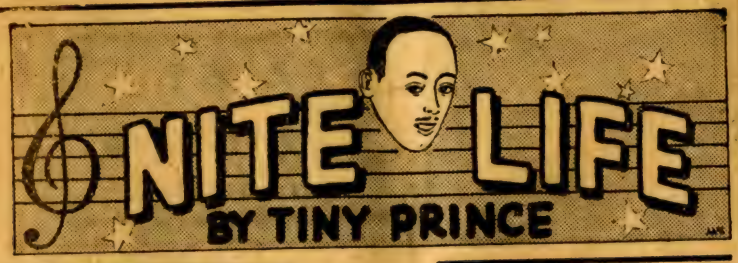
Sunday, Monday Dec. 12, 13
"South of Tahiti"
with MARIA MONTEZ
— also —
WALLACE BEERY
"Mighty McGurk"

Tues., Wed. Dec. 14, 15
"Out of the Blue"
GEORGE BRENT - VIRGINIA MAYO
— also —
"Sutter's Gold"

Warners **SAVOY**
101 SPRINGFIELD AVE. NK

Friday Dec. 9, 10

Jan 17, 48

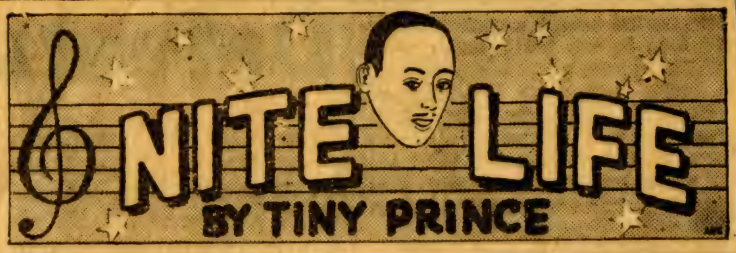


Frantic Enterludes—Okay jack; we'll stash right on back and dig the news and the reviews. Arthur Terry, the happy go lucky ear bender is doing a M.C. stint at Dodgers Lounge, real gone .. When one wants to think of the best in song and dance, its always Anna Mae Hall, and Gertrude Turner. They have been knocking out the customers in Albany N.Y.

Pops: put on your dancing shoes, and let's chase away the blues . . . Jan. 17, Saturday nite at a early bright. Things will be right with the great "Arnett Cobb", and his band at Graham's . . . "Wilson's Cafe" a white palce of high repute in Philly, features your lads and mine the "Piccadilly Pipers" Clem Moorman, Ernie Ransome, aPtches and Bonnie the chick who sings . . .They are on a new label . . . Hep-ocrats are still raving about the singing of Judy Roberts, who is down at the rumpus room of the Howdy Club .. Babs Brown and his 3 bips and a bop, voted third place in the Metrotone . . Babs picture is in the artistic drawing in the Esquire . . . Lloyds Manor is really rocking and the Monday nites are a must. The sky Club is getting warmed up for the opening. Friday nites are awakenings of music by the Dictators, a young impressive group. Ann Cornell slated for a Broadway show . . . Herman "Slick" Taylor is the first of the 48 golden boys . . . The Grand Hotel has excellent service in their new dinner since the renovation, whispers bartender Eddie Davis . . . Sarah Vaughn, the chick that is on and gone, will arrive in the home town soon. Bill Goode's group dickering for a spot in the famous "Baby Grand". Is it really true what they say about Mrs. Marva Louis: Togge Smyth's bass player Clarence Mack, now in the Lloyd Bar is being hunted by a big band. Keep your eyes opened for the 1948 Musician and Entertainers contest. Duke Anderson, former director of the "Eddie Ransome" Band is back in East Orange his home town.

Fashion Flash— Zoma Maxwell, of Vaux Hall wearing one of those pretty Otto Mink coats with a two piece grey suit beneath. The greyish pink kerchief adorned her head of black hair like viel, and black Russian boots were on her feet . . . The barber that knocks me out is the one at the Friendly Barber Shop 311 Prince St., Oh- yeah Curly . . . Leon Gibbons, has that new double breasted overcoat of tweed, that is on.. Rene Starks, in that thousand dollars of Mink . . .. smiles . . . .

Club Whirl—After the Cosmetolgist dance, caught a few of the many guest tripping up on 13th street for light breakfast. Those seen among the many were Pauline Cofield, Son Good, Dolly Robinson, Mr. Mrs. Dru, and Othello Ashe. Late guest out of the chilly nite, charming Mary Pitts, Louis Eppirson, Dixie Kenny, May Humphrey and many others . . . The Decim Puella's members are with us now, cute girls. And lets not forget the Sepia Businessmen Ass'n Inc. have something to offer. Its happy birthday to entertainers Flo Thomas, Editor Butts Brown, Miss Mercer Reed, and Miss Mattie Jackson. Watch for the new exclusive Club Whirl, detatched from this column, featured in the paper every week. Every one is sending in their letters for Club Whirl applications, "Have you?" . . Well you had better get started for the closing date is February 1st . . . Until next week, till I take another peek . . . .



Hi Members! What are your intentions for '49? Will your affairs be a success? How can you help keep your club in the limelight? You can find these and many more answers in the Club World Contract Plan. . . . Watch for 1949 Queen of High School. . . . **Yours truly will M.C. the Dubuteens amateur nite and dance February 12, so be on hand to clap your hands. Baby Arnold J. Bryant christened by Rev. Johnson of Metropolitan Zion A.M.E. . . . Les Fille Bonne cocktail sip coming will be the talk of the Tan Town. Miss Ruby Jones and Lester Miller dated to wed Sunday, twenty-third of Jan.**

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Celestral Powell, grey caracul coat, brown felt hat trimmed in green feathers and green suede shoes. Eddie Mack wearing a S.B. brown suit, white shirt, red tie, brown shoes and polo coat at Graham Audit.

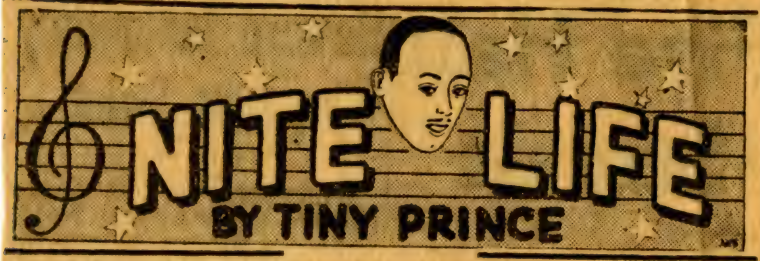
L. Jordan packs 'em in. . . . Pancho Diggs, a N.Y.U. after master degree in music. . . . Ann Washington gone Dr. student, working for N. J. Branch of New York Age. . . . Johnny Small tapping at Mombasi. . . . Dorothy Taylor of Asbury Park cute visiting Tan Town, Newark to you. Grace Smith opens at Lloyds Manor, Thursday night with Four Cleffs, be digging you. Dotty Lawrence and Delores German enchanting on with the lights Hip Hipkens.

2-in-1 SHOW WILD BILL MOORE AT GRAHAM AUDIT

NEW YORK — Memphis Slim who up to this time has been a top southern attraction is about to invade the north. His northern record followers through their demands will now see as well as hear the most terrific blues attraction since the barnstorming days of Bessie Smith.

Memphis Slim, who could be called the "Blues Pied Piper" of America first gained recognition as the boy sensation of Beale Street in Memphis when only 13 years old. Born to the piano, he has developed a style that lends a modern twist to the blues, but still retains that peculiar and lamenting rhythm that has justly created for him the title, "Crown Prince of the Blues."

He has the distinction of releasing more consistent record hits in 1948 than any of his contemporaries. He has become distinguished by such outstading hits as "Rockin' The House", "Motherless Child", "Life Is Like That", and his sensational hit that sweeped the country, "Messin' Around".



MAN ABOUT TOWN

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NITE LIFE
BY TINY PRINCE

CAFE SOCIETY

"Piccidilly Club"',—Hats off to the management presented Ike Quebec, sensational tenor, Esquire award winners, Milton Jackson on vibes, Art Blakely on drums, Brother Moncur on bass, and Duke Anderson on piano. This place could easily become the showplace of hot combo's if, followed up with groups like Billy Ford, whispers-Geneive Weathers, Savoy Shortie, Fred Patterson, Millicent Brown and the many hundreds, plus Walter Fuller big time arranger. Lonnie Johnson's "Tomorrow Night", was his theme for over seven years. . . **"Lloyds Manor" Quest Jean Cambell, Reggie Gatling and cutie LaVera Connover, are willing to bet a hundred that the "Four Clefs" who returned by popular demand out draw all other local attractions.** "Wini Brown", whose record hit "Gone Again" with Lional Hampton, stars at Kingston Lounge, Brooklyn, N.Y. doing single act. "Dixie Cocktail Lounge" Carteret, N.J. the ladie impersonator "Snooks", wiggling like a eel out of water.. . . Europe awaits thee Erskine Hawkins band. "Cafe Superior", August 6th, 9:00 p.m. until-Bathing Beauty Talent Show!! stage and nite club entertainment plus dancing—is it a date? "Babs 3 Bips and A Bop", recordings are not played by Symphony Sid. on his W.M.C.A. programs. . . . Why?? Claude Maxwell and Gloria Jenkins as one, is it love??? Ink Spots to pose for famed Cu-Psychatric Technican, Marion ban Painter, Herbierto Maza. Bryant sweet and elite spotlighting with Harvey L. Judkins No. 4 gayboy of Jersey. . . . Girls!! Henry Watts is selling records at "Perrymans" 168 Prince street. . . Moonight bus ride to Coney Island sponsored by "Two Pals"', August 14th, leaving Belmont and Spruce street. Many chicks are leap yearing, buying advance tickets for their love one. Send get well cards to little Jean Melvin. . . . Thelma Sapp of East Orange with M. C. Arthur Terry the toast of mirth doing the scene. . . "Atlantic City Club Harlem, Royill Reid down there knocking every one ut, sent her best regards.

FASHION PLATES

Ann Korngay wearing blue linen dress, brown white shoes, and red coco tan, with Theresa Ross who sported a printed dress and Chinese straw shoes, stopping in Newark to purchase a few items, on way from Atlantic City going to Orchard Beach. . . . Nacki Sacki Jacki wearing grey pnts, white shirt, brown strow, suede blue loafers. Bill Malone, eggshell D. B. suit hand stitched white shirt red blue yellow tie, sport shoes, at Howdy Club. . . .

CLUB WORLD, INC..

"Asbury Park, Palm Gardens, Rene Starks fashioner, Harold Zimmjker and the baseball family Mr. and Mrs. Abe and Ethel Manley. The Hotel Carver's guest included Sally Malone, Dick Kemp, also the late Slinky Browns widow, who is very attractive, and Brother Sinclair. A billion happy days to that lucky girl, who marries Milton Irvin, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Blackmons son William Lee Jr., of 591 High street, gave a frolic Saturday nite that rocked the midget set. Delicious tasty bits were arranged by W. Rhymer a chef. Among the many young people were Charles Odoms, Edwin Maete of Orange, N.J. P. F. C. Bob Wilson of Camp Kilmer, Aurndra Halt of Vauxhall, N. J. Andrew Levie Jr., Juanita Andrews, Jacquetha Thomas, Robert Floyd, William Thomas, Bertha Andrews, Robert Richardson, Rose Freedman, Delores Jenkins, Merlin Payne, Larry Pratt, John Benson, Archie Dennie Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. Dowdell, Gilbert Strothers of Newark and Kenneth Thomas of Union, N.J. a polite time was had by all until the wee hours. . . . Skeets Johnson squiring charming Jackie Jones a visitor from St. Louis about town. Happy house warming to Mr. and Mrs. Smith of 564 Hunterdon street everyone was there. . . .. . It was a happy birthday last Saturday to Tony Hinton of Jersey City. . . . Next Week read-how Ella Fitzgerald's Songs Route Burlesque Strippers on 52nd street in this column, . . .

BLIND HAMIT'S
Lesson in Arithmetic

069 -:- 177

245 + 183

KEY

3

009

2

ADD		SUBTRACT	
450	840	965	489
		231	432
580	660		
276	806	749	694
		235	147
112	511		
239	245	853	468
		236	321

The answers to the above mathematical problems are as follows: Addition, 1,896 and 3,062; Subtraction (reading downward), 734, 514, 617, 552, 547 and 147. 320—438 293—843.

St. "G"
WONDER WORKER

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

WHAT'S HAPPENING—Oops-ala-la, the town is all a rave. It's been done and after romping from coast to coast, as a hepsters toast, they are here . . "KING COLE TRIO" . . , plus Tiny Bradshaw and his great band, the mad okay crew oing what's new, and a yes mon Calipso band. You can jump, be-bop, swing or rhumba until you find your unmber. From 9 until 2 a.m. at the Newark Armory, easy greasy, don't slide, you might skin your hide.

Girls! are you helping your veterans of World War II? Well, if not here is your chance to and also win many boxes of nylon stockings and solid gold compacts. Stop in at the Bancroft Inter office, 157 West Market street, Newark for further details.

Join The Club Whirl Now

FASHION FLASH — Edward Mack, attired in blue S. B. two button suit, blue sport California roll shirt, tan shoes, brown hat, white hankerchief in breast pocket. Clara Waters wearing a hound's tooth S. B. two piece suit, white lace blouse, black suedes and black bag-cute. Charlie Pender rated as best dressed man in Jersey has twenty-six suits of clothing. Eugene Gray's high priced furs worn only by the millinery women of High street.

T. T. SOCIETY—Please don't say I didn't tell you, here tis. THE best dressed women of all, are planning this fall. So if you want to see what's in mind you better get on some 400 time. Mesdames Holly and McCree operators of the most talked about dressmaking establishment will present their Fashion Show on November 2. My table will be open to you and you so come and see something new. Our Lady Queen of Angels put their best foot forward in their annual Holy Name parade. Thomes Swangin, colored policeman led the men in frock coat and high hat, grand-marshall. Receiving quite a hand along Broad st., the oclored lads really strutted their stuff.

A trillion years of wedded bliss for Emma Kaye and Frank Carol, golden boy, who were wedded Sunday. The party was given by the Girls, Fay Bates, Bessie Castlery, Eunice Cary, Bernice Saunders at 341 Halsted street, East Orange. I met Julius Hewlett there also Zita Perman, Ralph Jones, Charlie Mae Bato, Jimmy L. Hunt, Connie Washington. Siping we spotted Connie Washington, Edward Forbes, sharp; Eward Clark, Jean Carey, cute. Connie Washington, Sanford Foster, Dorothy West doing a interpretative dance and many others gaying.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — November 1—Lloyds the "Ravens" and Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans romping and stomping like only they can. Summen is a thing of the past the fall is here at last. Buddy Ghee's and Brees (meanfellows and girls) this jive is studied up in the book of 100-Jimmy and Jackiewere given that fling on 16 Lillie st., 1st floor. Brother Moncur bereating and sweating in Smalls on his bass. Levi Jackson, the gone goner Yale football player is the idol of the fields. Connie Foster and his charming wife, siping and tipping. Cozy Cole drummer Number 1 rehearsing at Graham's with Togge Smythe, the sax hound, Clarer[illegible] Mack, bass and June [illegible] Green lad[illegible]

week. Billye Smith, the sandy dandy chick of waffle fame doing it up.

He's a great guy and real spry, Charlie Matthews, ward leader. Anne Mae Hall and Bill Robinson bowling like mad. Mr. Smith goes to Washington, D. C. with Smith, Jr. Saturday nite. Spotted our gal Evelyn Boyden after working hours oing a girl scout's good deed. Christian Dukes talked about as one of the neatest chicks in town. P. S. she's as groovey at her best in a dress.

Babs, 3 Bips and a Bop and Hadda Brooks trio on November 1 at Graham Auditorium—dues $1.00. Things will be real cool which is a rule. Tweedmen's, October 31, Terrace Room, spooks and ghists will be our host. Bob Alrees Dark Count, really on his mount, dig the wigle on the giggle next copy time . . then you're in if you grin.

Frantic Enterludes—Okay jack; we'll stash right on back and dig the news and the reviews. Arthur Terry, the happy go lucky ear bender is doing a M.C. stint at Dodgers Lounge, real gone .. When one wants to think of the best in song and dance, its always Anna Mae Hall, and Gertrude Turner. They have been knocking out the customers in Albany N.Y.

Pops: put on your dancing shoes, and let's chase away the blues . . . Jan. 17, Saturday nite at a early bright. Things will be right with the great "Arnett Cobb", and his band at Graham's . . . "Wilson's Cafe" a white palce of high repute in Philly, features your lads and mine the "Piccadilly Pipers" Clem Moorman, Ernie Ransome, aPtches and Bonnie the chick who sings . . .They are on a new label . . . Hep-ocrats are still raving about the singing of Judy Roberts, who is down at the rumpus room of the Howdy Club .. Babs Brown and his 3 bips and a bop, voted third place in the Metrotone . . Babs picture is in the artistic drawing in the Esquire . . . Lloyds Manor is really rocking and the Monday nites are a must. The sky Club is getting warmed up for the opening. Friday nites are awakenings of music by the Dictators, a young impressive group. Ann Cornell slated for a Broadway show . . . Herman "Slick" Taylor is the first of the 48 golden boys . . . The Grand Hotel has excellent service in their new dinner since the renovation, whispers bartender Eddie Davis . . . Sarah Vaughn, the chick that is on and gone, will arrive in the home town soon. Bill Goode's group dickering for a spot in the famous "Baby Grand". Is it really true what they say about Mrs. Marva Louis: Togge Smyth's bass player Clarence Mack, now in the Lloyd Bar is being hunted by a big band. Keep your eyes opened for the 1948 Musician and Entertainers contest. Duke Anderson, former director of the "Eddie Ransome", Band is back in East Orange his home town.

Fashion Flash — Zoma Maxwell, of Vaux Hall wearing one of those pretty Otto Mink coats with a two piece grey suit beneath. The greyish pink kerchief adorned her head of black hair like viel, and black Russian boots were on her feet . . . The barber that knocks me out is the one at the Friendly Barber Shop 311 Prince St., Oh- yeah Curly . . . Leon Gibbons, has that new double breasted overcoat of tweed, that is on. Rene Starks, in that thousand dollars of Mink . . .. smiles . . . .

Club Whirl—After the Cosmetolgist dance, caught a few of the many guest tripping up on 13th street for light breakfast. Those seen among the many were Pauline Cofield, Son Good, Dolly Robinson, Mr. Mrs. Dru, and Othello Ashe. Late guest out of the chilly nite, charming Mary Pitts, Louis Eppirson, Dixie Kenny, May Humphrey and many others . . . The Decim Puella's members are with us now, cute girls. And lets not forget the Sepia Businessmen Ass'n Inc. have-something to offer. Its happy birthday to entertainers Flo Thomas, Editor



Club World, Inc.

Salutations friends! Watch for our list of where to buy it cheaper when you are a club member. The "Prima Donna S. C. is looking forward into the future with something now. Happy Birthday, Onita Harrison and Wylman Jackson Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Alves, celebrating their 4th wedding anniversary Oct. 29. Mandy Ross and his band on the bandstand at Terrace Room. Graduates and non alike whisper that Mandy is again on the up beat. Ralph Cooper and New York agents interested in this band. . . . Sunday's talk about the baby shower of Kitty Matthews. . .

Fashion Who's Who

Leona Shields, wearing a grey suit, blue topper, pink blouse, suede shoes and bag. Carl Haley of Branford Record Co., attired in a grey flannel suit, grey shirt, blue-white tie, brown suedes Rene Starks, fashion almode, Nov. 14th at Alumni House 4 and 8 o'clock showing. . . .

Man About Town

Report. . . . Picadilly's new interior opening soon. Meanwhile the crowd continues to flock to see shows like the Piccadilly Pipers, Savoy Shorty, Pearl Freeman, say the pic is tops and service super to many others. Notes to the public . . . Many important musical people have rated Grace Smith as tops. . . . Yet there always are a few mud slingers around. Well to you few, it's not the singing of Grace that makes her tops, but her attitude to give a hand wherever it is needed, regardless. The same goes for Reese La Rue, the shake dancer. Free hot dog with every two at "Polar Bar" anniversary Nov. 9th, 18th and Belmont Aves. . . .

Modena B. Davis, Colestral Powell raving about the new Sinatra in technicolor, Otis Mosby featured in Lloyds Manor. Good samaritan singer Dinah Washington victimised makes fifty dollar contribution to phony aid society. The "Howdy Club" still hotter than hades with Gus Young and his band. "Rence Collins" singing sweetly and "Cherry Red", knocking them dead. See the "Orioles" here Nov. 9th, plus a host of celebrities. The Bridge Unit, cool and everything nice. The new dinners, under Billy Malone's "Mom", Mrs. Hattie Malone. . . . Giggling girls at station to meet Tony Jenkins, singer, in from Washington, D. C., on way to Frolic Bar, Detroit. . . . The 21st Anniversary of Herald News dance limelighted with outstanding people like Mrs. Grace Spinster, teacher for 42 years; Major Taylor, sportsman, Mrs. Wylia, Carlotta Kemp, dancing teacher. Mrs. Bates of Atlantic City. Gay people like Jimmy and Teresa Ross of Hollywod Ave., E. O. Johnny Jackson's band suplied the dance and show music. . . . **Remember . . . 'twill be a close shave, if you don't behave.**

Polar Bar 1st Anniversary

A little over a year ago, Nov. 9, 1947, at Belmont Avenue a new spot was opened, serving hot dogs, soda, coffee, sandwiches, etc., a snack bar owned and operated by Jules Gershman. Determination was his aim to serve the people the best for less. The snack bar with best accommodations for all has a straight counter in front and a circular bar and tables in the rear, a juke box with the latest in sweet and hot records. One free hot dog with every two bought will be served, Nov. 9, 1947, at this gala occasion. Three attendants ready to serve you between 9:30-10:30 a. m. and 6:30-7:30 p. m.

"New Piccadilly"

The Piccadilly Club, one of the foremost leisure spots taking on a new face. A spacious new lounge is being put in order by the management under the supervision of Clarence Hayes and Johnny Williams. The enlargement will seat 500 at one show, setting elevated. In the last month under a new policy this place has climbed into the hearts of smart loving public. Among the new additions will be a snack bar. Hal Singer and his band, Lucky Thompson, Winni Brown, Grace Smith, Sarah Vaughn, Nacki Sacki Jackie, Wyone Harris and the Piccadilly Pipers have been featored here. Excitement and fon awaits you on the Grand Opening nite, six nites a week plus Club World nite for all clubs. New attraction here Wednesday. . .



Club World, Inc.

Members! Let's discuss Club World's 49 policy, and also to name new Board of Advisors. Hear whats new about giving dances for 49. Club World Inc., wants to help clubs cut expenses in half with more advertisement streamline bands and acts . . . Who is the Queen of High School? Happy Birthday to Dee Johnson, Lillian M. Hurdle, Bernice Simpkins, singer Bill Goode, Venus Walker, Jimmie Grant and Charles S. Kelly . . . See you at Debuteens Y.W.C.A. Orange, N. J. your M.C. at Amateur nite.

Fashion Who's Who

Dear Tiny,

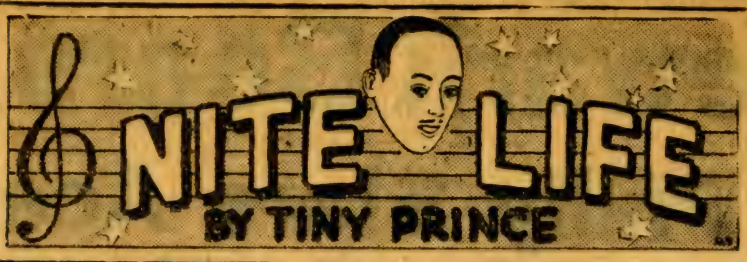
In reply to your choice of the Ten Dressed Women of 48, where have you been that you could overlook as smart a dresser as Miss Ola Mae Miller of Newark and Mrs. Flossie McIntyre also of Newark. In my opinion the judgment of good wearing apparel goes much farther than flash — its good taste and the ability to wear clothes well. This is not to belittle the ones you've chosen, but to serve merely as a reminder. A faithful reader of your column. E. Thornton . . . answer next week.

Man About Town

The Howdy Club hilarious these quiet evenings when Redd M. C. Foxx takes stint at mike, plus "Susan Love" . . . . Chancey Talbot gay boy now owns a dry cleaners. Charlie Ventra and Jackie Cain will be Be Bopping in town soon. Billie Holliday in custody again . . . Ophelia King, wearing a watch and ring that would make some chicks envious . . . Chippies getting ready for trek to Apollo Theatre, New York to dig "Corn Bread" Hal Singer and his band . . . Charges are being made about Twin City Skating Arena discrimination against colored people . . . Lloyd Manor "Grace Ladies Blues Smith," wowing them. Nat Brown, a treat, but Joe "Vibraharp" Manning and the Cleffs are strictly on a pleasing entertaining kick. They have added harmony and melody to their unit . . . A complete new outfit with Frank Brown on piano, Charles Slade, cocktail drums, Joseph Watson, on bass . . . Exciting but pleasing is the word — their new efforts hold patrons spellbound listening for more . . . Nice people — that's Lucille Green . . . Club Mombasi alive with the jive "Nacki (cool semooth) Fats" M.M. doing them up like only he can . . . Tony Jenkins recorded two numbers accompanied by organ "Dreaming All the Time and "I'll Never Forgive Myself". Skippy Williams to sing at Camp Kilmer . . . Old Timers affair par excellent, folks seen tipping home like Charlie Williams, Bernice Carey, James (pretty) Melvin, Roy Jackson, Eight Orchids, Inc. Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hayes, Albert Gibbons, Wally and Modena Davis, Sarah Smith, Bitsy Scudder and his charming wife Doris. Sipping among the throng "Orthea (eye cute) Howard," Major Taylor, Adeline G. Alexander, Nacki Sacki Fats and Rebecca dress designer Newby. Battle of Wild Bill Moore and Memphis Slim will be messing around yet their going to rock. Jan. 29th, at Graham Audit.

Until next bright hope you see the light . . .

Saturday, Marcn 5, 1949



Profiles

Eddie Burton owner of 570 Club congenial smiling and gay . . . Not a worry or care in the world, a jolly fine fellow to all that knows him. You could spot a mile, the fellow with the twinkle in his eye, serving on the left during the Monday sundown jams. You could of met the Washington's the Jackson's, Bessie Mae and her friends from the Majestic Beauty Bar, boy! what a session. Yeah! and Eddie Burton, gay boy right smack in the middle of all this . . .

Fashion Who's Who

Eye, teasing brown Hazel Mack, wearing a blue blouse, blue earrings, grey skirt, black pumps and bag . . . Laudrick Milligan, attired in D.B. blue suit, white shirt, red poker dot tie, yellow brown overcoat, hat and shoes . . . The whole town talking, the whole fashion world will be there, where! at King Hiram's Lodge, March 12th, the 1949 Artsit and Models Ball. Costumes stores are being over run by the gay folks trying to get into that night's glamour. Be seeing you there . . .

Cafe - Au - Lait - Society

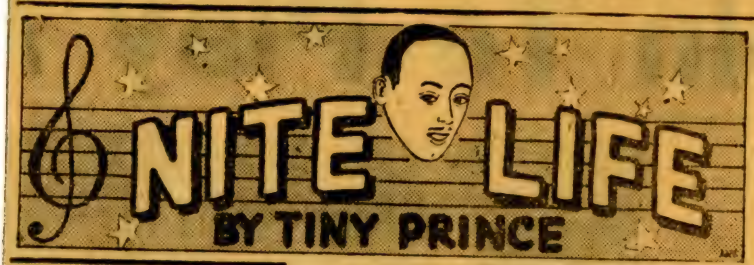
"Everything is real cool" — The Monday nite Jams are booming Lloyds Manor, groovy-Grahams Audit, like a movie, smiles. You can't miss getting your kicks, if you dig these two licks . . . Palace Blue Room, featuring the female Bert Williams, Jackie (Mom) Mabley, A. Terry, M.C. supported by the Toggie Smythe and his mad four sounds. The musical tone of Toggie's sax, won him the Herald News award last year, he is a "I must see and hear". Happy Birthdates to Clifton Small and Skippy Williams. Is Ella Fitzgerald for Bop or Jazz ask fans? This singer was one of the first to introduce BeBop to the general public, after seeking the info from our own Babs Gonzales of 3 Bips and a Bop fame.

Geenbrier Inn, in Eatontown, N. J. is all dressed up for its season's patrons shouts, Bill Roberts your favorite bartender. Booking Agency's say Skippy Williams is a naughty girl. Met cute baby Carolyn Marie Whigam in her stroller with her charming mom . . . Every Jack'n Jill will be up to Laurel Garden March 5th. Dinah Washington, the Ravens, and Cootie Williams, a thee point package of entertainment. Music, swing and congo 'bop' will be your dancing and listening pleasure . . .

Chicks like Lottie Dix, Adeline Gatlin, Mary James plus oodles of cats are gone over the eye popping pictures drawn by Valtrae, Ike Williams, at Little Johnny's . . . Mr. and Mrs. Clement Sampson of Trenton, N. J. honeymooning in Tan Town. Memphis Slim has the only complete album of Bessie Smith records. Joe Manning's Four Clefs off to Club Fourteen in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Spotted Louise Sampson and Dorothy and Wilbur Hancock at the Venturra Dance . . . Nite lifers will be surprised to know beautician Pauline Cofilde is expecting a visit from the stork . . . When gay times meet at Pop Durham's Alcazar its to chat with bartender Lero y Harriell who is the queens toast, for all the fine wrens and hens.

Feb 19-49

NEW JERSEY HERALD NEWS



AFTER HOURS

Ow la-la-tis-cool things are getting better all the time. The change of show time at Lloyds Manor. "The Les Hommes Des A'rs" are here. The Harlam Club on Belmont Ave. moving in the spotlight . . . Charlie Ventura and his band, Benny Green on trumpet, Jackie Cain singing and Roy Karl, its going to be a date so get it straight Feb. 26th, the pdace Lloyds Manor. Coleman's Label has something new on the Ray-O-Vacs—"Happy Am I" to be released soon . . . They are rocking the A1 Muriel Rasberry a young cutie-pie . . . February birthdays, Clarence Mack, Wm. McHarris, Muriel Cross, Robert Monroe, Lottie Dix and John F. Aeriel. "Meet me at the Monday jam sessions" is the local fraze says Bill Fredricks. Dodgers Lounge will open up real soon. Arthur Terryl will C. C. the "Elks Fine Brown Frame Contest," Feb. 19th . . . Sarah Vaughn, in the Chicago "Blue Note." Where is Fred Patterson? not with Brady Hodges band . . . Notables gossiping about Rene's Artist & Modells ball. Interior Decorators working into the wee hours on Litle Johnny's Tavern.

PROFILES

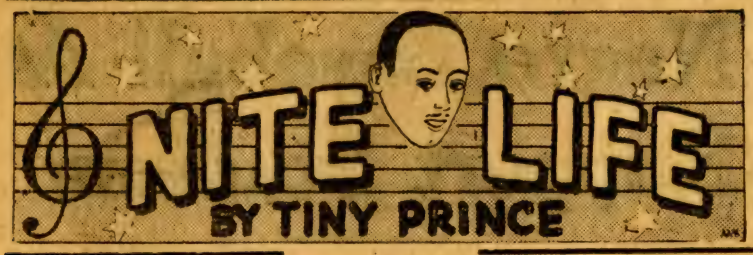
Joe "Vibraharp" Manning, and the Clefs, a group that is moving to the top fast . . . This unit features Frank Brown on piano a lad who has it, Charlie Slade on bongo drums, Joseph Watson on bass. Music with harmony, and a drive that keeps you patting your feet or snapping your fingers. Watch for their recording "Cream Cheese & Jelly." Joe Manning has built something that has folks talking and pushing him into top spots in ew Jersey, and New York's Apollo Bar, where they open this week.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Glamours Orthea Howard, wearing grey brown sharkskin skirt, dark grey gabradine blouse, brown poney skin coa, suede brown shoes and bag, and French grey tam. . . Earl Hill, attired in blue grey herringbone S.B. suit, white shirt ,checkered red tie, brown shoes, grey hat, brown ulster topcoat.

Club World, Inc.

Saturday Eve past was one to remember. The Suburban - ites Cupid Frolic at Lloyds Manor was gay and in the play. Among the guests were those "Men of Affairs" and the "Les Hommes Des A'rs" whose table was filled with goodies and liquid taste. Their members are eight James Boyden, Pres. Samuel Hawks, Bus. Manager, James King, Eula Porter, Secretary, James Smith and Harry Van Pelt Senior. Friends sipping at this table were Betty Parish, Grace Lee and many others. . . . Leo Guy and Lou Blakley, Leonard Smith tripping and tipping. Ethel & Beans Jackson the newlyweds sitting along with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Mitchell. Oh Yeah Moe Jones, Eleanore Morris and Jack Howell congo and rhumba mad. . . . Spotted our boy Jimmie Tillery cool as ever. Vauxhallite Coridean Green sitting with the folks from Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hinton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hancock, and Louise Samford. . . . "Les Bonne Filles" Erma Lowery, Elizabeth Davis and Molly Greenlee girls after one's own heart. Mary Gilmore Roosevelt Davis Skeets Johnson, Jean Pouncey, Rudolph Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll were among the many hundred socialites out to this rollicking, frolic affair.



Profiles

Singer and bongo player Mary Reed Jordan born in North Carolina, came to Newark in 1927. She is a member of Mt. Zion Baptist Church in Newark, N. J., where she lives owning her own home with parents and brothers and sisters. The entertainment field needs new faces and Mary's face is one that will help carry on the show. Mary has always been popular and has many friends. She has worked with Herman Bradley as vocalist and the Drifters. She will go on tour with the Mad Hatters as their featured attraction, she will be something new added too, smiles, Mary was a student of South Side High and has music and voice training and still study. Her favorite vocalist and band, Billy Eckstein and Count Basie. Our prediction is she will some day be one of your top entertainers, because she tries so hard to satisfy. We Tan Towners have lost a girl, but the Mad Hatters and Lin Proctor have gained a worthwhile addition to their group in Mary Reed Jordan.

Fashion Who's Who

Finest dressed female of week is Ruth Lawson along the Ave. in a black dress, low cut neck, draped hips and bustle black bag and pumps. Sportest male Grady Lounge Lizard Traywicks, olive cordoray jacket and pants to match, white shirt, green figured tie, brown loafers. . . . They say that Johnnie Love's "Students on Parade" affair was chic.

Cafe-Au-Lait-Society

Feed me fancy candy, and fan me while I eat it. Mr. and Mrs. K-Kool, cause I know you're hep as a general rule . . . Tog Smythe and four tones are slated to follow "Mad Hatters" in Lloyds Manor Pine Room, so everyone is talking. Pops, the big fat man was doing a little bit of sapping or slaping Sat. morning 2:25 a. m. at Howard & West Kinney, says the little bitty chick . . . Eatontown notes: good news and views is blowing back this way from Greenbrier Inn. Grace Smith is rocking the house . . . James Melvin owns part of a great singer . . . Birthdates cong. Dora Waters, Martha Wilder, and Dorothy Pley, Ruth, Helen and Ann will be waiting for little Johnny Griffin and the Joe Morris band and pretty Betti Mays. T'will be at the Plaza Palace Ballroom Easter Monday, in Paterson N. J. It's going to be a gone time says Robbie Paterson . . . Mombasi Lodi, N. J. "Three Sharps & Flat," includes Herman Curly Bell, bass, Gary Val Dez, bongo, Sonny Rallen, tenor, Abe Halloon, piano, great with Warren Evans . . . Words beat my ears that Evelyn Clark a ladie about town had one of the gonest parties, guest from Kansas, Cleveland, New York. The newest craze to hit this town is **Fandangle** its loads of fun with dancing, and many gifts. First nite will be April 22, 49, music by Tog Symthe and band. Bop beat is talked over by Lena Horne, and Cab Calloway plus his seven piece band.

Predictions

2,000 people are talking about Earle Bostic and his band who will play at Graham Audit, Easter Monday night April 18th. Twill be a nite of five chicks and gay dressed lads. So be on hand to bug and sand.



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—Mid-winter scenes, not high powered dreams are the talk of Tan town this week. Every Jack and Jill, is cutting to his home on the hill, to thrill to heat thats hard to beat. Yes; friends nothing happening except—For your sipping pleasure the Dug Out, on Belmont Ave., will have a special made television set. . . . . Alfred E. Graham, manager of the Graham building and advertising man Clarence Hightower, where the guest of the famous Josephine Baker at a luncheon last Friday 23rd. Twas in Mrs Bakers suite at Hotel Bristol, New York City. . . . Sarah Vaughn, home town girl didn't score last Friday nite for the Penguin Canteen. Since she was a home girl folks are wondering if was not the cool cold weather.

Johnny Powell in the Melody Club, they say he wins all the smart money. Beulah Coleman the cute hostess of the Colman Hotel, mention's the fact that her brothers quartette are on the Circle Arrow Radio Show. 10:30 E.S.T. from Ohio. Those who are in the know are saying that the Picaddily is for sale. Eye-perfumed-cuties will be surprised to know that the Artists and Models Ball, will be a closed affair Feb. 14th. Eddie Davis of the Grand Hotel named bartender of the week. Over seven hundred advanced tickets have been sold up to date. . . . The Sky Club, will not open until the rare new scenic material can be secured.

TELEGRAM. . . . .BABY GRAND NEW YORK CITY 125th street. . . . .

Tiny;

The people who were out to the Jam sessions, at Lloyd's Manor just buged me. Please; it was my pleasure to work like mad, in hopes that I will soon be back. Meanwhile give my regards to Manager Smokey Mc Allister. Oh' Please, Manhattan Paul.

Wonder what happened to East of the Oranges, speaking of Pearl Holt. . . Each issue will bring you some news about the "Musicians of the Year contest". . . Many of you students of swing, jazz and Be-Bop should send in the names and votes for your band, musician, singers and arranger. The question is Pancho Diggs still the king of everything. Can Max Walker play more bass than Flap Mc Queen. Will the solo's of Earl Baker, Chink Kenny, cast as many votes as Clive Pickett. . Grace Smith going to sing in the Club Regal in Columbus Ohio, Tony Jenkin ending up his 15th week. . . . . .

FASHION FLASH—Miss Astoria Robinson, wearing two piece velvet dress with designs of sequins on the upper part. Black french heeled sueds, bag, grey new look coat and hooded red linning. Earl Hill, down town munching and crunching, attire in a dark blue double breasted suit. Brown sport shirt, covered by a yellow sleevless sweater, olive tan hat and a California hand stitched camel overcoat.

Arrived to late to see anything of the Jackson and Jackson fashion show but seen many preety Tan Towners. . . . . .

CLUB WHIRL—Many of the clubs have been writing to this club dispenser asking about talent for club dates. Take music of Dole Dickins Quintette, and Brady Hodges they have style and class .You can hire them thru the Club Whirl agency plus entertainers and many other small attractions. So don't wait get your letter out to us three weeks before your affair. Happy birthday to you Jennie Lavell oop-pop-a-do-to you. Didn't know fashionable Cordelia G. Johnson was State President of Beauticians Unit 21. The Orange Y.M.C.A. Co-ed Club, gave a frolic at thee Manor last Friday nite. . . . . Some of the faces you know were Blanche Bristol of Bronx N. Y. Also Sweet petite Louise Joyner of Orange, and Shermon Monioqu her guest.

Freddy Paterson just sang to the crowd until their minds floated into frantic illusion. More than five hundred persons watched the game between Nopco A.A. and Prudential A.A. at their hall. George Johnson and Leonordo urd, pla[illegible] their hearts out on [illegible] lost a close [illegible]e spiel [illegible] field [illegible] . . .

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By "TINY" PRINCE

AN OPEN LETTER:

Tiny Prince:—After our (ha, ha, ha) heated, but interesting discussion of show business, I decided to write an article with one thought in mind—that someday in the future there will be found a solution and system where in all agents and promoters judge an artist on ability and talent alone—not just on strength of feeling and friendship—such as they do in Atlantic City and other places that I know.

After traveling extensively throughout the States, Canada, and Mexico for two years, I have made some wonderful contacts and had several good offers while under contract with the band currently featuring me as vocalist. But the moment I was free every contact suddenly became terribly busy or was out of town. Days ran into weeks of continuously going up and down Broadway, the of offices of named agencies. Eastside and Westside—in and out Some places I never got past the receptionist—or their secretaries. Perhaps my name didn't turn to register famous—even though I did show clippings and pictures which would get me— "Come in tomorrow". Even the colored places and radio were once unknown, but someone had the heart and foresight to give them a do. From there on the artist chance to show what one could break. That break would be a either rises to fame or falls.

In Atlantic City certain cliques feature the smiling same acts over and over again every season. (This article by Tony Jenkins will continue next week.)

BEST DRESSED MANNERS — Negro women of today have a likable future and much to be thankful for in this world. They enjoy far more advantages than the women before them. They have become such a force that other nationalities have discussed them intelligently. The colors, grace and shapes, as well as endurance, are the pillows of the future motherhood. The whites rave about their complexions and are even going to the extreme to have that dark hallow. This is after they meet and greet our petite bourgeoosie, the well-groomed class. One can really appreciate what the other folks are talking about when one observes . . . So to you well-dressed women and others — I say keep your best foot forward.

Lawrence Minton, in the role of so cool, wearing a light-cram-cream pants, white gabardine sport shirt. Yeah, we can't forget the ton shoes and felt sloch hat of olive. Zoma Maxwell in a grey crepe cape sleeve afternoon dress, with draped front extending to the back, forming a bustle, square neckline, black seude shoes, gloves and bag—at the Pio[illegible]TON [illegible]

tist Tabernacle of Bruce street deserves much credit for sponsoring a creative group of entertainers. Mrs. Rosa Gibson visiting her son-in-law and daughter down in Cliffwood, where the air is fresh and cool. Jean Melvin, rated by Elizabeth Keyes, the dressmaker; Valtae Williams and Photographer Al Henderson as perfect. She is Rene Starks' youngest model. When you're out this week don't forget to run over to Beth Israel Hospital. Although it will not be a pleasant trip—you will cheer up a grand guy—Bobby Peale is in room 301, first floor. All the gay and sweet lassies go up—and lads too. Yes—a reminder, he likes ice cream, cigarettes and greets his visitors with a big smile. Evelyn Boyden in company with a hab-a-lao handsome young boy from down that way. Yeah, you can bet Myrtle Hayes, our alluring chick, was around. Leonard Hurd doing them up with a teasing little mellow, yellow girl.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Gas its pass. I'm in the mood to show you the groove. She is on ink—so can't think. Dig pig, it's the whirly gig. Clarence Mack, the bassest of bass, doing the tov n with Grace. His music is out of this world. The screen is tought but good enough. Ever dig Ella Mae play—she is mad—they say. Posing isn't the thing she rocks the box. I'm not igging you—I'm just digging you. Ike Quebec signing autographs in the streets of Newark in person. The Prairie View Co-Eds, the jumping jive maids from the toast of hades will be here on September 13th. Dad they will be mad and messy like Aunt Bessy. 'Um' at the Graham Auditorium. Morris Parker back home for a season from his world cruise. Has Nancy Davis left Newar kfor New York?—What's new—what are you going to do? Harold Majors and his lovely wife sipping at the wig-Wam—cooling. Well it's reet and had to beat—at all the barious shades, but the best of bands go to Graham to ball when the weather is fine, we will be right in line. Where is Jean Clark, the lady of lark? I know it's going to kill you, but the Herald News is going to move—so get in the groove and follow. Watch the Modern Arts, Inc., Mrs. Bertha Lowery and her two sons shout hello from out Ohio way. Dan Bankhead, a surprised lad, but I'm really glad. Flo Thomas at Lloyd's Manor in the know with manager, Smoky McAllister. The Monday nite jams running over with fine frantic people—it's your must or bust. Joe Crump's band of a thousand themes doing what the people want—playing like mad.

Watch this column under its new name, Tiny Prince Spiels. P[illegible]oking you up and laying [illegible]n next week.



TAN TOWN TOPICS—The best people of all, come to the Graham ball. Be-bop will Re-bop Easter Monday nite things will be bright. It's a fact you'll break eagle and Joe giggle, and blow your royal wig if you miss the Dizzy Gillespie and the favorite Billy (Weasel) Ford and their mad bands. Alcazar wow's: Pop Durhams new 48 Lincoln Continental, the young blades are talking about the last word in gas buggies... Variety girl of the month is the charming cutie, Venus Walker, real choice. Received a letter from Arnett Cobbs' gay wife, that his operation was successful and he is "Flying Home"..., Dan Cupid is at it agin, for the attractive Delcia Lawis has received her divorce notice. Who wrote the song "I'll Live True to You?" A ducat to the one who sends in the answer. Dole Dickens Quintette is really romping and standing them in the aisle's in Washington D. C. Closed at Ebony Club last week. Grace Smith who appears nightly at the Kinney Club is proving that she is queen of the blues. Votes are pouring through the mail and other wise for the "Musician of tne eYar Contest". Truly wishing Rostllie Williams, a speedy recovery from her recent illness, she is in the City Hospital. Its Orchards to you if you catch W. A. A. T. featuring Bill Cook, disc jockey every nite between 11 clock and 12 midnite, the patter is amusing. Great guy the Nite-Lifers should give him a break and send in your request by penny post card. This Saturday, dusk is La Billie Holiday a concert in torchsongs for the nation, be digging you somewhere in the first row.

The Howdy Club, so grooved with hep-kerricters, digging Gus Young and his band, who is atomic-exploding their heads with fine music. Dig the new look at the Howdy Club, matinee from 2 until 9 o'clock.

Cleveland Ohio, Hotel Carnegie notes—From Flanagan, who is with the "Velvetones"...Monday nite April 5th Twill start Club World sessions only clubs will be admitted At Grahams beautiful ballroom. All clubs who purchase five or more tickets will receive a table free. There will also be a prizze for the Club with the most members present. J. T. Barnes and his models will serve as hostess Egg Day at the matinee in the neat Cafe Superior. Rhumba's Tango's are in demand what is going to happen our bands. Little eJan Melvin's boxer puppy a prize winner. The Ebonett's Matinee sweet and hard to beat. Doris and Leonardo on the bust again eyeing one another across the table at the Owl Club, tut tut tut... Babs 3 Bibs—at Harlemn "Bowmans" real frantic.....

FASHION FLASH—Gwen Harris, wearing a brown two piece garb-dine suit kid skin high heel shoes and a brown bag. Mr. and Mrs. Little Johnny attending Our Lady Queen of Angels R. Church. She was wearing a long white dress with green red hand drawn roses, red hat, bag, and shoes, with a tan white polo dress coat, with fur trimmen collar, Grover Marshall wearing a dark blue suit, whiteshirt, red dotted tie, tan top coat, tan hat, black shoes. P. S. the new look ladies will show those slips. Next we catch the Easter bonnets down at the Terrace Room Easter Sunday nite with the Pyramid Business eLague and the Club World Inc...

CLUB WORLD INC. Members may receive 15 percent discount this week only on any ladies or mens garment at the I. Q. T. Clothing store, 251 So. Orange St.

Cafe Superior, last Friday nite the Newark Student Council gave a banquet in honor of the coach of the year "Brutis Wilson" of Shaw University...Members!!! it was really something, here were men who have keep the spirit within their breast since 1921... This Club was the Youth builders of yesterday. This organization human products of success are displayed in our business world today. Look, about you and see people like Smut Saunders, in mechanical denstry, Frank Tucker, in insurance, and many more looking upward. Friday nite was one that gave the members of the Club World something to think about.What are we! the young people of Newark and Suburvs doing for ourselves? Nothing! Lets start right now, to make it be said that the Club World Inc. has taken the place of the former Newark Student Council. Pre-Easter Frolic at the gay Terrace Room, March 26th, yes its those lads again, our boys the "Tweedsmen Inc." Shirley Coxs, sends in the note of forget me not in the "Coteri's" first annual dance Saturday April 3rd, twill me the mess for the best...

MAY 1-1949



CLUB WORLD INC.

Attention non-members and clubs — keep a wishful eye on your mailbox. Your application to join the Club World, may come sooner than you think. Single members in this association will be admitted to the same privileges as clubs. So don't hesitate send for your application at once if you haven't already. Dorothy Parker, Peggy Woodcock, and Betty Logan are three new darlings of the newly organized "Promonettes" . . . Thomas Boose, states that every thing is in order for the mid-spring dance and raffle given by the "King of Clubs" May 7, at Lloyds Manor.

The Three Pals, appreciation dance was as gay as ever—despite the luke warm crowd. Some of the guests were: Postmaster Robert Kearse of Vaux Hall, the Independent Social Club of New York, Miss Estellel Thomas and party, Mrs. Doris Vann, Mrs. Inez Foster, the Jackson and Jackson team of dance. Spotted tall model Isabelle Maddox, Theresa Ross of Orange and many more dancing in the cuddle spots. Summer formals will be the play this year and the club that comes on first will find themselves very popular. Most men prefer wearing white coats, to the hard to rent tuxes of winter.

FASHION FLASH

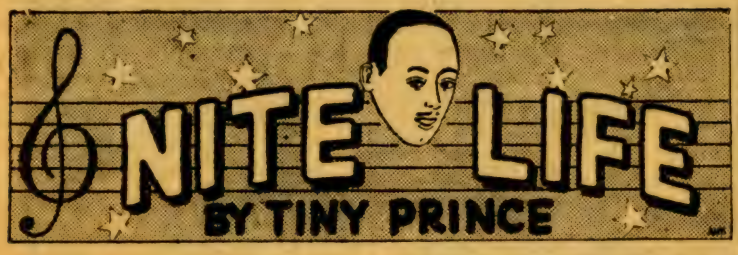
Helen Miller of Jersey City at the B-Bop session, in a two-piece green melton cloth suit, back French - heeled shoes, curly fur jacket . . . Hal Mitchell, Manor record trumpet artist, in dark blue coat, light blue pants, suede shoes, white shirt, red tie, and blueg rey hat . . . Tony Jenkins whispers — that Mrs. Rosamond Stewart Marrow, wears some of the finest women's suits and shoes in town. Yours truly agrees. Jimmy Ackerson waiting for bus, attired in tan corduroy coat, grey pants, creamp sport shirt, brown shoes, and light weight hat. Smart playboys are betting that Irma Allen, has the finest looking legs around. Well: legs make the women so you be the judge . . . All letters to be discussed through this column, and watch the legs go by . . .

Cop agander at this righteous cause its really in again. Comic Crack Shot, who is the funniest man alive at times did a mad stint down in Philly, over the weekend, with Grace Smith, your girl of the blues. Duke Anderson who thumps the box (piano to you), is gone at the Hi - Spot. Keeps everybody happy with his mnsical mad caps. The Hillbillies and Bill Chase of New York should be very pleased with themselves. John Powers selected a colored girl as Miss Subway. Keep your eyes on Johnny Small, he is dancing his way into the heart of many at the Afay Swan Club.

Helen Monk, has the name of "Kissable lips" dig them. Oh! watch. my nerves. Big Money, the lad with all that green stuff, has ordered a Lincoln Continental, they say. Vaux Hallites, note! Edith Scott could be a fine model. Looking forward to those pilot lesons with Andrew Keyes of Orange. Marie Gibbons shout hell from Morgan State. Laure Jordan will replace Stash O'Loughlin with 3 Bips & a Bop when they leave on tour. Dole Dickins did rock the joint and the Pic. hungry guests just lapped up the gone musical patter Sunday night. This month's happy birthdays, Julia Robinson, Ken Gillmore, Dorothy Pley, Jerry McGee, and drummer Larry Berstein.

Candy Carters Band who is the rave of the Savoy is a must for your dance date, he is a Jersey lad . . .

Who are the Emanons? Newlywed Lillian McDaniels and Robert Thomas a million years of happy life together . . . We are all wishing Helen, the wife of Willie Bowman a speedy recovery . . . A loot-Mountclair Mary Pitts now working in New York, still a cunte babe.



Cafe Society

New York—Orchids to Willie Bryant, and Ray Caroll of W.H. O.M. on the way they welcomed Bill Cook of WAAT who was their guest. It was a nite or orchids to you and you, too.

"Howdy Club", July 25, If your lucky you might get standing room to see one the finest outfits in the musical business, the "Ray-o-Vacs". Joe Crump at the piano, Chink Kenny on tenor, Flap McQueen on bass, and Lester Harris bongo player and blues vocalist, plus exciting Rodriquze Jacquina of New York . . .

"J. T. Barnes," artist bureau offers something new in the field of charm and glamour. Young sweet and hard to beat Florence Peterson, who local operators say her number is a sell out. P. S. its Hu-2-4661 . . .

"Coleman Brothers," will lose sister Beaulh this week, but gain a brother in marriage . . . "Ink Spots", sold Warner Brothers their new song written by unknown Dick Redmond who will click . . . the tune "Whiplash" . .

"Tally Ho Club", Long branch is becoming the hottest spot ever to rise and see the sun. Skippy Williams, is singing like mad and folks are talking. Claude Hopkins band is doing the musical arrangements . . . .

"Birthday Luncheon", for Rose Sullivan, at her home Ladies attending were Daisy King, Dottie Fisher, Mildred, Hawthorne . . . After this they were seen at Capital New York, to see Lena Horne, late chinese dinner on Broadway, ending up at the Novelty Bar for an Ice Cream sundae . . .

P. S. Chancey Talbot, playboy owns a truck and in the junking business. . .

Fashion Plates

Leonardo Hurd, of Newark wearing a coca cream D. B. suit, sued shoes, white shirt, brown tie, coll and neat. . . . Hazel Alves, o f Montclair wearing a two piece rust color dress, panama straw derby, brown heeless and toeless shoes Anthony Hinton of Jersey City, attired in dark blue cardiagon coat, blue shirt, grey slacks, tan shoes . . .

Club World Inc.

Greetings members what new? We're trying to get tickets for the play "High Button Shoes" . . .

If you missed the Bear Mt. outing sponsored by the "Holy Name Society", were sorry, we had free tickets on hand . . Don't miss the Craftsmen moonlight boat ride, July 29 . . . Don't forget to send your get well letters to Nellie Whalstrom Fleming . .

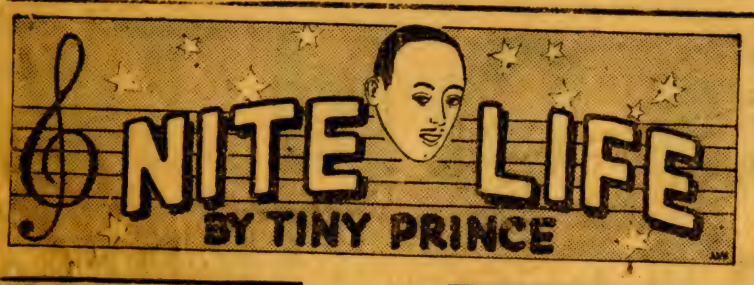
The Sanquine Girls, just joined C. W. Inc. this week, glad to welcome into this growing group. They will close down their club business until Fall. "The Esqui—Voques Cotton Carnival", at Wideway Hall a success despite a fistic flurry which was quelled. The Strangers in the house with President Emily Smith, Mr and Mrs. Horace lea Clara Saunders who is wearing Rock C. engagement ring . . . "The Mignonettis", table seating Mrs. Doris Hinton, just back from her vacation in Asbury Park. Martha Blackwell of J. C. and Douglas Manning of New York. Spotted Ray Alexander, Beatrice Bell? Leroy Harrell, Geneva Johnson, Jeanetta Britt, and Charles Lucas . . . Ralph Merrill and Pearl Freeman togeather entering the company of Mr. and Mrs. Wally Taylor. . . We missed Evelyn Boyden who is vacationing up in Boston Mass.

Newark Howdy Club

Nite lifers are divided into two groups, the intelligentsia, who think that Ray-O-Vacs is New Jersey's greatest musical combo, and the Philistines, who don't think. Ray-O-Vacs worshipers all agree that "Don't forget our Monday date," an original is really a deep musical expression, and that "We're on the Scene," is a mixture of Ellington and Gillspie. These devotees do not agree on the merits of copyist who ape this unit. Just for the fun of it, I recently asked three people, one at a time, what moved them about the Ray-O-Vaces. As I expected, they spoke of the bass playing of Flap McQueen, the piano tinkling of Joe Crump, Chink Kenny's talking tenor sax, plus the bongo drums and dymanic singing of Lester Harris, who can move an audience. The freshness, the seriousness behind each and every number is pushing them as favorites everywhere including the Blue Room, Roselle, N. J., where they spent the beginning of the summer and at the white Marlin Hotel, Kingsburg, N.J. where the patrons demand a return engagement. Manor Records and another unnamed label are dickering for a years recording contract with this group. They may leave for the coast before the year is up. The management of the Howdy Club, has gone to great expense to bring them back July 25th so be on hand to welcome them, plus a surprising girl from New York, Rodriquze Jacquina.

See you next week in your favorite sheet.

July 30 – 48



Cafe Society

"Joacuine Rodrrigries at Howdy Club," eye appealing red haired blond, small neat, and a wiggle in every treat. Shapes up best black and blue scanties. She has did the cirruate New York, and points West, she is a must or bust. . . "Club Monroe" Jamesburg, N. J. the "Relmrider's" formerly 4 Bars and a melody are dickering for a four week engagement. . . "Ella Fitzgerald' breaks up World's Fair of music July 21 at the New York Golden Jubilee celebration thrilled audience. . . "Connie Jeffries," new Lincoln Continental has the fly chicks wondering where they stand. . . "Dodgers Lounge", show is a must and the entire atmosphere will make. "Jittery Troutman", the funniest dang and song man around, plus the soothing new voice in "Ann Baxter," with emcee "Rosco Dyla", doing a Uncle Willie Bryant act . . . "Grace Smith," upsets the house doing blues numbers like only she can, with a musical backing that is like this. . . "Amy," the female on Sax. "Geech," on trumpet, "Mary" on bass, "Brown" on piano, and No. 1 drummer "Danny Gibson". . . Well folks, the place just reeks and rocks, and the good times just roll. . . .

Mercer H. Burrell, Yours truly admires and respects your selection of beauties and can truthfully say without your tutorship perhaps they would have not been possible. The preview for the "Congress of Beauty," August 6th was approved by all the press, including Jimmy Fultz, Major Taylor, band leader. Buzz Shepard, Al Henderson, Miss Willa Fleming, Celestra Powell and Theresa Ross. . . Spot lighted Yolanda Majors, Beatrice Hunt of Morristown, Laura Ross and Ella Moncur 1948 Beautician winner, who is selling "Vernons furs". Indeed your girls did amaze many. Hats off to Mr. S. Smith, who sponsored Miss Virginia Wilson and Irma Love. . . . Your judgment is excellent, but alas, you should see Rene Starks, model of Plainfield, N. J., Virginia Scott or J. T. Barnes, Laura Williams who will shock you into my point of view. . .

Fashion Plate

Jimmy Fultz, 4 term president of Elks of Newark attired in blue coat, checkered pants, grey shirt, blue white tie, black white shoes and a white panama hat. . . **Girls why not drop into the Springfield Avenue 5 and 10, and meet Jacqueline Purdy who is a demostrator for the Rose Meta Cosemetic Co. . . A place for our race. . .** Rabbit Reid Newark Brown coat, green pants, yellow shirt, brown bow tie, brown shoes, olive lightweight hat. . .

Club World Inc.

Club members it's certainly hot, were glad to know that so many of you have been away to Mts. or seashore. A card from Marie and Gertrude Gibbons in Belmar, N. J. also hello from Irvine and Ruth Lewis up in Boston, Mass. The names of the Sanquine Girls. Inez White, Bettie Brown, Charlotte Metz, Rebecca Conover, Lillian Rodgers. Thelma King, Anna Butler, we will name the other member at a later date. . . . **Club World Inc. suspends all activities until August 25, however all club business will continue, call Bi. 3-5915. Thursday evening, between 8 and 9.** . . Did you hear about the Tweedsmen's invitation boatride? Will the Terrace Room rent to Negro's in '49? Will Wideway Hall! After the last fracas!! Follow these and many more questions and answers in this column. Happy birthday to Daisy King. . . Watch for free tickets next week. . .P. S., Bill Thatcher's beauty salon is looking for a good operator, 52 Jones street, Newark, N. J. **."Until the next bright, I'll carry the light."**

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By TINY PRINCE

PRINCE PROFILES—"To miss the bus", in the vernacular borders on ignominy. It means to lose an opportunity--to fail—to go down to defeat. But is Donald Lloyd's idea. This man, Lloyd, knows that angels may be with the man who misses the bus. As a matter of fact, this man's life has not been a bed of roses. He didn't wake up one morning to find that someone had willed a business to him—as many think. No his was that of limited or unlimited courage and faith in a strong back. At school he had been called upon to bear his full quota of corsses and a few more to boot. Boxing and football he became far ahead of his peers and others. After high school and part of college he turned to a trucking business, which was hard and rugged. After marrying a very lovely schoolmate, Donald increased his trucking business to more than four trucks covering the city. When the opportunity presented itself he purchased and remodled the site which now bears his name, Lloyd's Manor. Between all of this—there was more than is in the Profile—but nver the less, he is one of our young leading business men.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Dotty Oliver wearing a red garbadine two-piece suit, with a black garbadine boyish blouse, black seude shoes and bag, a pair of fur tails-mellow. Antnony Jordan in a double-breasted garbadine suit, tan shirt, reddish-tan shoes, gay figured tie, and beige light cool hat. Those platform shoes and draped dresses are in your view-what are we men going to do?—and girls, pray what is going to happen when we men can not see your lovely knees?—smiles.

BON TON SOCIETY—The Coleman Brothers were the nation's choice for sacred music on the Columbia Esterm during the funeral procession of our late president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Hear their recordings of "My Prayer" and "Lonesome Valley". Watch the Randolph Studios—they're in the marching file. Ann Savage with the look of a new model....sweet. Many are whispering about the coming Tweedsmen affair....Indeed we are all charmed about the Ollie Johnson personalitiy. ...smiles Spotted L. C. Riley at the showing of the Hucksters. Miss Dorothy Boykins, from down the southern way, visiting Juanita Gaston. Also as her house guest is the pleasant Thelma Fisher of Philadelphia... John Houston, president of the Platons, giving a casual hint about the concert for you and I. It's another boy for Leon Gibbons. I am sending a whole car load of health to Mrs. Williams, who was recently released from the hospital. Eyes are on Mr. Cash, who changes cars like socks....Millions of years of wedded bliss to the Freeman girl of Orange and her groom....

FRANTIC SPIELS—Greetings-gate-let's educate. Sandal wearers among the scandal bearers... Bill Cooke, the WHBI radio m[illegible]s-Don't breathe it to a so[illegible] but tro, is on the ball. Dig a gander at his snow gseat. Jean Clark is back from Baltimore, Washin[illegible]n and Atlantic City. P[illegible] cops she has been go[illegible]s. The Best Bands all [illegible]s to Ball. Buddy N[illegible] the field like he i[illegible] steal....with the chicks looking real. They say James Melvin refused the seven thousand dollar Mnor record job....Yes, talent scout.... The Monday nite jam sessions are a rave and a crave at Lloyd Manor every week. Pearl Hunt Duvall, the dashing beauty is hard to find these days. Many happy days to the new business.. the Barclay Home Loundry.. my shirts go there, too. Johnny Williams of the Philly 421 Club doing the spot....a great vocal. Tipping and without tripping, I fell into (smiles) J. C. last Saturday to the Arthur Terrys spree and it was really on me ... Boy, what a nite..gay and bright. To the left, Helen Wilds, charming; to the right, Marguerite Holmes; in the front of us Bea Glesham, Herbert Smith, Bill Roberts, Anna Mae, artistic dancer; Airby, the introduced to Ann Carnell, the power house. Laughter rippled throughout the night, as we were one and only.... right, real choice stock, Aileen Barbee, Upsual Day and many others....A treat hard to beat....Well no one monkey can stop the show....See you next week at the Tweedsmen's Dock....the Terrace Room. P. S. Hear Togge Smythe. quartette, play "Tiny Mite" at the Pic.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

PROFILES — Negro men have shown that the have the ability and many have gone successfully ahead. Today, along side our men we are forced to place our advancing owmen . . . from the living Princess Tashi of Ethiopia to Mary McLeod Bethune and singer Marion Anderson, along the late Madame Walker, inventor of the hair de-kinker . . . Even now we have in our midst a young Negro woman who deserves as much credit as others. A woman, who several years ago, started a struggle for a home in the business world. Rene Stars is not at its peak, but to many, it has become a must. From a small original shop to the biggest fashion shows ever staged in this city, comes her popular modern school. She has faced discouragement, setbacks and defeat . . . Plugging night and day with a determination, she has placed her name foremost in the world of style. Today, our Negro girls who haven't completed finishing schoolars, are rushing to take courses in modeling, which is a featured addition in the Rene Stars School of Charm and Fashion, 591 High street, Newark . . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS— Edgar Pope, tall and sharp as ever, wearing tan slacks and gabardine shirtand brown shoes, with a shredded cocoanut hat — cooling. Phil Parke in black loafers and a white and yellow flowered dress — so neat and petite . . . Tony Jenkins our boy of vocal fame at the Pic, coming like the best — yes, wearing a conservative blue double-breasted suit, black shoes, white shirt and gay tie — neat. Larie West, president of the Esqui-Vogues, wearing a stripped dress thatreally does things to you . . . Regina Killen in that two piece dress which displayed her middie — something new . . .

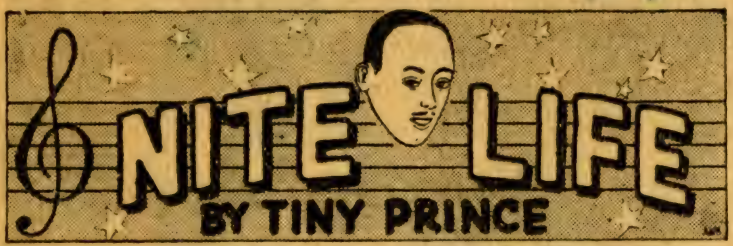
BON TON SOCIETY — The golden boys, who are the Tweedsmen, didn't let the rain stop the show and it went on schedule. The sailing was not delayed, says Apprentice Optician Patrick Turner. Virginia Scott, Frank Carrol and Jery Bland. Hattie Scruggs Taylor looking like the Shriner's Pin up girl. Savoy Shorty, the love thief, with Juanita Gastoh, pleasing and teasing. Gloria Wychoff, one of our cutest. Herbert Smith, the president of the Entreprenur Civic Association, gay and in the play. Oh, yes, Doris Hinton was also there — hadn't seen her in ages . . . Fred Patterson and Doris Womack in love. The ship-shape decorations gave you that reeling feeling while the music of Pancho Diggs played on — smiles. Lower Ray and Ruth Roberts staring at cupid . . . Virginia Scott again with Leonard, waltzing . . . Millicent Brown dressed ala lounge. Melonee Jones and Zoma Maxwell, of Vaux Hall, artistic . . . E. L. Henry, Jr., at the Platoons Table, which was full of drinks. Elaine Bowles, Rocky Colson, Horace Leake, Mr. and Mrs. Whigham, Evelyn Boyden's party from Roxbury, Mass., Robert Jackson, Paul Desmond, Larry Neblett and Kathleen Patrice . . . Myrtle Hayes, after the dance, gave a fling which was in honor of the Evelyn party, which laste duntil the wee hours of the morning . . . Dot Powell, of Belleville, Harold Holloway, Jersey City; Doris Payne, Brenda Brown, Ralph Jacobs, Gladys White, Jim Sherman, Louis West, of Englewood; Mary and Clarence Hayes, and Joe Slade of Orange . . . what a nite.

THE SPIEL — Yes, daddy, I am on the beam — in all the scenes. The Manhattan Sextette, a bouncing rhythm that can not be beat for dancing, at Lloyd's Manor on Monday nites . . . You can Joe Giggle and Bow Wiggle, cause this mess is at its best . . . Clarence Mack, the gonest bass player in the world, is with Togge Smythe. Grace Smith chirping like only she can down in Virginia . . . Dodger's Lounge, Gus Young is a must on my round of applaus. Old brother stork is warming up his motor fo Mr. and Mrs. Carlos of Montclair . . . The Coleman Hotel lobby alive and in the jive and mellow chicks . . . Lester Harris like the mad nab in Morristown. Perhaps, I ought to tell you I peeked into Al Henderson's Studio and saw the newest thing in wedding albums. Yes sir, Mr., it was the one of Miss Blodceil Caldwell and her spouse James Henry Pendleton — nothing like this has ever happened. June Cole in town looking icey. So what, Margaret Stevens, is in there. Leona Folkes bring that new Chrysler, period . . . The Matthews looking as great as ever. Howard Farrel, pitcher of the Newark Eagles, doing them up with Thelma Fisher of Philly. Yours truly didn't know that Dorothy Boydkin was a singer—neat, eh?

Well it is only who is who and what is what . . . but the show must go on.

...mont avenue, Dr. Philip Gear of 340 Belmont avenue, Dennis ...ll.

July 16



CLUB WORLD INC

Many of the clubs are closing down for the summer including the "Eight Orchards" who are notifying you through this column . . . The Esqui-Voques will present the last hot weather affair this week at the Terrace Ballroom, a "Cotton Ball" . . . July 16th . . . Remember Larrie Stalks is their shapely president . . . Yes; don't forget to send your get well card to "Mrs. Rosamond Stewaart Marrow," who has been ill! . . . The reception for Lauretha and Edward Smith the newly weds, will be July 17th at 2 Irving St. . Virginia Wise, the exzotict, has applied for membership into the C. W. Inc. Leonard Hurd and Doris Jones are contemplating Marriage. "Mountclairites" and others gathered together last week end to honor "Ruth Taylor", at her surprise party . . . Those present were Mr. and Mds. Tommy Terrel of VauxHall, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hinton of J. city N. J., Miss Martha Blackwell of J. City, Md. and Mrs. John Thomas of Brooklyn N. Y., Herald Dannern, Clarence Baskerville, Margaret Johnson, Margaret Drew, Freddie Patterson vocal for Brady Hodges, and many others . . . Elector Bynoe, vacationing in Wahington, D. C. over week end.

FASHION PLATE

Charles Cann, wearing a short sleeve blazer, tan shoes, boot maker finish, at Lloyds Manor. Mary James wearing a light blue new look dress, and dark blue shoes, with her black curly hair and dimples. . . Conrad Alexander, tan D. B. suit, olive yellow shirt, brown yellow tie, yellow straw, brown shoes, at Piccadilly . . .

CAFE SOCIETY

The Hardy Theatre in Chase City, Virginia, really rocked and they tell me "Grace Smith," laid them in the aisles. . . Billy Ford, going to town in the "Club Harlem" spot. New Yorkers crazy about his music. Laura Williams could have easly beat out the Elks pretty girl, with her personality alone. Its always cool at the "Howdy Club," these nites. Teasing Modessa Kirk is just one of the charming lassies who drop in for a sip. You can't beat the music for Bill Goode's "4 Bars and a Melody," are in there for the future . . . P. S. Jessie Perry that dynamic vovalist is still ill . . . Yours Truly is wishing "Wally and Modina Davis," a happy wedding anniversary . . been married one year . . . Dole Dickins, will follow B. Ford into the Club Harlem spot.

Notes to that singer who held third or fourth place in the "Musicians of the eYar Contest" give up that $100. girl act, the local lads in blue, are digging you.

Moses and Katherine Mathews, have sent that letter to Mr. Stork, and they are experting a visitor . . The Coleman brothers, are raising sand on that "Oh!" airwave . . . Earl Hill, the playboy introduced me to pretty "Margie" of Chicago . . . Martin Ashby, a home town boy is on the police force . . .

"Until next time, I'm on the loose and out of mind."



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—Nite Lifters were well represented at the Robinson and Nixon fight in Elizabeth N.J., last Wednesday. Looking from the ringside you could spot Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lloyd, Pop Durham, owner of the "Alcazar" where you'll find Yes' its a women's atomic age: the largest television set in town. Now-a-days the maidens send out the hair to have it straightened while they sit home and wait, smiles Lloyds Manor's bartender Bill Roberts, is named the best of the week, plus a new show that will knock you out at the bar.

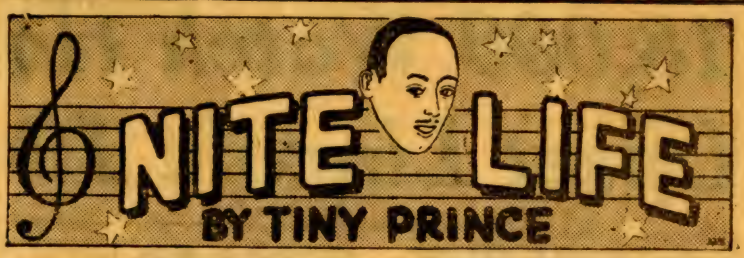
Monday nite Jam brings them out and drags them in. Wedding bells have tolled for Eunice Gray. She is now Mrs. Mack. I wish the couple a million years of happiness. "Dole Dickens Quintette" jumped right into the new Ebony club New York . . . Mrs. Rhapsody arrived in town this week looking fresh as ne wborn chick promises to be around for the Holidays. Fredericks Lounge has added something new to its premises. Yes: a new Negro owned package store, the only one of its kind in Newark. Watch for the opening in about ten days.

Both Arnett Cobb and Illinios Jacquet come from Houston, texas; both have recorded for Apollo Records and are two of the top sellers of all artists for that diskery; Jacquet's "Robbins" for Apollo vies against Arnett Cobb's "Still Flyin" on the same label in the same record stores; and each of the young jazzmen was once a featured star in the Lionel Hampton band. Margaret the colored-lights . . . Zorro and Hoffler is a voice in the nite, in Zorita so hot they will not be forgot. Dancer exotic with a wiggle and a giggle in hips, they are a must up at Dodgers Lounge. Much credit should be given Sham Tucker the M. C., for he certainly has moved this town with his talent parade.

The Babaloo Club in Paterson, N.J. are raving about the singing of Joe Alexander and he is doing a great job . . . Ike Quebec mad man—with a horn on the beat in our city streets on business. Josephine Baker the negro star from France to appear in the show "Variety Paris" next month. Xmas nite Dec. 25th Dizzy Gillespie and his Be-Bop band at Graham Auditorium, twill be a concert of Jazz so be looking. James Melvin the angel the life also seen cheering Ray. FASHION FLASH—Vaux Hall represented by Melonee Jones wearing a red dress with the new look collar and hemline . . . Red skull cap black shoes and bag with one of those la-modell flair coats, alure. Brother Moncur, wearing a plaid suit single breasted, grey slot collar shirt, bow tie, V-neck sweater, brown-shoes, hat and overcoat, plus umbrella. The new opening of the Elite Beauty Service 218 Newark N.J. brings forth one of the best body building and slenderizing spots in Jersey. Orchard to the owners and much success.

CLUB WORLD—There has been so much mail this week about the club that we haven't known just what to do . . . Over twenty-five clubs have inquired about joining this organization because they like the policy. Well its becoming a big thing and will include many individual memberships . . . So keep your eyes peeled for the membership cards. The Dancers Appreciation Society will present medals at ther next affair with picture heads of the late Annie West one of the foremost dancers one had ever witness to porforme . . . The Esqui-Voques dance a Xmas must. Its being said that the Platon's are no longer a club, lets hope this is not true. The United social 12 are featuring "Cobb" at the Morristown High School. Club are clamoring for the music of the "Dictators" Bi 3-5558 . . . Rose Mabry is Pres. of "Six Aristocrates" of Orange, will present a interesting frolic Dec. 27 47 . . . Dig you next seven bright . . .

Dec-4-1948



OPEN LETTERS TO CLUB MEMBERS

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115 Orient Ave.
Jersey City, N. J.

Attention to all clubs of our organization. The Board of Directors have voted that from now on a member who has been selected from each club will make up the Board of Directors so that the business dealing with clubs affairs, etc., will be directly within the clubs themselves. Since this change is to be effected immediately will all clubs of Club World, Inc., select one member from their club and send name to secretary.

HERBERT SMITH, Chairman
MELONEE JONES, Sec.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

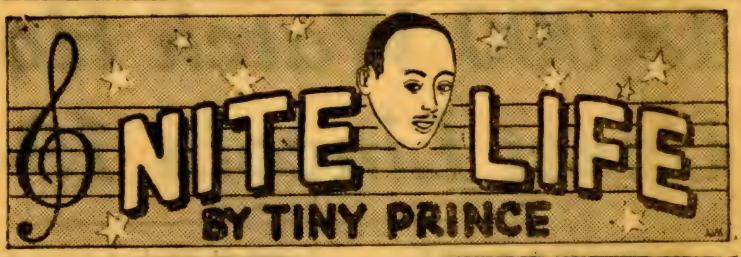
Leonardo Hurd wearing D. R blue suit, white tab shirt, red knit tie, white handerchief, tan shoes, Martha Blackwell wearing marron two piece suit, blue grey blouse, black shoes. Bonnie Davis, Melba Smith has a change of 35 gowns with shoes and accessories for the "Piccidilly Pipers" stay at Pic. . . .

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Reports. . . .Dec. 4th Cootie mad Williams and his wild band plus Sonny Thompson of "Long Gone" and "Slow Frieight" records. They will move you and groove you at Grahams Audit. Coming happy birthdays, Lois Money and Redd Foxy the M. C. of Satire. Lester YYoung burned in eye by a cigarette discarded by a careless smoker. Lester is at "Roost" with Ella Fitzgerald. . . Modena & Wally Davis in Baltimore visiting Marie Gibbons student at Morgan State. . . .

Shaking hips and thigh to knock out your eye is sweet Gena Fletcher—who is really standing them in the aisles at Howdy Club, back by music of Gus Young and his band. Xzvier Cugat, proves he's real Dinah Washington fan, closes Beaumont Tex. club dance to hear juke box queen. They say Manhattan Paul is much better. Things are really changing in our town there is no longer any cocktail lounges. . . The new craze is clubdom, check coats and hats before entering. Prevents colds and keeps undersirable out. Well! Dodgers has out done itself complete new set up. The entertainment bill reads like this Inez Washington, a lad from Tip Tap & Toe dancer, Grace Smith and the talk of the town the "3 Riffs" who have a millio ndollars worth of personality. Thomas Booze whispers about "The Kings of Clubs, Inc". cocktail sip, December 4th, at 188 Orange street. WOW! Get that Ray-O-Vacs recording'—"I'll Always Be in Love With You." . . . .Herman Bell, arranger,—Bernice Carey and Irma Allen sippen at Lloyds Manor greeting the "Four Cleffs." Al Cooks, Claude Maxwell, planning a series of benefits for helpless children. James Melvin crunching chicken in the restaruant in Orange, N.J. along with Mr. and Mrs. Sistrump and Ray Jackson. Until the chicks and chickadees dig this I'll be on my way and in the play. . ..

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Rahn In Opera

MURIAL RAHN'S "campaign" to become a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company is beginning to show results. Saturday night, November 13th, the former star of "Carmen Jones", gave a terrific performance of "AIDA" with the Salmaggi Opera Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and Tuesday, November 16th, she was called in to audition for the "Metropolitan Auditions of the Air" Radio Program with the possibility of a future airing on a coast-to-coast NBC network.

DOORS OPEN 11:30 A.M.
COURT
HIGH STREETS



PROFILE QUIZ

The person mailing correct answers on penny post card will win a prize:

1. Where was the Lindy Hop originated?
2. What male singer from Newark appeared in "Anna Lucasta"?
3. What was the name of First Apple Jack dancer?
4. Who is the manager of "Suburban Enterprises"?
5. What Bass player won Herald News Musician of Year Contest?
6. What is Bonnie Davis's real name?

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Nacki Sacki Jackie wearing a dark brown D. B. suit, green shirt, brown tie, browne suede shoes. Dorthea Howard, wetring green grey gabardine dress, a yellow coat, no buttons, grey shoes and bag, two best dressed people of week . . .

CAFE-AU-LAIT SOCIETY

Dig my spiel, because I'm an unhep heel, just runing around trying to cover the field . . . Happy birthdates to B. Whitaker, Naomi Carter, Jerry McGhee, drummer Larry Bernstein and pretty Willa Fleming the J. T. Barnes agency secretary. Graham Audit, groovey until you think you're in a million dollar movie Sunday nites. Music by Pancho Diggs & Gus Young and band price 50c. . . its the B-bop jam review . . . . Sorry to hear that C. Barry Hill is ill and this column wishes him a speedy recovery . . . Laverne O'Conners one of the sweetest chicks this side of heaven . . . The Howdy Club featuring Name Entertainment a place you shouldn't miss in your rounds.

Watch the skating rink open in Lloyds Manor, operating Tues., Weds., Thurs., evenings & Saturday afternoons for children.

Redd Foxx the double talking fast spieling M. C. up in Mount Vernon at Club 14 . . . Lottie Dix in the "Piccadilly Club" doing them up.

The Negro Baseball Leagu opens May 8th, Yours truly will be looking for you, you and you at Ruppert Stadium.

Betty Farrell back home from Washington, D. C. Claude Maxwell and band will blow your top out to Palace Blue Room. Fandangle scores in Jersey. This column sends sympathy to Brady Hodges in loss of his mother last week. . . . Next week read about the late Larry Ringold musician. All you musicians who need a break can really get one from the "Manhattan new recording company" entirely negro owned . . .

PREDICTIONS

"Hucklebuck, Huckelbuck" is the talk of the town. The dance will be demonstrated at Graham Audit. May 7th when Paul Williams and his huckelbuckers appear . . .

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

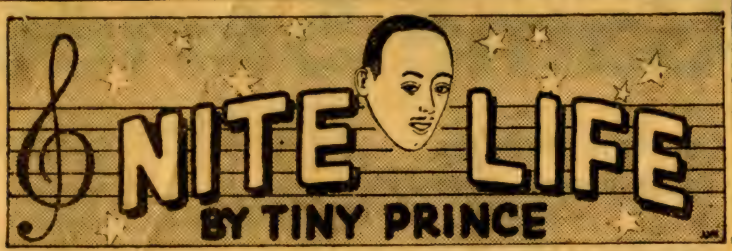
By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

ENTRE PRENURS C.A.—The column has been talking about it for almost three months, and now it has happened . . . No work. Things have bee nslowing down for more than a year—but our people, big-time spenders have not been giving it any thought whatsoever. We are always the last to realize that our minority group will be affected first. The saying "the last to be hired and the first to be fired is true. . . As modern as we Negroes of today are, we still have no factories to support our people. We build and buy churches on every corner and lavish money to erect places of amusement, but not one dime for independent security . . . . Every leader talks of discrimination and how to ride on the backs of others—but none gives any solution to our problem . . . Smalll businesses owned by Negroes can not suurvive unless the laboring Negro earns his from the white manufacturers. When we Negoes find a leader like Marcus Garvey and Father Divine, W. E. DuBois, and A. Philip Randolph, our problems will be half over . . . One dollar put into our factories from everyone in our community means many will work. We could and should build just one thing for ourselves. (Continued next week.)

La PRINCE—Yes Mr. Cool, it's sandel wears among the scandal bearers. Graham will really rock like zutty smutty June 11th, old home week. Buddy Johnson and his band Re-Boppin. It's wild action with lads of attraction. The Platons, Inc., will give a gonegoner Sport Hop down at the Terrace Room on June 20th. It will be smooth and way past the groove, whispers president John Houston . . . Yes, daddy, they were sunning at Atlantic City, but they didn't forget your scribe. A gay card from Leonardo and Eunice . . . Home town Ike Quebec who has made good, knocked out the Staff Club session, backed by Pancho Diggs' band—and it happened. Bud Powell, Esquire piano artist and Miles Davis, trumpeter of Esquire, were also recent guests. Helen Miller, of Jersey City, still one of those gay play girls, featured by the Golden Boys. What is Be-Bop? Watch the Ladies' Carnival nite at Lloyd Manor—every Friday evening. Ladies Free . . . Marie Gibbons home from College with a loud home from College with a load of other girls. Charlie Shavers interest in one of my little sisters, Evelyn Boyden, yeah. Mit. it's a cupid angle . . . would make a nice wedding . . . It's whispered by cats on the tacks that Geneva (Belita) Stanford is still eyes of desire. Duke Anderson voted the most likely to succeed by a musical margin. Yes, we will be tripping and tippin soon, on our way to the Dancers Appreciation Society affair. Little Johnnie's Tavern as a rule very cool. Esquire—Vogue President, Larrie (West) Stalks, always looking radiant as fresh crisp fruit . . . Win an Illinois Jacquet album—autographed in person. The Branford Record Store has anything you are looking for—plus gay conservation chatter of Carl Trainor. The Pic is up on the beat and everything is neat. The Johnson group really in there. Eddie Mosby still the man behind the men—behind the pretty girls. Don't forget to wire congratulations to Joe Louis and his 11½ pound baby boy. Josephine Baker, Negro star, arried Jo Bouillon, Franch-born Paris jazz orchestra leader. Don't forget to take a chance on one of the Illinois Jacquet lucky awards. Part of the proceeds to be donated to the Urban League.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Have you been up to the I.Q. Clothing store yet? Well you're missing the best material of prewar stuff . . . 251 South Orange avenue, Tan Town. She is a professional model and that is Esther Lane, wearing clothes as only she can—with a body—ala girls' envy—Samuel Hawks in a leghorn straw, tan seude jacket, grey pants, brown and white shoes. Yeah! also the cool silk cream shirt . . . Ernestine Bennett, upsweep glamour—green suit, white blouse, black shoes, always fine and in line . . . Carl Jones, promoter unique, white ssirt, blue tie, blue suit, brown shoes. Cynthia Loust, one of the lovely girls this scribe has watch with admiration, in a single breasted blue suit—dressmaker style—white blouse, black shoes and bag. Rabbit Reid, in a white shirt, shetland two button suit, brown hat, brown shoes. Happy birthday to Boots, Carletta and Joyce. Gald to hear that Ruddy Jaackson's wife is better after her recent illness. Sorry to hear of the Clarence (Golden Boy) Baskerville accident. Keep your eye on the new release of Negro's films. Mrs. Daisy King seen around looking charming as ever, in a black-two piece tailored suit, white shoes, black tie, black snoes and flowered hat. See you next week.

Saturday, May 29, 1948



The '48 membership drive for single members is on. One dollar will give you free chances and tickets to a variety of entertainment througout the year, such as colored or big league games, skating parties, horseback riding, etc. There are also many other free amusements available. So send in your name and address on a penny post card. The Birds of Paradise affair, noisy but nice.

Spotted Mary Stewart, Katherine Killbrew, Juanita Gray and Sylvia Hayward celebrating her birthday. . . Lucy Hall of the "Three Pals" um! gay. Lettie Green and Ruby Geralds, chatting. . . One never knew there was so much chicken and lush in the world. . . Counted four birthday cakes while gabbing with Major Taylor.

Fashion Flash

Ernest Rico Hicks, grey sharkskin, dark blue suit, white shirt, red tie, black shoes and white hat at Be Bop session. . . Jerry Montgomery, soloist, wearing a blue grey checkered blouse, blue skirt, blue shoes and hose, topped with a red fox jacket and a flowered straw. . . Beauticians Jane Jones of 591 High street, gave Tee Ross and Isabelle Maddox, both of whom were named as women of the week, facials, hairdo and manicures.

Tan Town Scene

Wolves had better beware Sarah Smith, for the six foot brown skin babe is taking examinations for policewoman. Golden Boy of the month is Wally Davis. . Virginia Brown and Mary Bell of Jersey City, real gawn, doing the spots. . . The Howdy Club jumping with a ready show. . . Jesse Perry's dramatic singing soothing to the ear. . . Johnny Small's tapping is a treat. . . Gus Young and his rhythm a frantic interlude in swing . . . Glomourous Roselle Reid working at Club Harlem in Atlantic City. . .

Billy Ford and his band groovved hot sparks last week end and the Picadilly almost caught fire from his music. . . P. . Listen for Connie Carroll, the Ford vocalist . . .Odessa McDonald away from the life in a New York nursing school. Petey Smith threatens to go out to Detroit to bring back his new car. . . The 1948 Club World membership drive is on. . . Lets hope they revive the Savoy Record of Miss Raphsody's 'Oh Lawdy Mama'. . .Congrats to Rosetta Johnson who has the social set buzzing about her forthcoming wedding. . .She has landed Connie (Cadillac) Jeffries, one of North Jersey's most eligible bachelors. . . Elizabeth, N. J. is shouting about June Cole and his Four Barons plus song bird, Joe Alexander. . . May 29th will be a date for Miss Cover Girl. . .J. T. Barnes has already pushed forward in seeking the best in beauty and talent among sepia real live dolls. . . .Watch Laura Williams. . . See you at Grahams next Saturday night. . . James O. Scott can call the Herald News office for his lost book.

CLUB NEWS

Club World's monthly meeting was held in Jersey City at the home of one of our advisor's Mrs. Doris Hinton. Club Board of Directors present were Lordsmen, Surburban-ites, Eight Orchids D. A. S., Les Bonne Filles. Five other Club Board of Directors were absent. The main discussion was about clubs and single members taking subscription for the Herald News. It was agreed that all of Club World, Inc., would support this new idea. This column will give press releases to all clubs securing ads from this organization. . . . Next week we will list the Advisory Committee and our lawyer. SINGLE MEMBERS and Clubs are welcome to join Club World, Inc. Write to our secretary Miss Melonee H. Jones, 115 Orient avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Watch for our reduction cards in the mail. . . . March 5th is the birthday of Roy Kirkley. . . . Phyliss Parkers weekend visitors from Jersey City, Hester Harris, Melvin B. Johnson, our candidate for City Commissioner will be honored late until the wee hours at Cafe Superior in Graham Building at a late dance en entertainment spree March 5th. P. S. Virginia Stanfield, Sec'y. They say the "Three Pals" midwinter, frolic was something, Doris, Birdie and Lucy fine girls. . . . The social elite will meet and greet at King Hirams Lodge, March 5th, come Saturday nite. "The Lordsmen, Inc." young men with eyes on the social front. Music tantalzing plus a exzotic dancer and the "Flamingoes" quartette. Twill be a nite. Remember Club World, Inc., policy is to strive to promote social morale, civics, recreational and educational welfare among its members. See you next week.



Profiles

Singer Ann Baxter, tomorrow's sensation. Willmeia is her middle name which she shuns, born 21 years ago in North Carolina. She came to Newark at the age of seven. She is a member of New Hope Baptist Church. Ambition is to become top popular singer. Her voice is a cross between D. Washington and La Vaughn. She is crazy about the classic's, would like to sing heavy semi-classic's, but is sure her voice is not suited for it. She is also still taking voice lessons. She has what it takes, so keep your eyes peeled for she is climbing the ladder of success, but fast.

Fashion Who's Who

Ann Mae Hall dancer along the main stem wearing biege flare dress, brown fur jacket, brown shoes and bag . . . Doris Hintons suede bush jacket much talked about in social circles . . . Robie Kirk singer wearing sharkskin S. B. suit olive sport shirt, tan shoes, grey hat, Polo orange overcoat. They are saying many of us don't need mask to go to the N. J. Artist & Models ball, smiles. Never the less folk's walking and riding are getting ready for this nite. T'will be Saturday, come March 12th . . . King Hirams Lodge.

Cafe-Au-Lait-Society

There is a quite moving through this town about work cutting down on our nutritional value. Pops don't believe it, things are just trying to get back to normal. Of course Brewer of "My Market" says, pig feet and hog maws bad black eye peas are becoming popular again. O, yeah! know all about it. Out there at Tylers Chicken Farm, food is forgot by many patrons listening to Billy Ford and hi sband. Jimmy Tanner replaced June Cole on piano, and our man Henry (Tenor) Durant married eye perfumed cuties Pinkey Riley. Wishing them a million years of weding bliss . . . Charming Vera Hastings is the sister of Count Hasting made horn blower of Savoy Dictator fans. Glamour with Capital G televises Theresa Ross and her Buick of East Orange, N. J. P. S. she has been hiding south of the border . . . Pops! I'm gonna get over to the Jersey City's Celtic Hall Friday nite to meet and greet some of fine brown frame-tis the Penquin Canteen frolic . . . Lloyds Pine Room, moving like mad, with music by "Drifters Trio" real pleasing. The sundown Monday Jam at Blue & Silver Tavern everybody bouncing around like brown coconuts in the wind. spotted Honey Morrison, Proprietor Johnny Calaham, Jimmy Smith, Sue Gardon, Ann Smith. Sweet talk, Pearl Wilson, Gladys Harris, Julia Ryans, Esther Randolph, Maize Jewel, Wm. Smith, Happy and I was Bob Hunter, Wilbur Jefferies, Eddie Burton and Frederick Brothers who sponsor jam next Monday. . . . Brother Bones a knock out novelty . . . Mrs. Rosamond Marrow Kirk doing a grand job need more people in race like her. Who are the "FRANI-KATS?" Sat. in that top notch conversation Sunday nite with Charlie Barnet, Oscar Petterford, Ike Quebec, Fran Lin, Lucky Thomas, Woody Herman and Bill Cook. A bull session at Club Clique, smiles Togge Smith and band a thriller at Palace Blue Room. Charlie Parker has everyone talking and excited in Tan Town . . . Birthdates to Earl Hill, Clarence Brown, John L. Hurd and another Clarence Brown. The Howdy Club crowd going mad over Grace Smith a guest shot, supported by Gus Young and his band who have gone B. Bop. Peaches serves some fine food cooked by Florence & Mims . . . Flossie Hawkins wife of noted bandleader is resting comfortable at home after returning from hospital where she suffered the loss of her expected child. Joe Mannings "4 Clefs" Wyoming Blues Harris at Mombasi, Lodi, N. J. Sorry to hear that Ann Stevenson's mom was ill . . . Hotel Coleman's record session over W. H. B. I. Sunday nites 12 o'clock till 1 o'clock. New records "Get Happy," "Swanee" by Mannings 4 Clefs," "Happy Am I" by Ray-O-Vacs, "Let's Find Lucy" and "Jiver" by Billy Ford and band.

Predictions: Yard bird Charlie Parker will draw out exactly 1,900 people Sat. nite March 19th at Graham Audit.

Saturday, December 20, 1947

Sham Tucker, Ad Libs, Tickle Dodger's Patrons; Is Drummer

BY TINY PRINCE

NEWARK—Sham Tucker, the ad-libbing master of ceremonies currently featured at Dodger's Cocktail Lounge, literally ad-libbed his way right out of the cradle into the theatrical world.

The tall handsome lad, who who has been tickling the ribs of Dodger's patrons for the past 32 weeks was born in New York City, and before coming to Dodgers as a M.C., travelled the circuits from coast to coast as a blues singer and tap dancer. Nor does that mark all that the unpredictable Tucker can do for customer's money.

He is regarder as a triple threat entertainer, being able to also sit down and wield a mean pair of drumsticks and carries a Local 802 musicians card to prove it. If that isn't enough, check Downbeat Magazine and you'll find that he received votes for his work on the skins in a popularity contest..

During World War II, Sham travelled 22 months with the USO and made V disc recordings with Duke Ellington and Count Basie. He has also worked with Teddy Wilson, Eddie Heywood, Hot Lips Paige and many others.

Tucker was chosen by drummer and bandleader Gus Young at Dodgers, along with the owners, for the purpose of presenting the sizzling floorshow presentations. Bill Cook's radio show featured him for 16 weeks.

The present show includes talent such as Gloria Robinson formerly of Tab Smith's unit. Dorsey and Young Two demon tap dancers of the Jackie Robinson show. Zorro and Zorita one of the greatest Interpretive dance teams around in the East. Mabel Collins fills the bill with sweet songs that you will enjoy.



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—Mid-winter scenes, not high powered dreams are the talk of Tan town this week. Every Jack and Jill, is cutting to his home on the hill, to thrill to heat thats hard to beat. Yes; friends nothing happening except—For your sipping pleasure the Dug Out, on Belmont Ave., will have a special made television set. . . . . .Alfred E. Graham, manager of the Graham building and advertising man Clarence Hightower, where the guest of the famous Josephine Baker at a luncheon last Friday 23rd. Twas in Mrs Bakers suite at Hotel Bristol, New York City. . . . Sarah Vaughn, home town girl didn't score last Friday nite for the Penguin Canteen. Since she was a home girl folks are wondering if was not the cool cold weather.

Johnny Powell in the Melody Club, they say he wins all the smart money. Beulah Coleman the cute hostess of the Colman Hotel, mention's the fact that her brothers quartette are on the Circle Arrow Radio Show. 10:30 E.S.T. from Ohio. Those who are in the know are saying that the Picaddily is for sale. Eye-perfumed-cuties will be surprised to know that the Artists and Models Ball, will be a closed affair Feb. 14th. Eddie Davis of the Grand Hotel named bartender of the week. Over seven hundred advanced tickets have been sold up to date. . . . The Sky Club, will not open until the rare new scenic material can be secured.

TELEGRAM. . . . .BABY GRAND
NEW YORK CITY
125th street. . . . .

Tiny;

The people who were out to the Jam sessions, at Lloyd's Manor just buged me. Please; it was my pleasure to work like mad, in hopes that I will soon be back. Meanwhile give my regards to Manager Smokey Mc Allister.

Oh' Please,
Manhattan Paul.

Wonder what happened to East of the Oranges, speaking of Pearl Holt. . . Each issue will bring you some news about the "Musicians of the Year contest". . . Many of you students of swing, jazz and Be-Bop should send in the names and votes for your band, musician, singers and arranger. The question is Pancho Diggs still the king of everything. Can Max Walker play more bass than Flap Mc Queen. Will the solo's of Earl Baker, Chink Kenny, cast as many votes as Clive Pickett. . Grace Smith going to sing in the Club Regal in Columbus Ohio, Tony Jenkin ending up his 15th week. . . . . .

FASHION FLASH—Miss Astoria Robinson, wearing two piece velvet dress with designs of sequins on the upper part. Black french heeled sueds, bag, grey new look coat and hooded red linning. Earl Hill, down town munching and crunching, attire in a dark blue double breasted suit. Brown sport shirt, covered by a yellow sleevless sweater, olive tan hat and a California hand stitched camel overcoat.

Arrived to late to see anything of the Jackson and Jackson fashion show but seen many preety Tan Towners. . . . . .

CLUB WHIRL—Many of the clubs have been writing to this club dispenser asking about talent for club dates. Take music of Dole Dickins Quintette, and Brady Hodges they have style and class .You can hire them thru the Club Whirl agency plus entertainers and many other small attractions. So don't wait get your letter out to us three weeks before your affair. Happy birthday to you Jennie Lavell oop-pop-a-do-to you. Didn't know fashionable Cordelia G. Johnson was State President of Beauticians Unit 21. The Orange Y.M.C.A. Co-ed Club, gave a frolic at thee Manor last Friday nite. . . . . Some of the faces you know were Blanche Bristol of Bron[illegible] N. Y. Also Sweet petite [illegible] Orange, and her gue[illegible] just sang

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

WHAT'S HAPPENING — Mrs. Effa Manley high priestess of organized baseball and owner of the Newark Eagles deserves the Orchids of the year. Regardless to what happened to ur World Champs Mrs. Manley was the woman behind them supported by many fans. You can give her much credit for pushing our Dobby into the big League. Women who have personalities such as hers are the backbone of our race. When I say this, I recall back a few years or more when eDacon out Negro baseball. In fact Mrs. Branch Hickey made a crack ab- Manley was the only top flight owner to make a verbal reply. In a few words she comley said that, "the Deacom was talking through his hat" when he said Negro baseball was not organized, or words to that effect.

FASHION FLASH — Genevieve Weather, just in from California looking sun-kissed. Attired in a crepe draped dress greek cut, with platform shoes, a twirl hair do and short white Cal., wool cape jacket, sweet hard to beat Danford Larue Jordan, cool in that style that makes him outstanding . . . . Virginia Moore, wearing black trimmed bustle crepe dress, black french heeled shoes nd that hat which all women vy and a s ew bag. White es and earers must go re th njys or straw o to. Its the the reason. er looking dress of

Esquire will be were illiam ons, to d a the est rd v

. . . Wedding of happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Wright.

FRANTIC ENTERLUDES— Salutations Geese, I've come back East to spread my grease. So on to this breeze cause its a life of ease. Page 90 of Esquire Mag. featuring pictures and a story of thee great Dizzy and Be-Bop music . . . The question is are all chicks unhappy when they get sapped—Whye do they continu doing what they do????smiles. Whats new Rollin with Rolland is back in town making tracks, and bugging you with cracks. The Townsmen Mountclairs club with a purpose is on the ball and going places so keep your eye peeled for the steal. Alice Owens chirping like I never knew will ease in to tease the patrons at the Nest Club Sept 27th . . You can collar this rift but don't be know stiff couse its right on the beat and all reat. The Ray-O-Vacs now at Lloyd Manor featuring Joe Crump at piano, Flap Mc Queen on bass, Chink on Sax. Miss Judy Roberts a riot with popular Lester Harris who is in demand these colored nites. Jeepers Creepers come on out and open your peepers Ida Barnhill frantic and Panicky with her glamours sister. Bill cook still the real gone guy going better than the best with his Dodgers Air Show. Oh! yes a million years of wedding ward. Leonardos New chick a mellow yellow teasing and pleasing. Louis and White going into the Apollp this week dancing maddern, Jersey lads. Mary Jones young and sweet and really hard to beat. Reese La Rue is so gone that the Kinny club is hotter than Hades. Well things are not what they use to be so I had better just better get like the squirrel into a nother World. Meanwhile dont be Jack-in-the-Box dont break know locks, smiles are still in style.



Cute little Jeanne Melvin of First street, Newark is shown playing "I Want to be Loved" for Miss Doris Bowling of British Guiana, who is on her first visit to North America. The little pianist also played selections from Beethoven, Bach and Wagner at the party, given in honor of Miss Bowling.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

E. C. A.—Yes, as you look around you can very well see that many Negroes are progressing. The amazing thing, though, is that it's not those who are rated as the refined personalities. It's those from down under who have suffered. The world, with all its knocks and blocks, has taught our people valuable costly lessons. We are a minority group—we can expect few favors from outside. We must stand on our own two feet. No matter how many times we go down—we must arise Each and every Negro should be prepared to let the world we have just begun to fight. Iron wears out—our only salvation shall be in bringing forth the best that's in our group. So, as we watch many Negroes who have started out in inour world of tomorrow—we say—"The road is hard—and thorns on all sides of the road—but the price you pay will reap benefits for your children. JOIN THE URBAN LEAGUE GUILD —When I contribute my nickles or dimes to this fund I think of how big a building I'm helping to buy. Yet, no matter now big it will not be big enough. There will be a department for the Baby Keep Well Station, Housing Dept. and many other divisions to help our many needy families.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—The Rene School of Charm and Fashions, at 591 High street, has a new front. Have you taken a peek at it yet? Well do so. Oliver Prec-Shay, one of the Golden Boys about town, wearing a homburg like no one can—neat. It's rumored that Mary James is ultra glamorous, Egg Day nite. Our Lady Queen of Angeles Roman Catholic Church was crowded Easter Sunday. Spotted Mrs. Donald Lloyd in a charming two-piece brown suit with accessories, also Lloyd, Jr., in a grey outfit. Mr. Faulks in a dark suit—Dr. Usher, Mrs. Monney and Dr Walker.. Lawrence Minton in a single breasted lounge brown two button suit, white button shirt, brown tie, brown double-breasted suit, brown shoes and hat. .Dorothy Smith wearing a veiled black hat—something for the fashioneers. Thelma Sloan in a tam that was terrific—of black and gold .. Carol Jones wearing a light cream English tweed, white button down shirt, brown tie, brown shoes and topcoat and hat—neat and hard to beat.

LA PRINCE—The movie groovey people are all a rave about the Babs Brown Gonzalez Three Bips and a Bop. They are selling like hot cakes in snow time. The Los Amigos Social Club has all the reasons to be proud of Bernice Sim[illegible] Day...All the birds come north but Irene Williams went south—Bon-tour....JUNE BUGS—cab service super. Lad really knows how to drive and what kind of service he gives—the service that is in demand. The Captivators Table—excellent and smart. ... People like Modina Boyd, the model, Mrs. Reind, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes, Elizabeth Parker, hat designer, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodell Flemming, Gus Dawson, Fred Middleton, that exquiste dance team of Leonardo and Juanita, Fannie Bass and Jerry Bland and our gal Sally. Girls, join now—it's a groovy date—so get it straight—Girls!. Leg Contest May 9th. P. S. Hope you had a happy Egg Day.



PROFILES

Artist—Isiah Williams, the artist who has captured the movement of his people, historically. Ike or Valtrae is the nick name he answers too. Newark is his hometown, he served in the Maritime Service during World War II . . . Ambition, to become top commercial artist, which is a hard field for a negro. At present among others he is recognized as another Michael Angelo or Leonard De Vince. Little Johnny's at 47 Montgomery street, is his first ar t gallery. Stop in, look at these forms he has drawn on the walls. Study the face's expressions, acts dances, its you and I, in primitive poses . . . Appreciate his creative work over a smile or two. This is the work of a man who was a lad in your neighborhood. Drop me a line, and tell me what you think of his work.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Rene Stalks, Artist & Models Ball, last Saturday nite at King Hiram's Lodge packed and jammed . . . Just like I said like only the can. Yeah! spotted Lois Dupree, Conrad Gay Clark of A. N. P. New York tripping . . . Phil Black and his troupe, Noami Johnson black chiffon pajamas. Spotted the Sportsman from Elks of Newark, Jane Jones, of Beauty Nook wearing a white sarong. Mary persanality Walker . . . The nite was full of pretty pictures like Arline Sally mashed, Mary Worthy, and Chines Elizabeth Scott. Delsie Painkey in white satin gown. The music was great and everyone had a grand time . . . After the affair in the wee hours folks including the committee like Dewey Ackis, Bill Cook, disk jockey, stop into the "Queen Bee Tea Room," for breakfast, Proprietor Myrtle Simmons, rushing to and fro looking fresh as a daisy, P. S. she also had bben to the frolic.

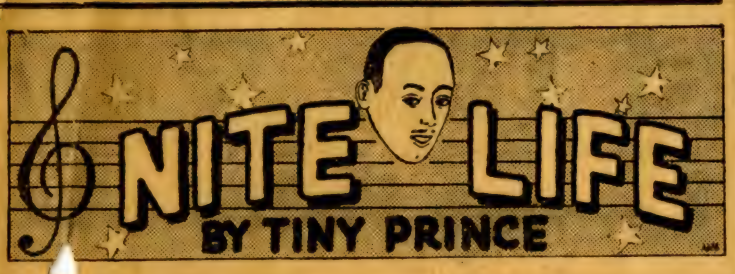
CAFE-AU-LAIT-SOCIETY

Careful little chicks, from the sticks, Tan Town wolves are on the loose and even chasing old mother goose . . . The Palace Blue Room in Rahway is the spot of the week . . . Top show place, featuring Strawberry and Julia a great comedy act and Julia is a grad blues singer. Arthur Terry homeboy M.C., naughty, plus Tony Williams the new singing Protgee of P. B. Room. Well! you must see and hear him. Riddict the man who will tap and steal into your heart with a novelty act of lifting weights with his teeth, terrific straight from Broadway. The show could never be complete without the music of Mr. Horn Toggie Smythe and band, be sure and see this show, says Skippy Williams and Melvin Bolds . . . and watch Mrs. America the shake dancer. Happ birthdate to Clayvon Jackson and Albert Gibbons. Eddie Cleanhead Vinson shakes the world with B-Bop Blues is learning the B-Bop language. The ofay Resturants are losing much of the better class negro trade. Name places along Broad street, Newark, used to be filled with glamour girls and playboys, Saturday nites . . . The bettercrowd has taken to places like the "Bridge Club Diner" where Billy Malone Propr. gives you service with conversation on news of the day. Things has changed, a one time playboy who sported a Lincoln Continental, and was really hard to get along with do to his popularity with the ladies, is now walking, but such is life . . . "Billy Fords", guest Rovena Skelter and Esther Hazel, out to Tylers . . . Notes to a nite lifer—the blues singer is not Tiny Prince but Tiny Princess, and she is good. Knocked me out to see, hear, Mary Reed doing the drum act with, the "Mad Hatters" in Lloyd's Manor, Pine Room. She moves the house and bugs me . . . There was flowers from everyone and many a tear was shed. This was last Thursday afternoon at the funeral of our boy Johnny Lynch, the passing of a lad from our corners . . . "Baby What's New," "Guitar Boogie," by Teddy Brannon on King Label. The Monday Sundown Jam gone messy like Aunt Bessie.

PREDICTIONS

I'll be looking for you next Saturday nite "Charlie Parker and his band" So help me take the count which will be

1900 . . .



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES — Twas the Nite before Xmas, Lo, midnite was near, Not a whiskey was stirring, not even a beer, The pari[illegible] were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Saint Nicholas would soon be there. . . Well "Merry Xmas" is the spiel that covers the world and the Tan Town field. . . . . .

Ole Santa is being very good to you, and its a package of music by Dizzy Gillespie and his band, at the Graham Audit, Dec. 25th, ... Penquin Canteen, Sun-eve. the Kathern Culver girls teded until the eyes of the ons oogled watching their ing torsos . . .Pancho Diggs, one of the first Negroes to try for the Musicians Union Executive Board.

Its the Howdy Club, 404 Washington street for that holiday show, with Judy Roberts singing. IIf you're looking for a slave of passion be sure to see Kay Dukonge. . . .Joe Crumps piano romps, and Flap McQueens bass sends the place. Chink still play's the sax like the wonderful C. Hawkins. Lester (M. C.) Harris, a bongo player makes you welcome. . . The glamour girls voted Clarence Hayes the Bartender of the Week up at the Piccadilly . . .

Billy Smith's party was a gone goner they say. . .

Patrons down at the Palm House on Broad street, are teased and pleased about the bass player, Clarence Mack. . . .

New Years day will leave Grace Smith the blues singer one year older. . .One special target for holidayites will be "Cafe Society", on Belmont avenue. . .Johnny Williams the mixolgist and host meets you with that home town smile, for the season's style. . . Its a cozy place to wine and dine with that some one who is on your mind. . .Music with a ripple and a tickle, by Duck Massey. . .

Roselle Reid the gorgeous peach looking good but out of reach. . . Blues on 52nd street, Cast; Chubby Jackson on bass, Sarah Vaughn singing, Max Kaminsky at trumpet, Sid Catlett at drums, Georgie Auld at sax, Jack Teagarden at trombone. see page 91 in Esquire. Santa has opened the bag and see the grab' "Leo Mad Lad Parker" former baritone sax player of the Illinois Jacquet band will move and groove you at Lloyds Manor Xmas nite until the late bright. December 25, '47. . . . "Whats in a name", is being asked by such cuties as Virginia Scott. . . Yes the ladies are talking aboht the "Sky Club" something new for a flavored hue. . .Bob Moseby and Joe Davis on the police force permanently. P. S. Mr. Santa, please put a colored cop in a Radio car. . . . .

FASHION FLASH—Nacki Sacki Fat Jennins wearing a double breasted lounge suit, yellow shirt brown and yellow tie, brown shoes, hat and a Beige polo coat debenor. . . .

CLUB WHIRL—Every member of the club world that heard Betty Glover sing over Bill Cook's program last Sunday night send their best wishes for her success. . She is a classic genius. . "Unite for the Future" is the slogan of the Club Whirl, and it can be yours too if you send in the name of your club and the secretary's address. . .Club Clinque is one of the newest to become interested in our organization. . The Dancers Appreciation Society were weekend guests in Boston, Mass. . . Vice president Bernice Bernard assures all that the "Yuletide Enchantment" given by the Esqui-Vogues will be the finest yet at the Terrace Ballroom Dec. 25, . . .Many of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Alves friends will be sorry to hear of the loss of his new born son . .Clubs are clamoring for the music of the Dictators who are playing Waltz and rhumba tunes the way you want to hear them. For your next engagement call [illegible]i-89737. . . Wat[illegible]als Arti[illegible]

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

PROFILES — Negro men have shown that the have the ability and many have gone successfully ahead. Today, along side our men we are forced to place our advancing owmen . . . from the living Princess Tashi of Ethiopia to Mary McLeod Bethune and singer Marion Anderson, along the late Madame Walker, inventor of the hair de-kinker . . . Even now we have in our midst a young Negro woman who deserves as much credit as others. A woman, who several years ago, started a struggle for a home in the business world. Rene Stars is not at its peak, but to many, it has become a must. From a small original shop to the biggest fashion shows ever staged in this city, comes her popular modern school. She has faced discouragement, setbacks and defeat . . . Plugging night and day with a determination, she has placed her name foremost in the world of style. Today, our Negro girls who haven't completed finishing schoolars, are rushing to take courses in modeling, which is a featured addition in the Rene Stars School of Charm and Fashion, 591 High street, Newark . . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS— Edgar Pope, tall and sharp as ever, wearing tan slacks and gabardine shirtand brown shoes, with a shredded cocoanut hat — cooling. Phil Parke in black loafers and a white and yellow flowered dress — so neat and petite . . . Tony Jenkins our boy of vocal fame at the Pic, coming like the best — yes, wearing a conservative blue double-breasted suit, black shoes, white shirt and gay tie — neat. Larie West, president of the Esqui-Vogues, wearing a stripped dress thatreally does things to you . . . Regina Killen in that two piece dress which displayed her middie — something new . . .

BON TON SOCIETY — The golden boys, who are the Tweedsmen, didn't let the rain stop the show and it went on schedule. The sailing was not delayed, says Apprentice Optician Patrick Turner. Virginia Scott, Frank Carrol and Jery Bland. Hattie Scruggs Taylor looking like the Shriner's Pin up girl. Savoy Shorty, the love thief, with Juanita Gastoh, pleasing and teasing. Gloria Wychoff, one of our cutest. Herbert Smith, the president of the Entreprenur Civic Association, gay and in the play. Oh, yes, Doris Hinton was also there — hadn't seen her in ages . . . Fred Patterson and Doris Womack in love. The ship-shape decorations gave you that reeling feeling while the music of Pancho Diggs played on — smiles. Lower Ray and Ruth Roberts staring at cupid . . . Virginia Scott again with Leonard, waltzing . . . Millicent Brown dressed ala lounge. Melonee Jones and Zoma Maxwell, of Vaux Hall, artistic . . . E. L. Henry, Jr., at the Platoons Table, which was full of drinks. Elaine Bowles, Rocky Colson, Horace Leake, Mr. and Mrs. Whigham, Evelyn Boyden's party from Roxbury, Mass., Robert Jackson, Paul Desmond, Larry Neblett and Kathleen Patrice . . . Myrtle Hayes, after the dance, gave a fling which was in honor of the Evelyn party, which laste duntil the wee hours of the morning . . . Dot Powell, of Belleville, Harold Holloway, Jersey City; Doris Payne, Brenda Brown, Ralph Jacobs, Gladys White, Jim Sherman, Louis West, of Englewood; Mary and Clarence Hayes, and Joe Slade of Orange . . . what a nite.

THE SPIEL — Yes, daddy, I am on the beam — in all the scenes. The Manhattan Sextette, a bouncing rhythm that can not be beat for dancing, at Lloyd's Manor on Monday nites . . . You can Joe Giggle and Bow Wiggle, cause this mess is at its best . . . Clarence Mack, the gonest bass player in the world, is with Togge Smythe. Grace Smith chirping like only she can down in Virginia . . . Dodger's Lounge, Gus Young is a must on my round of applaus. Old brother stork is warming up his motor fo Mr. and Mrs. Carlos of Montclair . . . The Coleman Hotel lobby alive and in the jive and mellow chicks . . . Lester Harris like the mad nab in Morristown. Perhaps, I ought to tell you I peeked into Al Henderson's Studio and saw the newest thing in wedding albums. Yes sir, Mr., it was the one of Miss Blodceil Caldwell and her spouse James Henry Pendleton — nothing like this has ever happened. June Cole in town looking icey. So what, Margaret Stevens, is in there. Leona Folkes bring that new Chrysler, period . . . The Matthews looking as great as ever. Howard Farrel, pitcher of the Newark Eagles, doing them up with Thelma Fisher of Philly. Yours truly didn't know that Dorothy Boydkin was a singer—neat, eh?

Well it is only who is who and what is what . . . but the show must [illegible]on.

NEW JERSEY HERALD NEWS



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Greetings its what's new! The Royalist Pres. Calvin Jackson, James Williams, vice-pres., and Sec. Charles Chapman, are part of our new members. This club is an athletic and social club striving for better community association and higher ideals. Shirley McRimmon of the Exclusive Arcadians reminds you the "Acquaintance Matinee" at Cafe Superior Sunday, Nov. 28, '48 . . . It's happy birthday to Willie Hill, Carlye Bennfield and Irvin Lewis. Please send in for your Club World reduction card. The stork warmed up his engine and delivered a 6-lb. baby boy to Moses and Kitty Mathews, smiles. 'Twas a delightful birthday for Melonee Jones, Sec. for Club World at the home of her sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones and daughter of Newark, Mr. and Mrs. W. Preston, grandmother of Vauxhall, Mrs. S. Green, J. C. and many others.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Virginia Moore wearing a new look coat of grey melton cloth. Ethel Mae Moore wearing a pretty figure dress at the Duke Ellington dance. Carolyn Lands bags and gloves are the main talk of Orange, smart.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Reports . . . Cootie Williams and Sonny Thompson "Long Gone" will knock you out Dec. 4th at Graham Audit. You will feel at home at the "Pic" luncheonette 310 W. Kinney street. Your man and mine Snook's is the proprietor, cooking those tasty sausages with Italian bread. "George Barkley" and his band will bow out of Piccadilly after Thanksgiving iite to welcome "Piccadilly Pipers" Friday 26th. So it's a date so get it straight. Crazy about the Manhattan Paul benefit for a great trouper. The "Howdy" rocks again with a female sensation vocalist and tenor sax player Winnie (Windy) Warren — plus Moinique the twisting eye bobbler fir dancer. Backed by Gus Young and his frantic band . . . . When queens meet, Grace Smith and Miss Rhapsody at Palace Blue Room, a sweet duet plus fashionable Modena Davis and Irma Allen . . . Love Finley beauty contest winner sipping at Bridge Club looking pretty. Claude Maxwell voicing a Christmas benefit for kiddies. Congratulations to Miss Emonon, great club fine girl. Henry Polite of Coleman Hotel, manager of the week in the spot light. Didn't know Henretta Rogers elevated in Sheraton Hotel. Send anniversary notes to Ink Spots on the best fifteen years, "If I Didn't Care", made them. Edith Donald Lloyd and heir, sipping at Irene's tasty shop. Ethel Witkins and Thelma Miller at Dodgers groovey like a movie. Winni Brown songbird in downtown Newark on Friday last . . . Many a sweet little girl is weeping Pancho Diggs, lost his Swanee River arrangement and a $1,000 worth of sheet music. It's out of this world a 2 for 1 at a price that's nice $1.25. Sonny Thompson and Cootie Williams.



PROFILES

Musician—Joseph Crump, born in North Carolina, but was raised in Norfolk, Virginia. . . . At a tender age Joe started picking chords on a church organ, which he soon learned to master for Church services. Twenty-three years ago Joe moved to Newark, N. J., where he began to work as a undertaker assistant. . . . This job did not last long, and Joe again turned to music, piano, preferred. . . . Joe played in and out of places like the Kinney Club basement, Club Cleo, Radio Inn, Harlem Club and the Colony Club. Musicians who worked with Joe Crump were Al Cooper, retired promoter, Eddie Durham, arranger, Hal Mitchell, trumpet man, Ike Quebec, Irvine Brown, Count Hastings, Bobby Plater arranger on tour with band, Chippie Alcott, Danny Gibson and many more. Joe Crump was a member of Rev. Thompson's church on West Kinney St., and still plays the organ on occasions. This man is a musician, a box beater or a piano player from within, with experience and background but yet he feels he has not accomplished enough. People, fans and friends say he is successful for he is part of the "Ray-O-Vacs" the new musical stop time rythm group. . . . His favorites are D. Ellington, C. Basile, D. Gillespie and Sarah Vaughn. Remember when you see Joe Crump the piano player, you are looking at a man with ability musically plus the stuff that will help keep his group on top. . . .

Fashion Who's Who

Danny Coleman, wearing plaid grey suit, grey shirt, black knit tie, suede grey shoes, blue overcoat, white handkerchief, breast pocket, white hat. . . . Ann Littles, the best dressed large woman in North Jersey. Never overdressed, brown two piece suit, brown shoes, peach blouse, maroon coat trimmed in beaded works and brown bag. . . .

Cafe-Au-Lait-Society

To all the chicks, "There isn't a shortage of the right kind of man". Just slip on a wig and you'll be able to get by like a greased pig. . . . Yeah! dres your best and get with the mess . . . "Palace Blue Room", full of excitement Mantan Birgmingham Morcland, Charlie Chan's man out there in person. . . . Celeste Steward, song stylist. Vita Moore, shake dancer, and our boy Claude Maxwell and his band. Tony Jenkins in Okla., on way to coast says "Bop is just moving in." Romping at the "Pic", digging Ray-O-Vacs, Sy Wright, Eleanor Richardson, Jackie Taylor of Bridgeport, Conn., along with the chick who has the town talking, Kay Davis. They were the guests of Nackie Sacki Jacki. . . . Happy birthdates, Jenora Hayes, Edith Braxxton, Helen Stewart the dancer. . . . "Pine Room, Loyds," Lin Proctors Mad Hatters, real crazy, Mary Jordan on drums, pleasing alluring, and ah, tempting! Heated around bar Mae McLoughlin, Inex Hamilton, Blanche Bristol, Larabelle and Louise Reed and Elvenna Carter, La Glamouring chicks. . . . Howdy Club, Peaches the singing waitress, frisky but cute. Cherry Redd eye popping with those big fine legs. Lamp the shape on Jean Brown, photographer. Gus Young's band moving like mad . . dig his new recordings for Coleman now out. . . . My bouquet is off to interpretative dancer Billy Zeta Smith who starts on tour. She was tutored under La Reese La Rue. . . . Babs Gonzales writes from Sunset and Vine, N. B. C. Studio, Hollywood, California. . . . P. S. He is living at King Cole's mansion. . . . Billy Ford and band playing so smooth the folks can hardly move out to Tylers Chicken Farm. Billy should record the "Whip" one of his original tunes. . . . Stash O'Loughlin, Clarence Mack, out in Columbus, Ohio. . . . Sweetest little girl of week is Freida Chambers, nice smiles. . . . Six matrons jazz fans vote Ella, top songstress. Scotty's Franti-Kats following Cat Anderson's group into El Patio Club, New York, going into big time in a hurry. Helen Hill, Rosetta Hones, B-Bopping at Lloyds Bop session Monday nites.

Predictions

April 2nd, "Hamp will get your in a cramp, show and review, something new, 2,300 people will be there. . . .



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES — Twas the Nite before Xmas, Lo, midnite was near, Not a whiskey was stirring, not even a beer, The barrels were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Saint Nicholas would soon be there. . . Well "Merry Xmas" is the spiel that covers the world and the Tan Town field. . . . . .

Ole Santa is being very good to you, and its a package of music by Dizzy Gillespie and his band, at the Graham Audit, Dec. 25th, 47. . . . . Penquin Canteen, Sunday eve. the Kathern Culver girls twisteded until the eyes of the patrons oogled watching their twisting torsos . . .Pancho Diggs, one of the first Negroes to try for the Musicians Union Executive Board.

Its the Howdy Club, 404 Washington street for that holiday show, with Judy Roberts singing. IIf you're looking for a slave of passion be sure to see Kay Dukonge. . . .Joe Crumps piano romps, and Flap McQueens bass sends the place. Chink still play's the sax like the wonderful C. Hawkins. Lester (M. C.) Harris, a bongo player makes you welcome. . . The glamour girls voted Clarence Hayes the Bartender of the Week up at the Piccadilly . . .

Billy Smith's party was a gone goner they say. . .

Patrons down at the Palm House on Broad street, are teased and pleased about the bass player, Clarence Mack. . . .

New Years day will leave Grace Smith the blues singer one year older. . .One special target for holidayites will be "Cafe Society", on Belmont avenue. . .Johnny Williams the mixolgist and host meets you with that home town smile, for the season's style. . . Its a cozy place to wine and dine with that some one who is on your mind. . .Music with a ripple and a tickle, by Duck Massey. . .

Roselle Reid the gorgeous peach looking good but out of reach. . . Blues on 52nd street, Cast; Chubby Jackson on bass, Sarah Vaughn singing, Max Kaminsky at trumpet, Sid Catlett at drums, Georgie Auld at sax, Jack Teagarden at trombone. see page 91 in Esquire. Santa has opened the bag and see the grab' "Leo Mad Lad Parker" former baritone sax player of the Illinois Jacquet band will move and groove you at Lloyds Manor Xmas nite until the late bright. December 25, '47. . . . "Whats in a name", is being asked by such cuties as Virginia Scott. . . Yes the ladies are talking aboht the "Sky Club" something new for a flavored hue. . .Bob Moseby and Joe Davis on the police force permanently. P. S. Mr. Santa, please put a colored cop in a Radio car. . . . .

FASHION FLASH—Nacki Sacki Fat Jennins wearing a double breasted lounge suit, yellow shirt brown and yellow tie, brown shoes, hat and a Beige polo coat, debenor. . . .

CLUB WHIRL—Every member of the club world that heard Betty Glover sing over Bill Cook's program last Sunday night send their best wishes for her success. . . She is a classic genius. . "Unite for the Future" is the slogan of the Club Whirl, and it can be yours too if you send in the name of your club and the secretary's address. . .Club Clinque is one of the newest to become interested in our organization. . The Dancers Appreciation Society were weekend guests in Boston, Mass. . . Vice president Bernice Bernard assures all that the "Yuletide Enchantment" given by the Esqui-Vogues will be the finest yet at the Terrace Ballroom Dec. 25, . . .Many of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Alves friends will be sorry to hear of the loss of his new born son . .Clubs are clamoring for the music of the Dictators who are playing Waltz and rhumba tunes the way you want to hear them. For your next engagement call Al. Armstrong Bi-89737. . . Watch for the professionals Artist and Models Ball . . . .

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

ENTREPRENUR CIVIC ASSOCIATION — Vacation time is here . . . The beaches, hotels and swank clubs are doing very well despite the uncertain financial times . . . After sallying forth to many distant places we have decided to look around home. Fred Patterson's rave is the little place just outside of Linden on the south eastern side of Rahway. Three extremely large Swedish modern buildings dominate a beautiful setting. Tall green trees reach right up to a blue sky with tints of white puffed clouds. Yes, let's not forget the swimming pool of running cool, clear, refreshing water, surrounded by a two-hundred ton sand beach. Around all this is tennis, horseback riding and delicious country home-cooked meals. Yet, with even all this, its right around home, with real peace and quiet. Don't forget you can also make accomdations for a day or week. The place is Sun Valley Farms . . . Note to Dodger's Lounge—Your show, which consists of Pete Diggs, supported by Gus Young is great.

LA. 'T. PRINCE . . . DESIDERATA—Go plaid amid the nosie and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as posible, without surrender be on good terms with all persons.. Speak your truth quietly and clearly—and listen to others—even to the dull and ignorant— they too, have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons—they are exations to all the spirit. If you compare yourself with others—you may become vain or bitter—for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career—however humble. It is real possession in the changing ruture of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs. For the world is full of trickery, but let this not blind you to what virtue there is. Many persons strive for high ideals—and everywhere in life is heroism. B eyourself. Do not especially feign affection—neither be cynical about love—for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the council of the years, gracefully surrender the things of youth. Mature strength of spirit will shield you in sudden misfortune, but do not distress yourself, you are a child of the universe—no less than the trees and the stars. You have a right to be here and whether or not it is clear to you, no doub the universe is unfolding as it should—Therefore be at peace with God—whatever you conceive him to be—and whatever your labors and aspirations in noisy confusion of life—keep peace in your soul. With all the sham, durdgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Robbie Kirk wearing those pastel colors like only he can. Margaret Hoffler appearing at Lloyd's Manor with a black drape skirt . . . . Ralph Smith doing them up at the Shriners eBauty Contest—real great. B yth eway the Owl Club representative Mrs. Hattie Scruggs Taylor won the contest hands down. Spotte dMr. and Mrs. Chauncey Talbot at the closing, standing like a couple of lovers. 'Tis Modina Boyd has taken those marriage vows. My sincere regrets to "Big Red" in the loss of his beloved mother. Also sorry to hear of the accident involving the mother of Charles Lawson. Yours truly and all the gay lads and lassies wish her a speedy recovery. When are the Esqui-Vogues coming to the front? The Tweedsmen promise another one. The D.A.S. are deep in thought . . . Meanwhile let's not forget the Sportman's Boat Ride July 25th, from Center street dock. This report arrived at the last minute—but I wish with all my heart it would only be a rumor. The great Jimmy Lunceford is dead, alas.

Until next week Yours Truly will be in the dream of many scenes. Oh, yeah, and its the Sweethearts of Rhythtm out at the Scott Hall, Elizabeth, July 19th. Gone group of girls.

Saturday, May 22, 1948



CLUB WORLD, INC. — New Jerseyites are still talking about the Esqui-Vogues "Blossom Time" says Melonee Jones and Fred Middleton.

It's happy birthday to Sam Robinson, Anna Mae Hall, Jennie Levell whispers about the Ellenstein Banquet — $7.50 per plate. Just a reminder to drop in on the Mignonettes this week-end. You can learn to do the "Applejack" at the Sky Club, Graham Auditorium, May 29th. Music by Candy Carter and his band, direct from Savoy Ballroom — plus Danny Gibson, drummer and two new acts. 9 p.m. until — it's a date.

FASHION FLASH—Anna Stevenson wearing a single-breasted cocoa brown suit, white blouse, suede shoes and a twirl up hairdo —sex-sation. George Oliver in a brown single-breasted suit, tan shoes, cream shirt, plaid woollen tie, snap-brim brown hat — at Lloyds. Geraldine Golstein a Caravin dance in black curls peeking out from underneath a brown straw, covered with green flowers, beige double-breasted suit—new look, and brown bowed leather shoes.

TAN TOWN SCENES — Eddie Mosby is back at the Piccadilly Club and again cafe society is tripping across the threshold. Faces tiped to welcome him were Doris Jones, Leonardo, Celeste Powell, gay boy James Melvin and Charles Lawson. Stark mad music by the FOUR NOTES—Queen of the Blues, Grace Smith and Tony Jenkins, with just that certain something that keeps you spell-bound.

It's all about town. Beulah Coleman of the hotel and quartette fame, will trip to the altar with the Nelson lad. Pancho Diggs strolling along the Boulevard of Musicians Dreams. Might have been an oversight—though I saw shapely Lois Young ch-chniced Saturday nite. Jimmy Gaston, Bill Lewis and Henry Fuller —oh yeah. 'Twas cute and root —a matinee musical cocktail. Dolores Miller is an eye-perfume cutie and a must on the Golden Boys' list. Remember little Willie Nelson—he still blows a hot torrid trumpet for Buddy Johnson. Ida Williams' perfect diction is something to hear. Three weeks after the "Musician of the Year Contest" ended 5,000 votes came in for the Bubbles Thorpe band, which includes Charles Kelly, drums; Wesley Clark, bass; Dan Mobley, piano and Luther Willis, trumpet. They are now at Kinney Club. Looking for Roselle Reid—where is she hiding? The Aoay-O-Vacs, a smoothie groovie combo on their way to the shore. Clem Moorman, ace piano player with the "Pic Pippers" will quit and return home soon. Girls — your legs are on display — so be careful. Until next date time.

Saturday, October 11, 1947

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

WHAT'S HAPPENING—Re-bop shee bam, Buddy Johnson of fine brown frame fame, is like good gin. Every lane from Spokane will ease out to Elizabeth, N. J., Scott Hall, October 11. Yes, it's the tops and I know you are willing to dig it when it rocks. But all the clubs will and are joining the Club world. "Keeds", something new has been added too, and you can bet your boot it's going to help straighten out some of the difficulties. Clubs are given affairs one, right on top of another without trying to consult one another. The Club World will tend to alleviate this situation.

Dizzy Gillespie who arrives in town this week with Arnett Cobb and Ella Fitzgerald will be guests of Smithy of Grahams.

FASHION FLASH — The nite was armer than usual and the Sun had left us after a fine day. When the evening arrived they came from East, West, North and South. Furs, your new long dresses with tresses and bustles. Charles Powell and Evelyn Sims treked in when the spotlight caught Elizabeth Baker's bronze apron crepe fialle. Instead of a rounded effect it has a point with double loops around the apron, and also a round neck line. Jane Jackson's table tipsy and teasing and overloaded with goodie doodies. Spun around in time to catch Virginia Scott, the beautiful model representing Graham Auditorium. Black chiffon velvet skirt with brocade velvet skirt peplum jacket with velvet trimming. Her hat—pink taffeta [illegible] bustle back of cluster bows of [illegible]e same material in pink and [illegible]am green. Jimmy Lee Brown, Mrs. Winfrey looking so charming presenting tickets at the door. Modena Boyd, one of the best dressed young women in Jersey, representing Settles Furs, green wool dress iwth contrasting grey top. Hat-black and green elvet. Louise Carthorne looking ravishingly pretty sipping at a table for six. Genevieve Weathers, representing Bernice and Reno Hair Co., wearing a brown suit, with a hat of light beige of beaver felt. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson of trumpet fame are as loving as ever. Zoma Maxwell, model, purple wool suit with large collar and cuffs, padded hips and unpressed pleats. This was designed by Zoma herself. Her hat was black in the Russian styled pill box trimmed with stones, drape of kelly green and brown scrapes.

Oliver Presshay, ultra modern doing them up like to roaring forty-five . . .Rene Starks' fashion show is just something that people can't ever forget.

FRANTIC INTERLUDE: — Lip beating Mamma knock this issue to me on tissue Yes, daddy our chicks are getting very fly and really high. P. S. The maiden on 18th avenue was hired a publicity agent. The word has gotten around that the "Raven" are coming to town. The Platon, Inc. reat and on the beat, the masked formal was gone with the heat. Elmer Henry's heart throb Elaine Boles, something to write home about, like a rose. . .Bob (Lance) Taylor and part of the Anna Lucasta cast doing the spots with charming Anita. The Captivators, messy, like Aunt Bessie, frantic like the Atlantic, a rollicking good time. Virginia Grant, tall ,teasing brown putting it down, being pursued and wooed. Golden Boys, Billy Edwards and Clarence Baskerville, angling like daddy wah-wah. Yellow but mellow is the words that describe Justin Johnson, a true goner. Mr. and Mrs. Francis looking so much like a brother and sister. In all it as a great but stright nite and things were alr ight. Keeds let these thoughts leave you in the care of the angels. Henrietta Rogers and Sylvia Cix of Cranford, N. J. and Bernice Barnett of Belleville a sipping and a tipping along the lane for the hep insane. New Yorkers attention: Thomas Robertson has stolen one of the sweetest chicks from Jersey—Roselle Reid. Elizabeth Jenning stunning but running like mad. Buzz Shepard back on the beam on the scene. T his berg will be knocked for a loop when Dr. R. Groves ankles to the altar with a New York sweetie, Dr. Lucille Swan, veddy, veddy beautiful. June Bugs called the best of all the rest. Well, it is the only one in the Sun if you igg them and don't dig them. I'm going to play and I don't intend to pay, is my motto before I hop to the Grotto.



Hi Members! What [illegible] pr intentions for '49? W[illegible] help be a success? How [illegible] keep your club in the limelight? You can find these and many more answers in the Club World Contract Plan. . . . Watch for 1949 Queen of High School. . . . **Yours truly will M.C. the Dubuteens amateur nite and dance February 12, so be on hand to clap your hands. Baby Arnold J. Bryant christened by Rev. Johnson of Metropolitan Zion A.M.E. . . . Les Fille Bonne cocktail sip coming will be the talk of the Tan Town. Miss Ruby Jones and Lester Miller dated to wed Sunday, twenty-third of Jan.**

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Celestral Powell, grey caracul coat, brown felt hat trimmed in green feathers and green suede shoes. Eddie Mack wearing a S.B. brown suit, white shirt, red tie, brown shoes and polo coat at Graham Audit.

L. Jordan packs 'em in. . . . Pancho Diggs, a N.Y.U. after master degree in music. . . . Ann Washington gone Dr. student, working for N. J. Branch of New York Age. . . . Johnny Small tapping at Mombasi. . . . Dorothy Taylor of Asbury Park cute visiting Tan Town, Newark to you. Grace Smith opens at Lloyds Manor, Thursday night with Four Cleffs, be digging you. Dotty Lawrence and Delores German enchanting on with the lights Hip Hipkens.

2-in-1 SHOW WILD BILL MOORE AT GRAHAM AUDIT

NEW YORK — Memphis Slim who up to this time has been a top southern attraction is about to invade the north. His northern record followers through their demands will now [illegible] as well as hear the most terrific [illegible] storming [illegible] since the barrel days of Bessie Smith. [illegible] be called the "Blues Pied Piper" of America first gained recognition as the boy sensation of Beale Street in Memphis when only 13 years old. Born to the piano, he has developed a style that lends a modern twist to the blues, but still [illegible] that peculiar and lamenting rhythm that has justly created for him the title, "Crown Prince of the Blues."

He has the distinction of releasing more consistent record hits in 1948 than any of his contemporaries. He has become distinguished by such outstading hits as "Rockin' The House", "Motherless Child", "Life Is Like That", and his sensational hit that sweeped the country, "Messin' Around".



Club World, Inc.

Hi members its been a busy week. Among the new members this week were Norman Hurd, Shirley McRimmon, Dock Hayes, Robert Harris and Ann Washington. Club meetings of all clubs and single members will be held every three months. With the meeting in January 1949, mailed notices of date will follow later. The new senior President of Club World, Inc., is Moe Jones, the Junior Pres., Miss Hattie Myricks. Happy birthday to Dorothy Hamilton, Shirley Cox and Dizzy Gillespie. . . . After the Lincoln-Howard football game, Oct. 30, at Rupert Stadium, students will trek to Terrace Ballroom for the victory dance.

Fashion Who's Who

Bobby Peale, the host in Roost attired in S.B. blue serge suit two-button white tab shirt, yellow tie, brown suede shoes. Many ow's and ah's at Wideway when Rene Starks appeared in a stunning satin and chifon dress with the cuffs adorned in $$ white fox fur.

Man About Town Reports

Cherry Red! the exotic shake

Mack. Sorry to hear of the illness of Joseph Dowl. The Tres Club to do all that others have not. What has happened to the Magificent "Speak Softly" Wacks? Orchids to lovely little Louise West, sister of the late Annie West who trekked down the alter with Floyd Green of Orange. Valentines, with hearts of every shape and hue were in view last Friday . . .Yes, it was the nite our girls, The EsquiVogues, held their cupidaffair, Johnny Jackson's band was super and divine—the music light and polite. Gaeity was the key?note whispered Georgia Ford, teasing sandy haired girl. Oliver Prec-Shay playing it very gay. Hirene Drew, pin up girl of the Nomads, looking as teasting and pleasing as ever. Watch the sparkling light in the eyes of Elizabeth Jackson Keyes. Joe Lockhart shouted it seems like old times. . .Mrs. Mary White, nurse of the Harlem Hospital, teaching the lads the rumba —nice eh? Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whigham still the same find people we always knew. Roberta Bell, cute and petite. mingling with the elite, plus little Gloria James of Bellville. Leonardo, the treasurer of the Dancers Appreciation Society, looking smooth and in the groove. Emma Kaye, the North Newark lass, looking charming and alarming with Golden Boy Frank Carroll. We can not forget the lovely look of president Larry West Stalks. It was a nite that was lovely and bright and things were really right. I'll ease into the blue and dig the skies for a star like you—see you next week.

gaiety, fun, laughter and a frolicking good time.

FRANTIC SPIELS — Yes, it's so hot, I'm gonna lost my make-up spoke Willie Bryant. Pops, drop the scene and dig my dream of the week — Virginia Scott, al-model from out the Westfield way. She has the right cheek for appeal, the left cheek for the examiner and cherry lips for you. P. S. Mr. Mess — she is a peanut brown. The Manor Record Studio is searching for a negro talent scout. The offer is seven thousand dollars a year . . . Haven't seen the teasing-pleasing Ann Brown. What's she putting down? The Owl Club is a must — so do drop in — and be met with a smile and grin. I'm cooling and I'm not fooling. Al Henderson's pictures take better than life. Togge Smythe's musical Mad-Caps great. Duke Anderson on the piano; Clarence Mack on bass — great. Ella Fitzgerald's recording of "Lady Be Good", bugs me. Billy Eckstine's "This is the Inside Story" a real classic. Vernell Mitchell, the little girl that is all trim and on the limb just back home after a trip to Canada. While playing tennis she accidently bumped into the mad-grab Illinois Jacquet. Anthony Jordan informing your scribe that Danford Jordan, the groovest piano artist, his brother, is back from sunny California. The lucky Mrs. Foster doing them up modern. "Arrest Cancer, It's wanted for Murder". Well, you can lamp this issue and pick up on the next issue.

dancer is back in town. The "Howdy Club" is in a panic trying to handle her fans. She lays 'em in in the aisle's supported by Gus Young and his band, plus Joe Skinner as M.C. Your boy and mine, Crack Shot produced this show. Seen Modena David and her vest pocket dog — a Chawow-wa like Cugats. . . . The Piccadilly management is going to great lengths to give its public a new and better club. Everything is going to happen here says talent advisor Clarence Hayes. You can bet this the truth after watching the happy faces of people like Arthur Calley from as far as Summit, N. J. P.S.—this while listen to the Piccadilly Pipers play "Tenderly" . . . Champagne flowed like wine at Lloyds Manor bar last Monday nite. It was the natal party of Johnny Jones, with Ernest Edwards, Lottie Dix, Clara Waters, Roland Edwards and Oenida Harrison. Notes on "Al Cooks", sporty place. Claude Maxwell band is a steal, great Jazz Bebop. Patrons like cute Lucy Taylor one over the piano man in the rhythm section. Hal Ford.

...lub policy was dis-
...proved. We will dis-
...ub World as a column
...y the "Nite Lifer", but
...e arrangements to keep
...e, and place our advertise-
... in the "Herald News".
...yone has been whispering
...ut town about the Suburban-
...s Cupid Frolic at Lloyds Man-
... "It's a date Feb. 12th, 1949,
...nusic by Brady Hodges, songs by
Freddy Patterson", whispers Pres.
Lillian Pitts, Jean White and
Sec'y Beatrice Mitchell. Sorry—its
birthday congratulations to M.
James and Miss Gladys Brown.

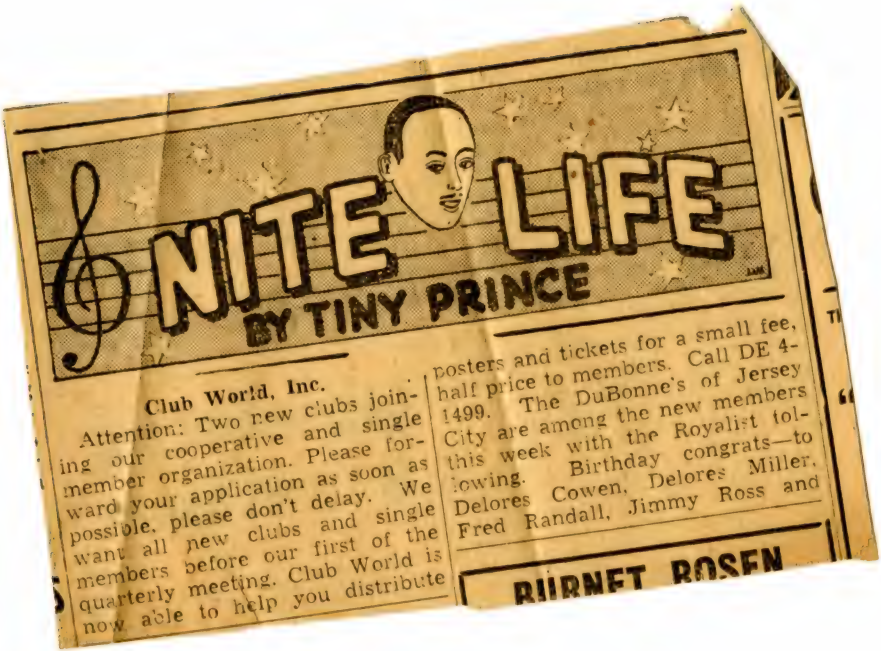
FASHION WHO'S WHO

Open Letter

Mr. Thornton,

Your letter was appreciative, I've been right around home. Your choice was wise, Miss Olie Mae Miller, has also been selected by me, but not this year. I've never met Miss Flossie McIntyre, but I'm convinced your taste is excellent. Perhaps a contest of the ten best dressed men and women set to vote would serve as a happy medium, smiles —Tiny Prince.

It creeps up on me but I'm with it. . . Eye-perfumed cuties, bartenders, entertainers and many nite lifers have been slipping away to the Monday Eve Jam Sessions.. Pops Coprews Tavern, Eddie's 570 Club, Frederick's Lounge, The Family Bar, and Blue & Silver have been super frantic and panic, with home folks. Each week these dates are held at one of these spots, among on hand to bug and sand. . . Mrs. Sutton and Renee Starks at Shakespearn play staring young interpretive daner Donald Suton at Arts High. . . Piccadilly Club, meetings Dole Dickens quintette plus Scotty on trumpet this week. Oh! Yeah! they are just in from Crystal Caverns, Cleveland, Ohio. . . Wild about Mrs. Reid's home on Fairmount avenue owner of Nest Club. Al Cook's gone with the wind music by Claude Maxwell and band vocals of Skippy Williams. . .Tony Jenkins doing great at Continental Bar, Pittsburgh, Penn. Girls young and old are talking about the honesty J. T. Barnes Artist Bureau, give honest advice to girls who have no beauty on talent . . . Grace Smith ah-loot rocking the Pine Room at Lloyds Manor. Y. W. C. A. Feb. 11 Debuteens Amature Nite a charity benefit yours truly M. C.



Club World, Inc.

Attention: Two new clubs joining our cooperative and single member organization. Please forward your application as soon as possible, please don't delay. We want all new clubs and single members before our first of the quarterly meeting. Club World is now able to help you distribute posters and tickets for a small fee, half price to members. Call DE 4-1499. The DuBonne's of Jersey City are among the new members this week with the Royalist following. Birthday congrats—to Delores Cowen, Delores Miller, Fred Randall, Jimmy Ross and

BURNET ROSEN

...zabeth. ...one ... the best ...ssed ...men in the county, wearing a dress of blue, pair of black suede shoes and bag, with pearls and a black fur jacket. Al Knight wearing a blue double-breasted suit, blue shirt, maroon tie, brown shoes and hat of blue felt. Mrs. Al Knight in a two-piece button down front, of tangerine wool, shoes, and bag of cocoa brown. Warren Dinkins wearing a light gray double-breasted suit, long roll blue shirt, maroon tie, brown shoes, brown hat and a burnt-almond top-coat.

The Rosary Society of the Holy Spirit Church, Orange, really put their best foot forward. It was their first Fashion Show and Tea, featuring Rene's model. Charming and alarming "Our Girl Sally" narrated the show as only she can.

T.T. SOCIETY—May I extend my best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. William Howard for a thousand years of wedded bliss. Breath-taking Hattie Taylor, with all her curves, was awarded the two hundred and fifty-dollar check at Graham Building last Saturday nite. Yes, my merry friends, it was the affair of the Shriners Patrol. After the coronation program, Yours Truly met one of the sweetest mothers in the world, Mrs. Myrtle Griffin. Watch the Jackson and Jackson dance team do them up in rhumba. . . . Notes to the Monclairites: The Bob Alves family are tossing pennies with Mr. Stork. Lenora Chavis, gay and informal as ever. The Fashion and Social Whirl are looking forward to Sunday, October 5th, at 6 p.m., at Graham's beautiful auditorium, when Rene presents her 8th annual Fashion Show and Dance. Have you written to Bobby Peale this week?

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — Greetings you mellow-yellows and dusty pinks. Stash your trash and collar this mash. Etta Hamilton with the smile that's best by a mile. Well, it won't be long, cause my jive is not strong—do you dig —pig? Ruddy "Red" Williams of Savoy Sultan fame will become a burning flame, Monday nite, when things will be right at Lloyd's—October 6th. I will be reat and hard to beat. Lillian Cox Jones, one teasing pleasing tan, made up on the South Sea plan. id you dig the name on the frame? Remember Sam, the watermellon man, ...ho married the chippie on the ...stallment plan? Pay while you ...ay—or can't you stay is the motto of the chicks today. 543 is the ...d-looking colored officer on ...Third Ward beat—policeman. ...arly to bed that knocks them ... and I mean the old hens ...act like Jenny Wrens. A... ...rson, the picture man, who ...ght like a Cadillac Eight. ...Stopper Clavon Jackson

NOT

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

CLUB WHIRL—Clubs along the line are really becoming very outspoken about situations arising. Among the questions being asked are: What are the benefits being derived from renting places [illegible] of our realm? What's wrong [illegible] the Alumni House, Lloyd Manor, Shady Rest, the Y. M. C. A. and the Graham Building for private affairs? Are we right in trying to keep our social affairs segregated? On what principals should we base our social sets? These and many other questions are being asked and answered by this columnist. Send in your opinions now. The Magnificent (Speak Softly) Wacks will hurry back soon. The Dancers Appreciation Society are meeting again. Send in your application to join the "Club Whirl".

FASHION FLASH—Harry Van Dyke, the chap, in a double-breasted brown suit, white shirt, brown tie, hat and bloucher shoes, agreenish-blue top coat, which topped the outfit. Mary Woods wearing a black skirt, white Gibson blouse, black tie and red vest —Sepian glamour. The Fashion Fair really was gone like mad Sunday.

T. T. SOCIETY—The waters are clear, soft and blue and this is the word that drifts up to you—"Bermuda". Our own Dr. Reginald Groves and his beautiful bride, sunning in this smart playland. Happy birthday was the keynote last Saturday nite for Willa Brown. Leading figures in the civic and political circles of the state were on hand at the Oliver Randolph testimonial dinner. City Court Judge Justin Francis Rivers of New York City, the right hand-man of Mayor Altman, of Atlantic City, Officer George Jordan, and investigator Mr. Newsome, plus our charming Mrs. Lett, Prosecutor Juliano and his assistant and many others. People credited the Citizens Committee for this affair —and forgot the Herald News Staff, who were the real organizers. Let's not forget that the Xmas dance, December 25th, whis-Esqui-Vogues will give the sassity pered radiant Larrie West Stalks. E. B., our girl, helping the youth movement at the Y. M. C. A.—just like her. Let's hope the Bob Alves have a baboy. Happy birthday to Cookie Smith, a tot.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Life is a drag if you haven't got your swag. Jack and Jill, you have got to thrill to stay on the bill. Watch for the Duke of Ellington and his sender-benders playing for the 14 Pals Social Club. Sarah Vaugh, the real gone, chirping-twirping canary, sailed through home in her new Cadillac eight last week. Everybody's sniggiling and giggling and its cool and right down with the hipsters rule. Yes, pops, it's the Sky Club, bub, a righteous new spot. High-John-the-Conker —the voodoo man, is in demand. . . .I need meat in my lunch to do the Bow Hawk Hunch, cause the next in line is the Boogie Crunch. Let me flip your royal wig Club Fifteen, Inc., giving their fling, November 9th, at matinee at the Beauticians Hall, 38 Montgomery street, Tan Town. Yes daddy, wah wha, it was a nite to be right —the barn was rocking ala Tweedsmen—Terrace Room. We hobbled and gobbled. 'Twas some lovely farm girls on hand. Choce Doris Fultz Jeffries, Chuancey M. Talbot, Golden Boy; Cute Jersey City Lola Miller, a thriller; Melonie H. Jones, of Vaux Hall, ala-ball. Carl Jones, promoter; Bill Cooke, radio m. c. squired in red shirt, and Eula Teal, a fine brown frame, Melvin of Melvine Products, George Pratt, gay and in the play; Wendy Felton, New Jersey's retired ballroom King fox—trotting with a mellow yellow



GAS:—Square Deal Sadie really is a lady, take my word. She is a wigless bird (chick to you). Does she mind? No she is strictly on the line. Your scribe will not jive, but here is some news that is alive about a jump session that will really be a blessing. Snatch your righteous pen or pencil scribble your name and address on a penny post card to this column. The first twenty will receive by return mail a reduced complimentary ticket to the frantic Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance at Laurel Garden, Saturday, October 30th. Prizes will be given to the best costumes. Plus the band that will rock you with a steady swing and roll, Al Cooper and His Savoy Sultans Pops, it will be vexatious and anxious on the quain. 'Twill swing until its grooved insane. Yes, Daddy, it will be mad, so get out and shout what its all about. Stash Mr. Root or Miss. Pick will dig you and it will not be life if you're cut like a knife. Your like reet, all feet. Ruby's Hill Top Restaurant in like a mickey finn. 'Tis stuff good enough. Ladies will be admitted to the Tiny Prince Girls Beautiful Knees Contest at Piccadilly Club, 1 Peshine avenue, Tan Town. Music by the Mellowtones, plus a celebrity that's shocking. Don't miss it girls, 'twill be a free frolic for you. The gents will pay the rent. Daddy have you ever been to an After Hour Party? Then you've missed the stuff. 1 June and James blew a fuse and kindled the jive that was very much alive Saturday bright upon a city street and it was rett. People and names spotted: Mrs. Wilhelmina Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Pearl Forain, Miss Marie Campbell, Miss nnie Griffin, Mary Grant, George Wimberly, James Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Robinson, Miss Alice Anders, Mrs. Lillian Royster, Mrs. Lucille Singelton, Herie Smith, Private and Mrs. Gray, Buster Jemerson, Vasper L. Clark and a host of others. Yes indeed, the gay Casanova, Thomas Williams, has finally blowed his petk. O.D.B. glad to dig him traveling light. William T. Smith hike highlite playboy digging strange fruit, such as apples, bananas and high priced oranges.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Mrs. Christine Fuller, Lena Cohen and playboy Wardell Smith spotted doing the classy places of "ole New York" sipping and tipping at Ubangi Club and Kelly's Stables. The shower of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whigwam was attended & many and gifts were a plenty. Montclair's lovers, Mrs. Ernestine Johnson and her husband. Staff Sergeant James Johnson. better known to his friends as "Smooth", home on furlough doing the hot spots in Orange.

Sonny Jefferson of Elizabeth on furlough with James Andriolo leaving Thursday. Error—to President of Y Debs. Theodora Thomas, sweet little lass who is the flame in Alphonso Garner's heart. The peek reporter, Bob Queen, the Addy of the Strokes to put them straight munching and crunching at week hours, lunching alone. Henry Houston's chicken party at Grand Hotel featuring Sergeant Archie Kay, Aborme Brooks, Prince A. Irving, Jr., Eleanor Howard, Evelyn Quander and Junetta Robinson. Yours truly deeply regrets hearing of the accidental death of Gilbert Ashby, who is in the armed forces, and offer my message of condolence to the shby family. Gloden boy elected for this week if Alfred Gardner, Carmelia Turner, sweet and fine with a gorgeous line in company of Myria Davis and Catherine Good. Leonard Hurd on furlough. Angelo Rochester, member of Exclusive Arcadians will leave for armed services soon.



GAS:—Brother Hawkins and Old Mr. Breeze seem to be walking and talking with ease, destroying the leaves on the trees. Pops, he makes you tremble and get your heavy clothes assembled. Say, he is tough, but you can't call his bluff. Man alive, let's beat out some jive. I feel like a heel, but I can still spiel.

The Bo Hawk Hunch with a solid crunch seems to be the latest dance and Jack, they do like they're in a trance. It's slow with a little twist, not at the wrist. Dig. O. K. Pig. Pie Eating Champion by popular demand at Pic on October 19th. Dig it. Continuous dancing, plus guest artists. The band that will drive you crazy — your feet will refuse to be lazy. Count Basie and his band at Laurel Garden. Dig him — Hollywood gone. Pete's Chicken Shack at 101 Oakwood avenue,

Orange, stuff that's really good enough. Delightful and delicious chow that would allow for Kings and Queens. 'Tis so supreme. Arthury Terry, M. C. and Sadie Matthews are doing a swingeroo job entertaining at 42nd Club, but I can't say as much for that hungry looking waiter who gives no rest, when you spend your best. Get hep or take this tip. Carolyn Russell, Catherine Reed, Gloria Wright, Jack Coleman, Rena Fletcher Smith enjoying themselves one colored night. P. S. Watch for Sultans one mad attraction. Anna Mae Hall, Inez Jennings, Frieda Gordon, Joretha Mandeville, Ernest Scarly and Abe "Snake Hips" Moore, looking frantic and fine. Great group and a tough troop of entertainers. Happy Birthday to Johhny Bee Gardner, a grand sport. Arthur Terry's fling at home — great Daddy. Julius Hewlett, golden boy, putting it down like cooper coke, no joke. Todd Smith, sax, to be recorded as a memory.

FASHION FLASH: — Figures in the style world. Yest, Miss Deb, Mary Lee Patterson in an all-wool plaid dress of brown, white socks, and brown loafers, looking like an out-door girl. I know that you like that all weather topper. Emily Jamerson in tan beige riding breeches, dark brown boots, green blouse, beige sweater vest and bolo hat. Alberta Brinson in green riding breeches, beige blouse, green sweater and yellow vest, brown hat, green bolo hat, brown gloves. Mildred Ridley in October brown boots, breeches, hat, sweater and vest with suede front at Brown's Riding Academy in South Orange on Sunday morning. Ella Hill Jackson in neat black reefer coat.

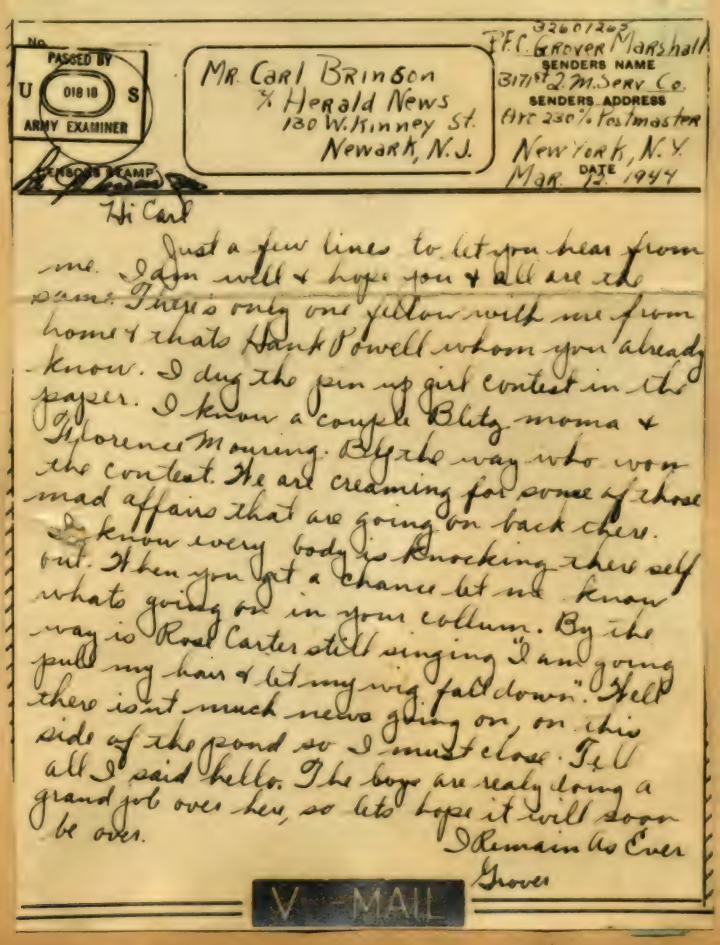
T. T. SOCIETY: — Private Freddy Gray, who is now stationed near Washington, D. C., surprised his charming wife, Ida Mae, who was almost in tears at the sudden furlough. He was formerly treasurer of Dancers Appreciation Society. Sorry to hear that "Dark Count" Corporal Bob Alves is down in Starks General Hospital, Ward 7, Charleston, South Carolina. Here is hoping he will soon be up and around. Happy Birthday to Mrs. Zenobia Littlejohn of Orange. The Golden Boys who are elected this month are Arthur Williams, "Beans" Jackson, who is being released from the army. Corporal Johnny Walker, the soldier, who in the quiet, is engaged to one of the finest blue singers of our time, Leatha McCraw, who now appears nightly at Dodgers Grill, was a guest along with Billy Gilsworth, Maude Mills, returned the visit going all the way to Camp Pickett, Virginia. At last a little bird told me Corporal Stanley Sherman and Miss Alexine Dyson were married quietly Saturday, October 9th, at Church of Epiphany, Orange. Here is to a million cheers of happiness. The National Postal Alliance Dance really was one worthy of your attendance from the finest and smartest set of Jersey. 'Twas Tan Town's adio of the best. Personal big wigs — Harry B. Webber looking elite, Mr. Porter, Dick's dad, Mattie Alston gone to rock-ola land, Mrs. Sadie Baskerville, Venus Waters, Margaret Johnson, Helen Humas, Rene Starks, Ann Garrett.

INTER CITY SWING CLUB, INC.: "Jasper" here's a musical treat. Joe Crump, the swing Daddy combo, of them all, will be featured at Ambassador Hall at a Sunday Matinee benefit. This is their first appearance at a dance date since their debut at the Nest Club, where they stand in the aisles when Joe's band swings like made. Rita Ricco going great guns. Grace Smith, one of the nest chirping canaries, sipping and tipping with an elegant gent from Dix—a private. Sir Walter Gaylord is the newest vocalist to make his bid for fame as a vocalist. Mrs. Blues Rhapsody, the IT girl, seen out digging. Willie Johnson, one of the best electric guitar players in the country. P. S. To the person who found Eddie Gordon's glasses, please return them to the Piccadilly as Eddie is a great guy.

The Savoy Sultans will come on like mad. Did you know Erskine Hawkins was deferred? Billy Eckstein, formerly of Earl Hines band is now a solo artist?

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Nite and day they swing like mad. Just like something the buzzards had Zutty things are very smutty. Mutt and Jeff would be frantic in a Lincoln Zeph. Johnny Wright, noted wig puller (hairdresser) to you, is held legal as No. 1 Pie Eater and will be challenged on October 19th at a Lemon Meringue Eating Contest—messy sloppy like knocky. Daddy, the wolves of Summit are licking their chops while their eyes rove and pop like corn, digging the Citamin Venus shape on Ruth Beale, a brown that should stick around. Collar and follar. Stash the frame for I'm insane. Seems to be the private strain of Anna Pope, Boston Plaza's 400 girl, really in the bag, but not a drag. Squirrel, she's outa this world. P. S. Better get your membership to Duke Ellington's fan club. 'Tis wild and groovery as Old King Do-Gogie. Easy greasy and don't you slide. Turn the twister to slammer and snatch this grammer. Sofia the ofay chick still seems to kick amidst the folls and mules ebony elders. Savoy Shorty, no. one hep popa, digging the pill at World Series with his chalk friends. This cat's so mad he's crazy. 'Tis said that Jannie Gillespie is now Mrs. Charming chick. Gage matrimony seems to be the rage. P. S. Don't dig those Jodys—those cats playing the Madame to keep up morale for those lads in the service. Sportoree say nothing to me, for if she's fruity she will receive a (kick) square its in the air. Pops, Squire received his 4-F, so chicks from the sticks come down for this mellow stud is still around.

How about that mess! When a young fellow came home from the call to arms, Lillian Wilson of the O. D. B. was caught out with her strange fruit, although Charles McCann caught up with it and is still wondering if Things ain't what they used to be, since he suspects his comrade of trying to play his fine feathered hen. As you know, Esquire Alphonson Hayes don't get around much anymore since he has a new flame from Chicago, and she is so nice to come home to. Well how did you like the show, Margaret Wiggins, when you didnt show up last week at the O. D. B. we really thought Tony Pastor was fine, how about it? Well, what do you think about George Dismond since he has to go on night shift. We know Eleanor Scott won't like that since the girls are writing him to come see them at lunch time. Well, well, what do you know, they have finally caught up with Uncle Sam's nephew, William LaSalle Walker of Rose street. What will the best dressed girl do since you "can't get out of the mood"?, so bye now. Period. Rest. Dig the next bit of mess.





"TINY PRINCE SPIELS"

DANCE COMMENTATOR

"Oh-" . . . "Easy greasy" don't you slide" Or you might fall and hurt your pride. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not spieling a draggy song, "Just let me go and I'll jive along. "Yes" "Yellow mellow", "Chocolate Tan" let's get in the groove on the installment plan. Boogie Joogie (meaning low down) gossip columns are trying to steal a spiel, but like squares and bears this comes with years. Dig pick up from the rear because the front is too long". "It's righteous "ole man", plus duckey an pluckey for the old bird day is on its way". "Stuffed but good enough." THE DANCERS' APPRECIATION SOCIETY, Inc. request the honor of your presence at their Matinee Dance Frolic, Sunday afternoon, November 7, 1943, 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. at the Crispus Attucks Center, 101 Montgomery St., Newark, N. J. featuring music by Hal Mitchell, conductor of the famous Savoy Dictators and an aggregation of superb musicians that will long be remembered as the best N. J. ever offered. A rhythmic section only to the great Duke. A beautiful blending reed section and a two man brass section each possessing the power and ability of Armstrong, Eldridge, etc. "Orchids to his four part harmony group with that modern trend that will swing you like mad, plus guest artists, such as Billie Odaye . . . Johnnie Jackson . . . Rita Ricco . . . Willie Duker . . . Cooper Sisters . . . Joe Crum and his band of 1000 themes. Admission 77 cents. Daddy pull your wig and do a jig Monster benefit Dance for the

Service Men's Recreation Center sponsored by Forest Hill Chauffers Club, Inc. at Savoy ballroom, Tan Town, Newark, Nov. 11th. Daddy the Savoy Sultans came on Sat. nite the chippies came on 'twas anxious and vexatious. The kids rocked and reeled, they were playing the field. It was a steal, "yes" plus Johnny Walker and his little partner who "bugged." FASHION FLASH!! Ruth Greenidge vexatious cute Mrs. attire in the latest while blouse coca brown . . . single breasted suit. Dark brown shoes. Tam Pan Cake Hat and a knee length Fox fur. Maurice Shipley black D. B. lounge suit, white hard collar, shirt Duke of Kent black tie, light grey hat fedora style, black overcoat, yellow gloves, black shoes, white carnation. Miss Ruth Roberts who is still waiting for that soldier keeps up morale in her appearance . . . Peach complexion, black hair in ringlets. Black two piece velvet dress, black net dutch hat, black suede and gabardine shoes, bag gloves and powder blue butcher boy coat. A smile Clarence Hayes in his roll top pegs, two tone suit. Mrs. Alice White Lena Horne, vivacious and lovely. Blue plaid skirt, velvet jacket cape, oak brown shoes, blue bag and gloves. Ernest Ricco Hicks grey hat and gloves, blue D. B. suit and overcoat, black shoes, long roll white shirt, knit tie. Nobbys Haberdasher of Springfield Ave. is prepared for the Fall. Manhattan stock: Caps, plaid jackets and rare silk socks, also for your serviceman's gift see your hobby Nobby. T. T. SOCIETY!!! The smart set are whispering about the romance of Miss Lillian Daniels and Buddy Shell . . . are they married? Bob Alves the original dark count is home on furlough and voices his trip up from South. Stopped in Wash. D. C. to see that charming deb, Miss Alice Jackson. Miss Lenora Chavious the society reporter who displays democratic personality alarms, but definitely doesn't charm certain friends. Could it be the Lenora's gift have run out. Yours truly was one person who was indeed sorry to hear of the passing of Ernie Phipps' fiancee . . . Irma West an Anna Tuell taking time out for a sip at Groves amidst the social swirl. The Captivators dance success at its best twas neat and society was all reet glamour boys and girls. Larrie West groovy with the rest. Adeline Gatlin, Gladys Armstead tripping, Gloria Brown of Bayonne, N. J., Mr. & Mrs. Fred Howard, Mrs. Louise Watson. Mrs. Edith Majors, Miss Easter Goode, Miss Verna Majors, Wilbur Jeffries, Joseph Slade. The Courtiers, Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence, the Wilson sisters, Bob Pines, Allen Sydnor, Gladys Davis, Clarence Baskerville and Pops Henry Squire golden boy, Pauline Toombs, Beatrice Slade, Sgt. B. J. Brown. Twas an evening when dusk stole into the nit of shadows after the rain. Glad to see Allen Drew back again in this town, grand celebrity. An after hour party given by Mrs. Bessie Mae Ellington, Sat. nite, Nov. 6 from 11 p.m. until? at 396 N. 5th St., Newark. Pvt. Leonard Hurd on entertainment committee at Ft Dix doing fine. Altho missed "CELEBRITY'S SPOTLIGHT" . . Pancho Diggs, new small combo carries on like mad. They are a swing demand amist the small and large clubs. Lady Washington song bird looking forward for big career, Hal Mitchell new combo. Savoy Dictators a sensation ahve secured a recording date with Savoy recordings. Billie O'Daye is a very new find exclusively one of the finest voices around rated for two weeks. Melvin Coleman one of the popular brothers sipping and tiping with dashhing frightful cream colored chick at local nitiries Arthur Finch is indeed on the

beam displayed his Swoonatra talent last eve. LADIES. ADMISSION FREE AT PICCADILLY Tiny Prince Celebrity nite Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 9 until. Gifts and prizes. "WHO IS MR. BIG MONEY?" B. S. ...
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No. ______ PASSED BY U.S. ARMY EXAMINER — CENSOR'S STAMP

"Tiny Prince"
New Jersey Herald
170 W. Kinney St.
Newark, N.J.

Pvt. Harold Brown
SENDERS NAME
30 Pth Port Co.
SENDERS ADDRESS
A.P.O. 506 c/o P.M. N.Y.
March 13, 1944
DATE

Hello Prince,

I am writing this letter from somewhere in the British Isles. The country here is beautiful and the people are treating us swell. The weather is ideal for late June or early July. Our luck must have held up for I am still with all the boys from East Orange, Newark, Montclair, and Atlantic City and we are really balling. My only bad luck was getting busted from a sergeant back to a private.

Say, how are the 4-F's and the home front? Are you still at Shanks? We only get news through your paper. The boys and I really miss the Pic, Hi' Spot, and the rest of the hangouts. You know I am not good at writing letters so I close by leaving my best regards to everyone especially Ernie Coleman, Bert Burgher, and Herby Johnson.

Your buddy,
"Costie"

V...—MAIL

...Tiny!

I appreciate very much the privilige to observe your wonderful book of old times. (gas) it will knock me out to Lamp it in my domicie privately. Thanking you
Chauncey Talbot

P.S. I will take good care of it.



Rene Starks Fashion Show highlight of the season—Great. GAS:—I'm late but straight at any rate. Did you cats ever gap at Nappy Mille, who is not from Philly? Can you record? Lay the jive on the board and your boy with the flame will take your name. In other words, I'll collar if you follow. Want to be my guest, then dig this mess. Write a line that's fine with news about the dancing shoes, and for one week your scribe, Tiny to you, will introduce you at every affair in Town, on the cuff. Isn't that enough. I'll be looking, so keep cooking. The Dancers Appreciation Society presents a Private Turkey Fling Dance, Sunday nite November 21st. A turkey will be given away as a door prize, so be sure and hold your bids, which can be secured from members. Hal Mitchell's new famous Savoy Dictators will grove the house like mad, so be on hand to bug and sand, plus many guest artists, at the new modern Crispus Attucks Center, 8 p.m. until 2 a.m. Subscription a price that's nice. Ruby's Hill Top Restaurant is the place to eat, where the price can't be beat. The chicks who feature the groovey wig puller, John Wright. will be surprised to know that he is now at 126 West Kinney street. Simplicity Beauty Shop. The Y. M C. A. Dance School jumps like mad. Social stuff and do the chippies go for it. The Thanksgiving Matinee Dance promises to be a hit, presented by the Lincoln Civic Association, Thursday. November 25th, 1943, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Dad be messy as Aunt Bessie. Who are the Vocolettes of North Newark? Satchell Robinson, Jersey roamer M. C., just in from New York successful engagement, looking great. Anna Mae Hill still as youthful dancing hilarious. Willie Brown injured playing football for South Side, is an Exclusive Arcadian.

FASHION FLASH:—Miss Louise Joyner of East Orange in plaid polka dot skirt, white cream colored coat trimmed with black edging, black blouse and shoes and shoulder bag. Savoy Shorty sporing a mad new grey suit. Miss Teeny Bumpbas wearing something that seems to be the latest a silver grey two piece suit of corduroy, maize accessories, tan shoes and bag. Miss Elizabeth Jackson one of those charming ladies, wearing a blue coat that was the envy of many. Incidentally, it was made by herself. Private Leonard Skeets in his uniform, looking great. Hal Mitchell's plaid overcoat admired by leading tailors around town. 'Twas made on the Californian coast.

T. T. SOCIETY:— The Socia World is all a glow, whispering about the Courtiers Nocturne Friday nite, November 19th. Your boy will introduce the club of gay lads. Bob Alves, Dark Count, begs forgiveness girls. and as his spokesman, remind you his leave was only for a few days, which he graciously tried to see as many friends as possible. Spotted such people as Geraldine Hayes, Anna Cakuan, Dr. Fitzgerald and Willie Mae Peaks of Verona, at the Montclair Flag raising for armed forces last Sunday week. My wish is that Mrs. Viola Turman, the mother of a charming friend, has improved since stricken down with a recent illness. The debs and celebrities are again sipping at the Afro Club three deep at the Fountain of Youth—the bar. Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith and family of Jamaica Long Island, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Griver, Newark. doing the hot spots around town. Miss Louise Gray of Bloomfield, N. J. attractive as ever. Orchids to Bethany Baptist Church, who had as their guests the Martin Singers of Detroit. Persons there were Mrs. N. B. Slaten, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Helen Finch, Mr. A. L. Brent, Mr. H. Scales, Mr. and Mrs. Keen, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beckett, Mr. Martin Goode, and many others—to good to be missed. Crispus Attucks Day at Laurel Garden from 3 p.m. until, plus the battle of quartettes between North and South, plus radio star, Mrs. Ernestine B. Washington, of our home town. You youngsters should treat your Mother and Dad to this affair. Corporal Billy Edwards somewhere in the Pacific Islands lets his father, Doc Edwards, know things are okay. Watch for the SCRIBERS MATINEE.

CELEBRITIES SPOTLIGHT:—P.S.—"On the beam," Naki Saki Jackie, the 1000 laughs a minute M.C. at the Piccadilly Club, is now 1-A, with his physical coming up. That show at the Nest Club is really up to date. Grace Smith fine as wine. Joe Crump still swings orchids to Mrs. Reid. Shady Rest pending opening with named band. The new spot on Seventh avenue Tan Town, Newark. the Wig Wam, features Eddie Mosby as its manager. The Kings of Harmony doing two pictures and a vaudeville show, and radio profram, were held up on 61st and Broadway. Dance dates next—TIS BEING said Lucky Hillinder and Cab Calloway. WHEN?

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: —'Twas frantic. She was a girl with water proof skin. Kiss proof lips. breath 90 proof. It was the right cheek for appeal, the left for the examiner, and the lips for myself. Little Bug, I'm going to wiggle and scream — Baby, it was only a dream. Tell me, tall, mellow yellows crept to the Tuesday nite Pic affair. but your boy had to cut his hut, beat to his seat with a cold. "Big Money" spending dollar bills for thrills Immogene Suggs still razzing and gassing the desirable 1-A and 4-F's. Grady Travick, golden boy lounge lizard, is out with another frantic bennie (overcoat to the square). Margie McClammy still sweet and hard to beat. Jim, she is in. Jersey City's rate of the age, tender seventeen to be correct. Seen upon the beam with malts, Helen Wallace of Philadelphia, Jean Marricana of Jersey City, and then his name again ties up with Julia Dillard. Daddy if this stud does not slow up, he will strip a gear. Casanova at his best. Leroy Alston. Esquire, digging him, putting it down the finesse at his best. Take off your mask, Mr. Jimmy and come on doing the shim-sham shimmy. You're going to be short and squatty, and can't get nobody. The Swanksmen doing all reet. Pancho Diggs band romping like mad. Love Finley, sweet Irma West, cute Edith Sands, Ethel Ellis, Louise Anderson, Anna Stevenson, Myrtle Meeks, Irma and Gloria Matthews. Yvoone Marshall, lovely brown Gladys Collins, Gloria Brown, Marion McClay, Dot Newman. . . Ernest (bad foot) Lover Smith looking so sharp the other nite none could compare. Jack, he is in there. Smooth and in the groove. Shirley McRimmon has gone into the beautician service after lifting Mildred Walker's face. Sender Bender Charles Webb down spraying his jive around with Naomi Dawkins. Theodor Thomas sweet and all reet. Can



GAS: — YOUR TAN TOWN and MINE: Dig this introduction and lamp the production. Greetings Gate, what have you ate? Give me some toe, then let it go. Dig some thumb, your not so dumb . . . A little el-bow don't be so slow. Pinky Mr. Stinkey, now some knee, your hep I see . . . Jack your nifty admidst the riffty. You're with the quain that jumped from Spain. Salad Solid with lettuce dressing, I'm messing. Who is that rooting tooting stud called Mr. Big Money? Larry Ringold has indeed scored a frantic tune, and the Alcazar Jump is the name. Jim, it's plenty neat and all reet to ear not to fast or slow. The reverse side features Albienne Jones who is the top blues singer in New York Harlem's Murraines. Stars on this recording are Gus Young, drummer, now with Buddy Johnson, those melodious mellow piano solos are the works of a lad named Buster, currently an attraction at place of same name. Irvine of G. and R. Korn, 162 Prince street, really deserves credit the way he strives to promote unknown talent . . . recommended a hit. Clem Mooreman, ace arranger of swing numbers, terrific piano player of Piccadilly Trio and Bonny Banks crew, who is now grooving like mad in Philly, is slated for induction November 16th . . . Sorry Mop. Just like a flea, not weight you see. It's tuff a ruff. Dig squirrel, it's in another world. Mr. B. Langley stashed his frame on the quaint and buzzed, ashes to ashes and dust to dust, show me the women, the man can trust.

The Courtiers Nocturne November 19th. Watch for the Bond Contest. 'Twill messy like Aunt Bessie. The Y.M.C.A. Dance School starts November 15th to boys and girls over 16 years at Court St. Y. 'Twill be grooved and gone—ditto.

FASHION FLASH:—Miss Johnnie Bell Oliver after church in a black crepe dress, winter green overcoat, fushia lavender hat and veil with gloves to match, black bak and shoes. Hazel Webb in fox furs down to her knees. Doris Jones in a cream white fuzzy wuzzy coat. Tommy Moore in blue chalk English stripe suit, d.b breated, white shirt and pocket handkerchief; blue tie, black shoes, overcoat and grey hat. Marie Dickson, in single breasted blue royal suit, red shoes, bag, gloves and feathers sticking in blue hat; white Teddy bear coat. Sara Leftwich, brown tan plaid two button single breasted suit. Recommended: Rene Starks Fashion Snow November 14, Sunday, Campus Terrace.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Indeed it's good to see Eddie Dowell, local trainer of young fighters,. paling around with Leroy Moore, one time Beau Brummel of North Jersey. Harry Wing's Chop Suey Restaurant of 211 Belmont avenue, features quite a few big characters doing the wee hours, after the service by those girls. Sorry to hear of Gladys Cooper in Orange Memorial Hospital. Once you see them you will agree that Camilla Tanner of Belleville is as sweet as she can be. Happy Birthday to Catherine Brown, seen at the Grand Hotel with a party.

Mrs. P. L. Allen of East Orange, a lovely little brown skin personality misses her Lt. hubby who is somewhere in England. Seen enjoying herself with brother-in-law Sergeant George A. Allen. Miss Mozell Gumpton and Mrs. Irene Boone were in the party. Enoch Martin, the composer and arranger, has formed a sever singer group in a new choral style. All recruited from O.D.B. 'Tis rumored they will soon voice the airwaves. The home at 55 Somerset street is gay as moonbeam and a dove of peace. Florent Gatlin, who is on furlough from the WAC is on the beam. The after-hour party on 5th street was indeed a delightful gathering. The Dancers Appreciation Society Matinee was charming and alarming. I haven's seen the Victory Model Katherine King since her illness. Luck to Leonard Hurd.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — Watch for the Celebrity Fling. Joe Timmons, one of the great vocals, blew back in town and brought the house wherever he went. Girls just swoon to the thrill of his golden voice. Orange's 42nd club where Arthur Terry M. C. keeps it so groovey you think you're at a movie. He was in demand. Lady Washington, the rage of age, is a direct hit now appearing at the Piccadilly Club. Allen Drew again sashing and gassing the patrons at the Boston Plaza with nancey fancey Miss Willie Dukes. Joe Crump still stirring the mess at its best at the Nest Club. Dodgers Grill holds tight every nite with sophistication. Mae Darling a faint whisper, but sweet into the mike. Fats Fortune Jennings back on the beam, partner of Jackie M. C., originally the Naki Saki boys. Bobby Green and William Lang a frantic team. You ought to see them. Entertainers and clubs, publicity pays. Send your details to this column press agent.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Baby come be my fashion and passion . . . One trashing tongue lashing. Mary Cooper come up off that fruit. Yes daddy Fred Hopper, it's a trick to that lick. Susie Armstrong and Wilhelmina Jones sipping and tipping alone. Chuckling canaries eating berries. It's mush without lush, squirrell we're in another world. All the ladies seem to be jealous of the hair-do sported by the Alvin Gatlin and the main question seems to be who is your hairdresser? Incidentally this is one of the lads who found $10,000 worth of jewelry along with Henry (My Dear) Vanderbilt, two weeks ago. Tap beating Mama,



P. S. WATCH FOR THE TURKEY RAFFLE.

GAS: — Greetings and salutations upon the beam, I am a scream. It's 43 and there is nothing to me. Let's cut to the hut to dig up some sut. Splazz, I am on the loose like Mother Goose. Dig my rhme like the March of Time . . . progressive. Laughter and tears ring out through the years. The little baby hens are wishing and swishing, shouting "Deliver that man on the installment plan. Sam, your Uncle, who is down with his role, is taking a terrific toll. It's sad, but it's mad. Studs dig this mess, your old scribe has received another one of those big furniture store letters from the "snatch" board. Taint root, but they say 'tis reet, so I'll tell you more next week. Pops, I'm blowing a fuse trying to keep with the news. Bob Hunter promises something grand and in demand, perhaps you can do a little sand, it's for the Press World. Pantic and frantic out of this world. THE SCRIBERS are all out to give you that time of your life, so get in the know and be sure to show your face at the place, Campus Terrace, Sunday evening. Johnny Jackson will be like messy Aunt Bessie playing it smooth and in the groove. John Wright, wig puller, hair dresser at Simplex Beauty Parlor, a treat for those 400 damsels and debs. A gift of gab that sets you straight. Winter Winds, a show that I know will be the rage of the age, when composed by Arthur Terry, one who is strictly on the light to be all right. The 1943 Victory Models will present their Saturday Nite Function December? 'Twill be great—don't be late. Roberta Calloway's after hour party is being looked forward to with lust for the upper crust. Just can't see why Mr. Webber, editor of Herald News, didn't receive credit for the promotion of the Crispus Attucks Contest.

FASHION FLASH: — Mrs. Berry of the Duchess in black suit, single breasted, beige blouse with pleats, blmkacassfmyiLgl pleats, black mesh hose, black hat with veil and black shoes, expensive fur coat. That crocheted corsage worn and made by Miss Margorie Lane. Broadway Blue, columnist digging the dirt in grey brown double breasted long roll, brown loafers, shirt, hankie, blue overcoat, double breasted, rown hat. Miss Ermia West, blue saxons dress, peter pan brown hat with red teddy bear coat, brown pumps and bag. Clarence Mack sporting that polo button through fly front overcoat. Lawrence Menter sharp as ever. Deb Larrie West in a green cheviot single breasted suit, blaze yellow blouse, and brown shoes . . . a sight.

T. T. SOCIETY: — A billion years of wedding happiness to Marion Jones and Henry Houston, one grand fellow. The Mrs. of Pete's Chicken Shack giving the places in Tan Town the once over with two charming looking ladies of the Oranges. Sorry to hear of the heart attack of Corrinne Jackson. Hoping that it does not retain its seriousness. Venus Berryman's voice is one fo those eligible for the Johnson Hal Choir. The Seven Freedoms of the World, according to teachings of Freedom Worship consists of Fear, Want, Speech, Religion, Lan, Sea and Economics. Something to that. Their belief semes to be a man's body is directed by God's spirit, but I wonder what happens when the devil takes over. That's a question a little deeper than has been explained by the disciple who engaged the house in this mystic Utopia conversation last evening. Remember this was his parting word: "You are not colored, black or a Negro, but one of darker complexion." His words of wisdom deserve praise, but need to be explained more in detail. P. S. Father Divine's teachings are also on a Utopia pattern. Mrs. Ruth Yancey of Cliffwood, up to visit her mother, Mrs. Rose Gibson of Newark, who has been ill. The Courtiers Nocturne Frolic really a great coming out affair and will not be forgotten in a hurry. Persons seen amidst the grand affair were the Captivators table-fest at its best. Cousin, the sporty bartender, At taway Robinson, college-room mate of Grady "Lounge Lizard" Traywick, Ruth Swiggette, teasing brown the Gay Gremlins in full force, Rose Carter, the IT girl of our press, one deb, Evelyn Boyden, our gal Sally, Toots King. Rollette Henry. Many happy returns to Jacqueline Hale.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — Jack it rocks, and it's mad. Cedar Gardens, Cleveland, Ohio, 97th and Cedar avenue. They are grooved in the aisle when Pete Diggs, the featured soloist of the vibraharp and accordion, swings them lightly nightly. P. S. Pete came east to visit Benny Goodman. Maybe a new addition. Mae Darling, one of the better vocalists, deserves some sort of a break. Pleasing personality and voice. Did you see Billy Holiday, the song bird, who was the guest of James Melvin, the No. 1 playboy of them all. She was sporting a thousand dollar piece of fur. The Jones Boys of radio fame, Maxwell, Herbert and Clyde, now appearing at an ofay 44 club downtown. Great voices of charm.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Bulk your mule, "haw" you fool—just got news from Liverpool . . . Ditto in a fritto. I can squeeze and I'm out to please, so lip beating mama, don't put in no coma. Tommy Moore, the rooting tooting daddy of gas has given up Groves to become a Love Hhief, key and all. Where is golden boy Julius Hewelett hiding? Purkey Turkey, lean but fat, explain yourself with this and that. Mrs. Bobby, the No. 1 exclusive fashion in ration blowed the patrons at the Boston Plaza Wednesday nite. A song and dance that keeps you in a trance. Fruity Booty. P. S. Squares and bears straightened put on your best bib and tucker and truck coûrse the lights are on again. Blowing gage is no mare than the rage. Every Jack and Jill on the hill lushes like mad after the suff like its something nab had. They sway and swoop and do a loop. Katherine Rogers, one sweet tweet from Froggy bottom, the Neck. Claudine and Foster a dream team of dance, the jitterbugs. Johnson Lee cried there is nothing to me. Spotted here and there—Mary Stewart, Katherine Deery waiting for Richard Adams, who is somewhere on the coast doing his bit. Muriel Blanks, one of the cutest fruity bits of fruit who is domming somewhere in the Oranges. Swing Mr. Charlie, dig the sand and let's go—the Dancers Appreciation Society, Inc. Private Turkey Fling was madder than a hen a setting. Hal Mitchell romped. The Queen, lovely and easy on the eyes. Daddy she is sweet and all reet, Miss Mildred Barnhill. Solid man, she is in demand. P. S. Watch the Sunday Hop at Crispus Attucks Center. Gone and on. Trash, stash, flash, cash . . . period.



P. S.: — Watch for Victory on Parade December 29th — Nest Club.

GAS: — "Seek and ye shall find" seems to be the latest line. Turkey Day is past at last, and the ole stud of red flannel and white trimmings is upon the beam to be seen. The kindle-wood floor is being shined and waxed at Laurel Garden—'twill be messy. Yeah daddy, its great at any rate. Lucky Millinder and his band will rock you to the tall timbers. Pops this nite of December 4th threatens to a righteous sender. Everyone who is someone will trip and tip like they are hep. Dad, it will be mad. A place to go when things are low. Yes indeed, its as fine as wine, and cozy too. The girls are nice and full of spice. 'Cause Jack, that is really the life. The hep cats are raving about it. Pops let me whisper his hot tip into your bended ear. The "Howdy Club" on Marshall and Washington street is as grooved as they say — six nites a week Brother Kelly on drums. Your boy, Jabbo, trumpet king; Gene Kee beats those ivories until they melt. Rhythm frantic. The girls spiel about William Cullum, the easy on the eyes waiter. Ervine Turner the dramatic news hound slips in there ever so often on the Q.T., after being served by Silas Stevens and Jimmie Clark. It will become your favorite spot. Watch for the 1943 Victory Models Saturday nite. The Gremlin Chaser will knock you to a nutty frappe, so get it straight. One and all will come out to ball Saturday nite, December 11th, Raffle and Dance at the Ambassador Hall. Dig them for they are like their names chasers, after the chicks. Just like the bear, they're every where.

FASHION FLASH: — Mrs. Sarah Smith in black dress, shoes and veiled hat, red coat with black velvet collar and extremely large black bag, like a picture from Vogue. Mr. Presha of Crispus Attucks Center attired in greyish plaid brown d. b. suits, blue Barymore roll, sport shirt, tan shoes. Tom Reid neatness unpredictable. Doris Carrington black style handkerchief hat with veil, gloves, black suit, pumps, brown soft fur knee length coat. Walter Gachett of London, rust colored suit, yellow figured tie, brown light shirt, suedes, tan hat, horn rimmed glasses, gloves and grey-brown overcoat. Grace Whittington in fur fox jacket, beige grey suit, peter pan hat, black shoes, bag and gloves . . . charming. Four weeks til Xmas.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Please let me be able to eat everything in this table, certainly was the saying last Thursday at the Thanksgiving Dinner given by Miss Rene Williams, cooked by her youthful mother, Mrs. Martha Williams, and served by her aunt, Miss Eva Jones. Turkey, cranberries and so many feastible goodies that one can not remember. Guests were Mr. Mack, Mr. Leroy Harriell, Mr. Nathaniel Hatcher, James Smith, Miss Louise Walker and Yours Truly. 'Twas delicious. Another champ is born to Mrs. Josephine Dowell, a bouncing boy. Father is none other than Eddie Dowell, the amateur and pro trainer. Corporal Chase feting his charming sister of New York at the Social Center of Newark, Groves, being introduced to the smart set cute. Mr. Frank Tucker of Newark, the insurance agent, cut himself a notch in the hall of fame last week. It was indeed a rare treat and a pleasure to meet the daughter of Jackie Mandeville, sporting with her dad Thanksgiving morn. Sorry to hear of Arthur Williams. No one could believe he deserted the Marines. Time out to wish my many friends and readers in the armed forces a speedy trip home after the holidays . . . from Mom and Sis, God bless you. Also sorry to hear of the passing of Billy Watson. Leaves a wife and three small children. Sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Martha Lewis.

The Scribers affair just as petite and elite as ever. People dancing, sipping and tripping to Johnny Jackson's music were Helen Chandler, Joe Timmons, the lad, and the Captivators, Evelyn Thompson, Miss Elizabeth Pinkman, The Courtiers. Good to see Leon Smith home on furlough. Navy lad.

CELEBRITIES SPOTLIGHT:— Roses — The Piccadilly scores again, and now the thrill is there. Words cannot describe the sudden popularity and rise to fame of two girls who are soon to leave Tan Town for a spot in the Zanzibar show. One is your human dynamic Rita Ricketts, a sweet lovable. Lady Washington's there grand. Bob Taylor where art thou? Wonder why Mae Darling is not singing — she has a great voice, so sweet and pleasing. Dapper Dan Gibson, the No. 1 drummer of Joe Crumps band, new bolo hat, short derby. The record talkie up at the 42nd Club. The courtesy extended to those visiting the Kinney Club by Chippe, an old timer, strictly on the Quain.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Notes to Dodgers Grill . . . The show was neat and couldn't keep my seat. Allen Drew uncomparable . . . Spotted William 'Chink' Chavious and Sam Ellerbee, one time best dressed lad about town, inducted Monday, Mrs. Rhapsody. Mr. Malloy's pictures wouldn't be complete; Butts Brown grand newspaper man; Emzy Waters voice still sweet to a host of fans; Herbie Smith, president of the D. A. S., Christine Puryear, Henry Polite, a great vocalist . . . The band gone and one, but people wonder where was the bride — or maybe I was late. The young jitterbugs enjoy watching an old master go through his routine. A killer at it, Wendy Felton, a smooth one. P. S. To the rank one trying to possess it smooth. Conrad Alexander, people are discussing your name as this month's drag in the bag. One who can not mind his P. & Q's. Remember I heard. A little advice that's nice. The Fourth Ward Republican Club reminds you of scenes in Native Son. This is the spot in East Orange on Main street. The Amherst Civic Association. The Lionel Hampton Matinee was not packed but it rocked. Spud, the Love thieves were out digging what it's all about. Jimmy Lynch looking as groovey as the tropics. Connie Harris high . . . as apple in China rare Babs Brown, local Hollywood stand-in wearing his button, Does My Mustache Tickle You? Try Me", an angle to strangle. Pops, Dina Washington, Lionel's, vocalist all root . . . plus the Jones Boys, Joe Briggs set in with the band and thumped some skin. Clarence Mack, a terriffic bass grooved the place and that was the case. Don't miss Robert Calloway's after hour party from 11 p. m. until breakfast at seven, 400 North 5th street, in line it's fine. Jack and upon the quin. Doodle Town has erupted again. I can't stammer, but she is glamorous. Dig the black coming up next concerning Roselle Reid. Jersey City's Community Center rocked Thursday evening. Ernie Phipps band swayed and played. Roland Morse, the Hurrican Packard Kid, shooting and tooting. Sporting Shanks in the heppsters ranks. The spiel of a heel might rank the field. May name is Mr. Bull. P. S. collar this mess . . . too seek is not to peek. Period.

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DON'T PASS UGLY REMARKS. You have rights—but standing on the street corners, whistling and passing ugly remarks at your women folk are not a part of them. Make your neighborhood one in which it is a pleasure for any woman to walk down the street. Admire, yes, but hold the wisecracks.

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Esquire Mag Announces Its Jazz Poll Kings

Esquire magazine, on the 100th anniversary of Jazz, today announced the winners in its second annual poll to select the outstanding kings of swing for 1945.

They will be featured on an hour and a half Blue network program January 17, with many of the winners, including the previously announced outstanding band—Duke Ellington's orchestra — performing in the second annual All-American Jazz concert at Los Angeles Philharmonic auditorium for the benefit of Volunteer Army Canteen service.

Gold award winners are: Cootie Williams, trumpet; Jay C. Higginbotham, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, string bass; Sidney Catlett, drums; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Louis Armstrong, vocal; Mildred Bailey, vocal; Duke Ellington, arranger and band; Buck Clayton, trumpet (favorite in the Armed forces).

Silver award: Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, saxophone; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Lester Young, tenor saxophone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Art Tatum, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Slam Stewart, string bass; Dave Tough, drums; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Joe Turner, vocal; Billie Holliday, vocal; Billy Strayhorn, arranger; Count Basie, band; Willie Smith, alto saxophone (Armed Forces favorite).

New stars: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Herbie Fields, alto saxophone; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Eddie Heywood, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Chubby Jackson, string bass; Specs Powell, drums; Ray Nance, violin; Eddie Vinson, vocal; Anita O'Day, vocal; Johnny Thompson, arranger; Lionel Hampton, band; Mel Powell, piano (Armed Forces favorite.)



Rex Steel of New York City, and Carla (left) and Blanche Edwards, Jersey City, were photographed at Long Branch.

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(JOE TIMMONS) STAR OF SOUTHERN SONS
(GRACE SMITH) & (MATTIE ALSTON)
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A date, so get straight and don't be late. Cab Calloway December 11th.

GAS: — Say Jack, I'm back, just like the eagle, I'm doing the new wiggle. Green as a cucumber, spreading my number. Did you dig the "Bow Hawk Hunck? It's a new grind. Down the dancing line, smooth and in the groove. The body is erect with a slight shake and break. A twist of the hips on down to the knee with a shuffle that brings it closer to thee. Yes Daddy, get in line for the Bow Hawk Hunch is fine as wine. To be in style you must smile awhile. Frigid one—ice is not nice. Sochick, get your kicks from this new dance craze imported from the shores of Africa. The Gremlin Chasers Raffle and Dance is certainly the talk of the Smart Set and it promises to be something grand and in demand. These lads have gone to great expense to make this Matinee of December 12, 5 until 10 p. m. a success. Music by Pancho Diggs Quintette, frantic. Your's Truly will be M. C. Hee Dee Hi, the King of Hi De Ho will break in Tan Town Saturday night, so pops get right. 'Tis Royalty Cab Calloway and his band. Jasper every little chick and chicadee will spread his wings and cut to Laurel Garden that dusty eve. Many of the big wigs will jump also for his Highness. Root, tooting Cab has not been to Newark for a dance in about seven years. The 1943 Victory Models Saturday Nite function soon. The Y.M.C.A. has again scored another advancement in the benefit of the Youth. The older lads and lassies will cling together for a final clambake and Acquaintance Dance. Note to wives, sweethearts and girls, Nobby's Haberdashery of Springfield avenue is displaying the gifts that would make any gentleman happy. Shirts galore.

FASHION FLASH: — Fortune Jennings, Naki Saki Fats . . . D. B. salt pepper lounge overcoat, grey chalk stripe while roll, black and pink tie, whie hat, black shoes, grey gloves. Virginia Wise in ab lue velveteen jumper, blouse of white, tan Puritan shoes, cocoa topcoat, black bag and hat, going home from Bethany Baptist Church. Doc Reginald Groves in brown shalk stripe suit, blue fly front hand stitched overcoat tan brown shirt, maroon knit tie, grey olive hat and tan shoes. The Victory Roll hair roll do worn by Enda Wright is no doubt the envy of all ladies along Society Row. Carolyn Russell, Vivian Metter and Catherine Reid in blue wool dressed alike—sweet.

T. T. SOCIETY: — The Courtiers Yuletide Festival tables are all sold out. The Willie Johnsons, New Jersey's No. 1 Guitar players expect that blessed event in February. The Crispus Attucks Card Party and Dance Friday nite promises to be a treat for the upper crust—a must. Wings Over Jordan will appear at Clinton Memorial Church on Thursday evening, January 13th. The program is sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas in the interest of the Mortgage Fund. Kindly see Mrs. Emma Thomas for tickets. Jersey City's latest club is one that is really made up of the O.D.B. boys and girls. The Victorians. The president is Kenneth Cunningham. You can expect to hear more from this fine organization sometime soon. Private George Hayes and Private George Smith home on leave looking grand. The Best People of All go to the Nest Club to ball. December 29th—Victory on Parade. Gloria Jenkins and Lenora Chavious giving the hot spots the once over. There seems to be nothing disgusting as a drunken woman, and with liquors scarce as ever, it seems as if they are trying to out do themselves.

Scholarship Winner



Little Jean Melvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Melvin of 62 Fir Street, Newark, who won a scholarship at the Sussex Avenue Gramm School for buying the most bonds. She left on July 3rd to spend a eight-week vacation at Arden, N.Y. Before leaving for camp, Mis Melvin wanted to know if she could take her dog and cat, both o whom are seen perched on her piano as she serenades them with "God Bless America."



"Who are the Gay Gremlins?"

GAS:—For 43 Mr. and Mrs. Big come out and eat a fig. Good for what ails you. In the groove is the latest move and Tan Town is becoming more deserted than ever. Uncle Sam has committed many acts of kidnapping. The favorite phrase used to be, "What 'cha know, Joe?" Now it's „When go, Joe?" It's tough and rough, but supposed to be good enough. I say Adios to those that leave and pray they live up to heepsters greed.

Buddy Johnson and his band slated to blow into Laurel Garden sometime soon, so keep your eyes peeled. The Silver Echo Quartette have graduated into big time and are taking a spot with Woody Herman's band, the ofay blues crew, all due to the promotional efforts of the G. & R. Korn Company's manager, who still features all of those records that are hard to get. Incidentally, the new releases on Gus Young's band, and our number one blues singer, Albinnie Jones, will be out July 29th. Watch for them, 'cause pops, they're terrific.

The Congo Club will open early in September. The Big Liars' Contest, Tuesday, third of August, at Piccadilly Club, plus prizes galore. Joe Crump and his band of 1000 themes by public demand. Nacki Sacki Jackie, M. C., at his best, the toast of New Jersey. Continuous dancing in the Tihitian Room. Door prizes for ladies and men. Come out and dig this show. Don't miss that nite. Extra: A chance to win from $1 to $5 in cash money! Liars' Contest —Entry free.

Pop's, Artie Gilmore seems to be climbing into his own—promises to become a real sax hound. Quite a tone. The Savoy Record Company has again scored on two-year-old numbers made by Bunny Banks, "Bunnies' Boogie," a solid sender. "It Can't Be Wrong," opposite, by Ross Leonard, and "Knock Me Out," a killer. Dig them. They're frantic. On sale at 53 Market street.

FASHION FLASH:—Christine Gay at hot spot in silk white blouse button up at collar with bow-tie, black jacket, mannish, but short, black and white checkered skirt, black bag and patent leather high-heeled pumps. Julius Hewellett, golden boy, in a gay mood tripping from Clinton Manor in white lounge coat, black tux pants, white shirt, black tie, an Esquire picture.

The best legs contest was won by Thelma Riddick, a lady's legs that caused "oh's" and "ah's." The first prize was three pairs of stockings. She wears size 10½. Colestra Powell took second place with ease and won two pairs of stockings — she wears size 10; nosing out Lillian Baskerville, who cooped a light third prize, one pair of stockings.

T. T. SOCIETY:—Miss Catherine Thomas engaged to Sergeant Eddie Armstrong of California, loving couple. Mr. Tillery, one of New Jersey's most outstanding organists and music teachers seen at Best Foot Forward, escorting two sumptuous and sweet ladies of the day. Out of towners — namely, Elizabeth Brooks of Washington, D. C., and Joe Bennie.

Duke Ellington's band rated 13th, leading all other colored bands in Martin Block's Popularity Contest, but still number one all over the country. President Roosevelt appropriated quite a tidy bit from Congress to erect a monument to our Dr. Carver of Tuskegee. Lenora Chavious was honored by a welcome to town party in New Haven, Conn. Wack

(Continued on Page 12)

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1943 1943

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nent today, and the increased prominence of women in this country, there are formed many girls' clubs. Some are outstanding, while others waste time, but one that comes into my attention is the Gay Gremelins, girls with charm and talent. Their ultimate aim is to provide the young social set with some form of activity, which will tend to leviate the tension of war. Their initial affair will be given at Clinton Manor, August 7. Music by our boy, Pancho Diggs.

Margaret Johnson's lovely guests were Alexine Dyson and Louise McGee, sweet and hard to beat. Elizabeth Jackson, one lovely bit of intelligence, a privilege to meet these cool adys. Clinton Manor was at its heights last Saturday nite when the Swanksmen, the grandest fellows ever to group together, gave their strictly formal. Johnny Jackson's music supreme. Incidentally, this band will delight Asbury Park fans Thursday nite.

Sunday eve seemed to be the party-gathering for quite a group of Swanksmen and their friends, who gathered to a farewell for Joe Stafford, a great little guy, off to the armed forces. Jackie, the sister of Lillian Baskerville, was also feted by friends at the home of charming Mary Baskerville. Guests were Edward Mack, Murine Washington, Sawyer Shorty, Sarah Smith, Clarence Hayes, Leroy Dobbs, Clarence Baskerville, Emily Wheats, Doris Robinson, Doris Womack, Mabel Bishop, Ruth Harris, Judy Harris, Adeline Gatlin, Harry Sykes, Henry Poyan, Louis Money, Henry Squire, Burton Diggs, Lenwood Davis.

INTER-CITY SWING CLUB:—Pete Diggs, the daddy of the vibes grooving a new band. Joe Crump the rage of the age; Clarence Mack the bass player, has been offered a spot with the Earl ines outfit. The Two Bars and a Staff are rating popularity number one compared with other trios. Pancho Diggs new band will be presented in a show called Romeo and Juliet, the Hep Cats. The Southern Sons air time every Sunday morning. Henry Polite will introduce a new singer to the public when he returns from his visit in the Western part of our country. His singing pupil is LaVerne Marshall. Joe Gregory, M. C., at Dodgers, knocking them out. Club meeting, Wednesday the 28th. For membership or talent, call Naki Saki Jackie, between 6 and 7, Bigelow 2-9151. Solid.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Collar the mood. Say, stooge, don't clude the frantic 1943 Victory Model Raffle and Dance. You have eyes, and not to scan the skies. Popa Dee, forgive me, lanes 'tis the dictionary fruit and all you've got to boot. Hep cats love to sprinkle their waters of knowledge upon squares, but those unhep studs grow up and become ancestors to the trembling ickeys of yesterday, so beware fraids, unless your nogging be groggin out of this world by a fool from Liverpool. Jog me for a horse 'cause I'm not on the course—like a ship at sea, there is nothing to me.

Margaret Whittaker, the tempting yellow-mellow chick is my pick. Ankeling away upon a single riff across the road I met a toad. Jimmy Charles, ripples don't play with the nipple. Ray Vanderbilt down to the Kinney Club playing like mad. Louise Reid, the Tan Town blonde, getting off in a whirligig Lindy fling with Herbie Wright, one-time king of dance floor. Brother Bass of Savoy Sultans quest for quest, plucking like grass on fire getting higher.

Love Finley, the straight chick from down neck, causes necks to span when she twists her way down Market Street. Savoy Shorty, the wing dig love-thief, has really stolen M. W.'s heart, in spite of the competition. Leroy Dobbs, sportsmen, escorting two charming maidens in the Proctors, with glamour boy Leonard Hurd. Evelyn Gramby of Morristown, giving Tan Town the once-over, cute as ever. Hear that she is a Mrs. . . Spank the skin and drink a mickey finn, but I'm no boogie-joogie lane from Cocaine City and on the quain. Bob Queen seems to be the frantic kitty "On the Beam."

Tiny Prince

(Continued fro mPage 10)

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Herbie Smith, Dancers' Appreciation Society's South American Fiesta soon. Mrs. Ella Jackson seen in the company of Phyllis and Evan chatting with the ever-popular Arthur Terry, M. C. Due to the rapid change in the conti-

Masturbation ignominously routine science for full length, coddling the cozy, electrical effects & effects the art of restraint and holding back proper preparatory punctuations, need of rest, recuperation and reason for proper propelling. Columbia's great expert tells of his personal experience and gives much needed advice. In sexual intercourse, pleasure of the fullest kind is necessary to bring the participants into such emotions that offsprings of the biggest possible excellency may be gotten. Sexuality is a science, and cohabitation is an art high if properly understood would raise our moral and physical standards more than any thing else. Not one man in a hundred knows how to have perfect connections without injury to both parties , and not one in fifty knows how to get one half the possible pleasure of cohabitation. Ninety nine cases out of a hundred complaints in wedlock are the direct result of improper copulation. Proper copulation not only prevents terrible private diseases but the exchange of sex-magnetism is positively beneficial and in health giving to both participants. On the other hand improper intercourses is almost as weakening and demoralizing in its effects that it is like that loathsome habit, self abuse.

In a large percentage love is turned to disgust within two weeks after marriage just because both parties are ignorant of the means of perfect union of sex. A perfect sex union is a strengthening and a source of play to both, A perfect intercourse twice a month is worth half a hundred halfway masturbation cohabitation which weaken and disgust both. The enjoyment of sexual intercourse lies in the exchange of self-magnetism between male and female, and a failure to love and receive both of these currents which ruins the temper and nerves of both and the effect on the system is almost identical to masturbation. In the first place cohabitation should never be indulged in if either of the parties are tired or exhausted. Immediately after retiring is not the best time nor before rising. The best results are to be obtained and the most pleasure experienced after a preliminary sleep. Again most men are too quick for their wives in getting ready. The woman must have an erection as well as the man. The lining membrane of her vagina must be prepared by its being preheated with an excess of blood and self magnetism so that the nervous system will be ready for the pleasure. If the woman is ready immediately upon entrance the penis discharges a pale amber colored fluid from the prostrate glands which oil the vulva. If it occurs such and irritation it causes great strain on the nervous system and is one of the most patent causes of leucorrhoea, ulcers, and lost manhood. Whenever you feel pressed after cohabitation it shows that you have cohabited improperly. The lower animals coax and tantalize each other until they work themselves up to the proper pitch before they attempt copulation. Human beings should cuddle, fondle, kiss and pet each other for an hour before they undertake to cohabitate. And never cohabitate until the woman is ready and anxious for it. If the female is being aroused the male should gently rub his hand along the erectors membrane at the mouth of her vagina and she should respond. If the erection of the penis tends too soon, touch it to the body of the female and that will lessen it until she is ready. Most men eject the semen before the climax is reached, which should not happen. Both should reach the climax at the same time. The climax of sexual organisms the point of sexual intercourses where the greatest pleasure is obtained in the man at the moment when the semen is ejected, in the woman when her sex magnetism reaches its maximum. If both reach the climax together, the highest state of ecstasy will be achieved and often both male and female will be exhilarated instead of depressed. But if the woman is slow to reach the climax, she should bring her legs closely together and if quick, she should spread them further apart. To increase the pleasure a great deal, the woman should present her parts freely, entrance by the male can be easily made. He should insert his penis to its full length and then rest a while before beginning the foward and backward motion. He will sigh with pleasure after a short blissful rest. The couple should start a slow backwards and forward motion, Slowly they work themselves up to a pitch of excitement that almost reaches the climax before the climax comes; however, they should rest again and then they should work themselves up and rest again. This course should be continued for about fifteen minutes, or a half hour, the finally, when wishing to bring one the climax and the ejection of the semen bring it on with a rush, both should join mouthsand the climax will come with a thrilling procedure. But all is not told, the

Aftermath is even more delightful, if possible the penis should not be withdrawn until several minutes after the injection for much of the magnetism may be lost. It should remain until the hardness is gone then only should be taken out. The forward and backward motion at this time will be found delightful.

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Tiny Prince

(Continued fro mPage 10)

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FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Collar the mood. Say, stooge,



P. S. "Tan Town Society dedicated to lads and lessies in the services."

GAS:—Just a digging and a igging. A treking and a pecking. Like the Bow Hawk Hunch I'm out for lunch. Pops, along the quain the studs are hep insane—everyone is raving, because this jive sets them craving for the battle of the century between Tan Town's Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in technicolor, namely the ever-popular Joe Timmons, formerly of the Southern Sons, and Bob Taylor, one who has rocked so many female hearts that he is becoming their pin-up boy. Tops—it's gone and one and promises to be the rage of the age. Something nice with life. Votes will be cast to determine which of these gentlemen deserve to wear the crown of King. Watch for the date. Well, I've blown my wig and I know I'm gone like a light—I'm right. Everyone is talking about the neat little restaurant next door to the Piccadilly. Delicious Food. Address is 214 Waverly avenue. The Yuletide Feastia Courtiers Dance on December 25th at Fuld Hall. Last year when the drew had become powdered snow and ice in the section of Newark called Tan Town, I broke from my doss to oe greated by some powerful long haired stuff on my air noise trap. . . These lanes were giving out with some B. S. and Burlesque. That unhep stuff is okay with me 'cause I'm strictly a cat that believes. Now this whole morning through I listened to the churches; that was fine, too, much long hair and my music gives you aches around the ears. So cutting on out for it's still the early bright—I carry my carcass down to Groves to talk up a bit of jive. P. S.: It's on your note book Johnny Jackson — the Young People's Fellowship Pre-Holiday Frolic at YMCA, 153 Court street, Friday evening, December 17th.

FASHION FLASH: — Ralph Smith, Esquire playboy, in chocolate brown single-breasted flannel, brown shoes, cream colored hat, striped shirt, figured tie, gloves and umbrella. Also double breasted lounge tip herringbone brown topcoat — unique. Miss Roselle Reid in grey salt and pepper suit, single-breasted, black shoes, black bag, gloves, Silver Fox chubby jacket black hat trimmed in velvet. Sweet and hard to beat.

T. T. SOCIETY: — Yours Truly has received over two hundred letters from service girls and boys all over the world, and I want you to know that I wish you a MERRY XMAS personally. . . And also to my many friends in the home town. This letter is from: 1st Sergeant Richard E. Harvest, Company D — 387th Engr. Bn. (Sept,)

A. P. O. 464. care of Postmaster, New York City, New York.
(Somewhere in Italy.)
November 17, 1943.

Hi, Tiny:

I'm sure that this letter is or should be a surprise to you. I've just finished reading your column and it really hit the spot. Almost made me feel like I was home instead of way over here in Italy. It's much nicer than North Africa. The chicks are fine and very friendly. I've also picked up on the chatter of French, Arabian, Spanish and a little Italian. We had a pretty swell band, but it broke up before we left the states. Frank Smith, a big time trombone player, left us in Africa and Doc Bagley, who did all right in Philly, is supposed to be a Warrant Officer back in Aberdeen, Maryland, but we hope to reorganize after the war. You should know that music is one thing I hope to make a success of—and now that I'm in a position financially (smiles) I want to be able to have the finest and the sharpest band in town (more follows) . . . P. S. Readers, next column will print page 2 of this V-mail letter. Also received a card from Sergeant Albert Brown of Camp Phillips, Kansas. John Williams reports that Sergeant James Wiggins ate turkey until he couldn't get up from the table. Camp Stewart, Georgia, Ralph Jacobs asking about everyone.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — Nackie Sackie Jackie, the 1000-laughs-a-minute m. c., wild as ever at the Pic. Guests roll over in their seats at his antics. Downtown's due for an Xmas gift far benod their imagination. Jimmy Palumbo, one grand guy, has closed the Howdy Club. Remember 21st, 'twill be a grand opening! They are renovating the place from top to bottom—ultra glamour. Your spot and mine for its guests are at its best. P. S. The "Victory Parade," December 29th at the Nest Club, featuring Joe Crump's band. Arthur Terry host. Satch Robinson and Jimmy (Sax) Anderson at Dodgers. Where is Broadway Blue?

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — I am a square, but I'm everywhere. There is nothing to me—I'm like a bumble bee, Earl Harris and Carl Jones trying to buy out every florist around preparing for the Courtiers Yuletide Fiesta December 25th. Banana yellow Eva Washington down in Virginia visiting her relatives. Sweet potato browns are still around. The 1229 fellows of Fort Dix seem to think Yolanda "Vicki" Majors "Satan" to you warbles with a golden tongue. Shake that stuff for it's good enough. Legs magnificent. The Exclusive Arcadians Friday Inter-Council Club get together drew all youngsters from the suburbs, and I must say that clean, neatly dressed crowd was a credit to the younger generation. Like the man from London, Dark Count Bob Alves, who was formerly a corporal, has gotten the town to wondering. Home for good—so the chicks look for this lad, who is mad and bad. Mary Lee Patterson, the outdoor bird, who is looking sweet as a word. "Honey," Cuban lovely. Pops all the cats are digging those pin-up frails. Kinda cute, eh? Root just a class alone. Mellow yellows and teasing tans. Jack, 'cause I'm just a roach that likes them golden grey . . . etc. Sunday your boy bumped into everyone's m. c. Willie Bryant, who has just returned from his jaunt overseas. He is one of those who glorified. Glamorous Dot Moss giving the bodys and G. I.'s something of a treat at the "Savoy." McCoy, eh? The Gremlin Chasers still continue to run after the cute little girls with Clarence (English Monocle) Hayes in the lead; Dobby Bolds sliding and gliding like mad from the wax kindling (dance floor to you). Pops, the Boston Plaza matinee rocked and sweated Count McDaniels doing great. New bit of slang aggets to your baggets. . . Period.

Tiny Prince

GAS:—"Baggots in my Aggots" (reverse). The newest bit of slang means rocks in your head. . . For your pleasure it's groovey—Jimmy Lunceford's express, chock full of entertainment and mad driving rhythm. This band in demand, has stormed the country and took Hollywood by storm. The bass chant, wierd, and as always, the saxes are uniform unique. The new numbers grooved enchants you and when you dig them your love in you arms as a last chance, you'll be heaven sent. After a few of these sprinkled brilliant sweet numbers mid a dash of hat, jumps your ankle up close up and dig Jimmy's unpredictable drummer, who although under-rated by some, has more drive and personality than five big names around. P. S.: It's a date. . . XMAS NITE, December 25th. . . LAUREL GARDEN. Before we forget, MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL! Here is hoping that wee Oliver Brown, Jr., up and around soon. Recent operation. Also sorry that Gloria misunderstood an article written by this column, and if I have caused you embarrassment, I am vedy, vedy sorry. The illness of Nakie Sakie Jackie not serious, folks. Charlotte Metz of Lillie street giving with something for the boys at the Midnite Xmas, all the cute chicks are invited through the courtesy of your boy.



GAS:—HAPPY NEW YEAR . . . Keds its passing fast. In fact it will soon be gone. Let your new one be as wild as a new born bear, before you dig the word chirp like a bird. Dig squirrel, a mad world. You spend a little cash, I'll talk a little trash. Dig pig, pull my wig. The entire Tan Town seems to be flushed with gold and everyone is trying to snatch up some of that hard liquor. P.S. I have the recipie for sweet potatoe vim, a new intoxicating drink guaranteed to knock you for a leap—will sell cheap. The way the M.P.'s keep order in this burg—its great soldiers, no troublesome at all. Spotted Cecil Lloyd, our boy in service doing his police duty. Lydia Roland following the footsteps of her brother, George. One frantic tap dancer. Bill Ryans, one time pug, now with our Uncle home with two morale building girls from Springfield, Mass.—Miss Nellie Gladden and Areatha, who should be amidst the Pin-Up Chicks for personality. Here is wishing Babe Jackson and Miss Dorothy Williams a million years of wedded bliss—married Xmas day. Mevilin Jenkins was maid of honor and Robert Brock, best man. Harlem Hollywood featuring artist Joe Gregory. Daisy Stuacil, one golden yellow girl of tomorrow back from North Carolina, after visiting her mother who was ill. She was missed for three weeks. This will be a wild nite. A grand barbecue and After Hour Dance at the Reindeer Rest, 11 Boston street, Newark, Friday evening, December 31. Music by the Boston Trio, plus guest stars from all walks of life. 'Twill be a wild frolic and I'll dig you. Erskine Hawkins here very soon. It's a date daddy Gable.

FASHION FLASH: — Ralph Smith, the player between New York and Tan Town, wearing a double-breasted lounge overcoat of soft camel hair and orange tan. Arline Brennan in a brown mink coat, tan wool dress, green jade necklace, gren suede shoes, brown bag, yellow and gold corsage. Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. VanPelt celebrating their 6th wedding anniversary Xmas nite with Jimmy Lunceford, with Mrs. VanPelt wearing a yellow solid gold velvet dress, neat and petite. Grady Traywick, lounge lizard, in single breasted grey herringbone suit, brown brouges, white Duke of Kent shirt, hankie, green tie.

T. T. SOCIETY:—The second page of a soldier's letter. Company D, 387th Engineer Battalion; A. P. O. 464, care of Postmaster, New York City, New York (somewhere in Italy):—

Of course that's making a broad statement, but I'm willing to take the chance. Regards to Pitts. How are all the boys around Raddies and Carl's, Al & Best, Clem and Ernie and the gang at the 42nd Club. Piccadilly, Alcazar, in fact the best wishes of the New Year to all and may the ending of the war be within that year. Give all the glamour girls my love, Helen, Ida, Lulu. Glad to hear about Ernie Phipps band. I once turned down a gig with him The cat with the frantic top lip has paid us a visit, a few times in fact, it was a sneak tip, but everyone was down with it, and laid down a fine back-cap on him. He is really a mad stud. You know the song, "You'll naver know how much I miss you," that's what I think when I climb into my deluxe foxhole—good ole Mother earth. Al I need is a shack, Barausa radio. Some of the boys who send their regards are Bob Snyder, Mose Maybin, Powell Gill Thompson, Posey Hearcopt, Wynn Foster, Trammil Hooks. Hoping to hear from you soon. I've received letters from Billy Edwards from Hawaii, he writes often. Regards to your family and newspaper staff, your buddy, Richie Harvet . . . Staff Sergeant Charles Hockaday on the way to being a lieutenant. Sergeant John Coppock sends New Year's greetings from North Africa.

Garden Benefit Throng Awaited to Aid Hospital

ORANGE, N.J.—When the second annual benefit garden party is held on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. George Whittle, 335 Ogden Street, on Sunday from 4 to 7 p.m., a large attendance is expected.

The party is sponsored by the Victory Committee of Essex County for Community Hospital of Newark.

A special musical program has been arranged under the leadership of Mrs. Oliver Randolph and Dr. S. L. Catlett of Montclair.

Participants include Zoe Parks, Yvonne and Gwendolyn Morrow, Barbara Macklan, Grace Tyesi, the White brothers, Lottie Lopez, Albert Whittle, and Dorothy Paschall of Brooklyn.

F. Stanley Howe, director of Orange Memorial Hospital, and James H. Lewis, superintendent of Community Hospital, will speak.

The following are serving on the committee:

Mrs. George Banks, Dr. S. L. Catlett, George D. Corrin, Miss Thelma Drew; Mesdames Carrie Drew, Dorland Henderson, William Nance, Oliver Randolph, Charles A. Smith;

Miss Etta Shepherd, Miss Julia Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittle; Mesdames Bertram Jones, George Free, Carrie Gregory, Arthur Dickson, Eugene Sills, Luesetta Searcy, H. B. Hipkins, Grace Goodwine, Clarence Deas;

John Chaney, Mrs. Clarence Walker, Kenneth White, Mrs. S. L. Catlett, chairman, and H. Manning.



GAS:—I LIKE—The look of the Eagle when it's going to wiggle. Stash and save your trash. Easy greasy, if you slide, you'll fall and hurt your pride. Particularly the way Rose Carter, who is one of the grandest sports after being kidded about the name "Blitzkrieg Mama" is placed in the Pin-Up Contest. "Bub", 'tis great and life is fine when you're in line. Skinney Bennie needed a pennie, but his bird didn't have any, so scooped and looked until he drooped. Just like some hair without a bear, nowhere. It's a gille if your tickled. What knocks me is why the great suppose-to-be band leaders such as Charlie Barnett, now at the Strand, are disposing of all colored talent. It's a big question, which so far I haven't received an answer. Could be that he plans to move to segregated places in the south . . . NACKIE SAKIE JACKIE—REJECTED — FLAT-FEET. Let me boost this loose as a goose, wee bit of jive to you for its the first time. It goes down in line. The biggest little band in the land, in other words the slayer of the heppers will bust the conks of every lane and sparain upon the Main Stem. Yes, Daddy, if I've gassed past my hour, then I feel like an inflected flower. 'Twill be ducky 'cause he is plucky. To you John Kirby and his frantic swing unit—where? Laurel Garden, plus the ickys that are sticky This band is wild, but in style. Dig em. I agree with people that . . . The Milky White Way, the new recording made by the Coleman Brothers is one of their greatest. It's on sale at the G. & R. Korn Company, 62 Prince street . . . Men—stop and listen—watch out for the "Wolverines". They're mad and messy and they don't act like Aunt Bessie. They're after blood—dig me?

FASHION FLASH: — Viola Gregg's silver fox fur—questionable expensive. Clarence Marshall in brown cocoa thin blue stripe double breasted suit, brown sport shirt, salt, peper fly front, California top coat, black shoes, grey felt hat. Mrs. D. Wilcoy of East Orange in red suit red beret, dark brown shoes and hat, scarf, gloves, gabardine box topcoat, teasing brown skin. Herbie Smith, president of the Dancers Appreciation Society, sporting green pants, brown four button tweed sport coat, brown feather weight shoes, brown sport shirt, like mad. Ladies shoes unrationed in February. The Reid Boys Tonsorial Spot on Waverly and Boyd street, a clip for a tip.

T. T. SOCIETY:—In a gala after Xmas way, I'm wishing Flossie Mabel and George Jones the best of happiness. The ceremony took place December 31st. The Swanksmen, one of the leading social organizations present a Post Lincoln's Day Frolic, which will definitely throw a bright light on the things that are tops in entertainment. Celebrating the toneful melodies of Johnny Jackson and the irrestiable vocalizing of the swoon lad in technicolor, Bob Taylor, Saturday, 19th at Fuld Hall. The memories of the Magnificent Speak Softly) Wacks are not completely forgotten when one meets William Hutchinson, and his lovely little wife, Phyliss. A LETTER RECEIVED FROM A MARINE.

Private Leroy Harriel, Platoon 296, Company E; Recruit Depot. Bn.; Montford Point Camp; Camp Lejeune, New River, North Carolina. . . .

Hello Prince:—How is business these days? I know you are hitting your peak by now or have you crumbled to the bottom, which I don't think can happen. How did Buster make out—did the blood hounds catch him yet? I guess the Savoy is holding out. I really miss the hell of it all. I been doing anything. The only thing is run every place I go, to stand to line to eat, wear shoes that look like or larger than battle ships. I also have on summer clothing. Aside from that, I am all right. I don't have to get up in the morning until I am ready, but usually I am ready at 5 o'clock. I can go to bed at nite when I am ready, but I am ready by 10 p. m. I can lay down during the day, but I never touch it between that time. I guess you know I am living very, very fine. I sleep with my rifle on my side, my bayonet and pack at the foot, which makes me feel so safe. Tell all the boys and girls I said, "Hello" and write as soon as possible. I'll have to close now because duty calls me or something like that.

Your pal, Leroy.

P. S. Grover Marshall in England doing service.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — 'Tis said that up Morristown way Ruth Covington has a voice like a nightingale, fresh as a thrush . . . Joe Crumps strike at Nest Club a complete black out. Once it thrived—now it hides. As peaceful as the grave-yard on Central avenue. Abbey Jackson, Piccadilly bartender, voted as No. One Pin-Up Boy out in the Passaic area. The Dug Out reeks with the spiel—its a glamour field. For lovely young chicks its a note from the wolves. Clem Moorman released from the Navy. They say again with the Piccadilly Pipers. The 1st 1944 drag in the bag is Dodgers Grill new show—real corny.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Dis and dat—Skateland, where once the delight jitterbugs once did romp and stomp will soon be a factory—defense Sweethearts of Rhythm do here soon. Watch for the 1944 Golden Boys Selection. Calling all Boogie Joogies (meaning persons who have the low-down feeling). It's upon the beam and really scene. Lounge Lizard Grady Trawick is not buzzing and fuzzing amid the sweet meats as of recent. B. S. What bird has rocked this stud with the word? The nuttys dip because they're hep. And come covered up with chocolate nip. Did you eat? Then all reet. Boots, it's bubble on the double. Rita Laure Frieson tipping the light but right fantastic with Ernie "Handsome" Randsome and Milly from Philly. Eyes left, but I'm deaf. When Vilrginia Morton's sporting at ease, a yellow-mellow tease. P. S. Whispered here and there that Love Thief Clarence Hayes and cute classie Mary Mitchell will take that vow. It's new but will stick like glue. The pad thats mad belongs to sweet Popa Heart-throb up on 1st. The war time sugar daddys are doing great things for a certain Miss J. F. of the Third Ward. A car, caviar, furs. Indeed surprising, but realizing. It's nice without rice. Keep cool, fool, it's the rule. People who are funny seem to make all the money. Miss when it should Mr. . . . Dig? People who Joe Giggle when Mr. and Mrs. Jackson ballroom team, take the floor, do not score. They're great. Find two people who can do anything together. Hazel Snell and Willie Self romance ablaze, burning out. Peep at the $125.00 wedding set—nice. Copping the slave is the rave of quite a few good girls, but what beats your boy is not the McCoy—but Love Finley, one lovely chunk of woman, bounding around like a cork at sea. . . . Personal Miss Anna Bell Gibbons, wife of Playboy Paul who is stationed out in Denver, Colorado, has just returned from the west. Frantic girl. Arthur Terry, the lad who is a laugh and gaff master of ceremonies, great to me, now up in Canada for a four week show. Great at any rate . . . Period, plus.

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GAS:—Watch for the selection of the 1944 GOLDEN BOYS predic big doings. The Hawk's Heah! . . . getting in the groove to some lanes until they can barely move, is like Donald Duck's ancestry in water . . . And high blowing Hawkins is the aceman in satch-horn racket in this groove mess. Here is a gas that blows his top until you think the stud is going to drop. All nite long and never stiffs on a riff. Dad he is mad, and a chick's thriller. January 15th. Pop's there will be some wiggling and giggling, 'twill be some powerful stuff and fine enough, upon the glassed floor of Laurel Garden. Jack and Jill, you will be on the hep side if you latch on to Erskine Hawkins latest stuff. Well, I've blown my wig, so I'll do a jig on down to the cat of the frantic clippers, and let him nip a little here and there. The 1943 sweet girls voted were Dorothy Frazier, Julia, Mary Davis, Regina King, Marion Perkins. Playboys were Ralph Smith, Leroy Dobbs, Clarence Hayes, Herman "Slick" Taylor, Leroy Harriel, Oscar Watts, Robert Greene, Clarence Baskerville. Golden Boys were Charles Whigham. Moe Jones, columnist, Arthur Pratt, Julius Hewelett. Other columnists, Sally, Nite Lifer, Broadway Blue's drags of the year, the Debs and other maneuvers by our staff. Notes to the best dressed: Elizabeth Jackson, Mary Baskerville, Bell Anderson, Rolleta Smith, Rene Starks, Emily Miles, Katherine King, Larry West and Mrs. White. The top-notch clubs were the Courtiers, Captivators, Swanksmen and Dancers Appreciation Society. As the curtain falls on each passing year, it brings memories of scenes of the play of life, ruined by thoughtless acting. Well, that's my spiel and even though I'm a wheel, let the curtain go down as you have your dance commentator to hep you to the farce of life. P.S. Boys and girls, don't forget those frantic basketball games and dances at the Court Street YMCA every week, plus spiel by Yours Truly. Fred Grey, one of Jersey's popular lads, now is in England.

FASHION FLASH:— Dorothy Frazier in red coat, black velvet collar, single breasted, black shoes, red and black trimmed hat, black bag and gloves . . . neat. Abe Moore "Snake hip dancer" in a, I believe, checkered houndstooth single-breasted navy overcoat, English lounge, patch pockets. Venus Berryman in black dress, red sport coat, velvet collar, black shoes, black turban, black bag and gloves. Mr. Webber in blue serge suit, blue checkered shirt, large dark blue knit tie, English knot, tan shoes, blue narrow-brimmed hat and blue topcoat. Little Gertrude Gibbons sporting that blue coat with velvet collar.

T. T. SOCIETY — The cold winds have been blowing up rain and snow, but there are still things we all should know. Sergeant Whitney Parker and Lt. Leo Guy speaking softly of the maidens of Trinidad, but yet with that wistful look in their eyes, sighing New Jersey's sweetness cannot be beat, although they traveled far and near. The New Year also returned a gay face amidst the holiday spirit. Lelia Murphy home after a complete rest cure. Here is hoping that Mr. Evans is up and around again. "Dark Count", Corporal Bob Alves, one of the finest lads ever inducted by Uncle Sam seems to have burned a spot in the heart of cute exotic Hazel Webb. "Tis noticeable." . . . Lovelies I've seen at the Club were Lee Senoir and Bee Hix. Brother Bass, player of Savoy Sultans enjoying the glamour of home town with his successful business wife, Ella. Charles Branch, Petty Officer of Lakehurst, N. J., who is a graduate of Morris Brown, Georgia, Bachelor of Arts Degree, is an ivory tickler, piano genius. Guest of Morrison sisters over the weekend. Gay Cecilia King and Corporal William Albritton engaged romance from school days. Remember? Sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Sarah Smith. Wishing a speedy recovery . . . Happy birthday to Miss Mary Baskerville, one of the sweetest. P. S. Meet Leroy Alston, Esquire, of Jersey City, with a lovely young thing named Edith.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT:— Nacki Sacki Jackie, the 1000 laughs a minute M. C. will be inducted January 13th . . . Can be said one of the greatest comedians this scribe has ever witnessed to perform. The Joe Crump band strikes at the Nest Club . . . The Howdy Club, a place to rest, and jive with the best. Bartenders nice, service with a great deal of life. Silas Stevens and Jimmy Clark. Hal Mitchell blowing up a mess at Kinney's Club downtown. Gas Young, killer diller drummer boy, home from tour. Count Basie at the Adams Thursday. Was Billy Holliday a surprise? Don't stop now.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Drip take a tip, don't think you're hepe. If it's a lie, don't fly high. Collar this mood and stay in the groove. My feelings are great. Babs Brown, the international Jersey Roamer, was down in Virginia last week and wrote me a card letting me know that this column was being read by the hep crackers. Dig? Pops, Broadway Blue is now bearing the title of Sally (Strip Tease) Rand, in demand, his act at the Plaza. What a bimbo. Katherine Kelms, sweet and brown and still round. Little Bug, riddle away until a day in May. Swingroo, sporteree, taint nothing to Popa Stopper Savoy Shorty, busting his vest down with the mess. Come on and laugh and shout and dance like you have ants in your pants. Tiny Prince Dance School every Monday nite at the Court St. Y.M.C.A. Let's cut to Vaseline College and brush up on some greasy knowledge. It's just a bird's eye view on the latest news that new. Ervine "Ike" Turner, the news hound, is also a vocalist in demand. "Blow out the candle" and let me ramble. If I stammer, it's only my glamour. I haven't seen our Deb Evelyn Boyden in quite a few moons. Is it a beau brummel, or did I stumble. Give me some thumb, by but I'm dub. Lena Butts, "Haugeville from Jersey City, now amidst Strivers Row in New York. (Everyone works hard to live there). Boogie Joogie pouring forth. Loose like old Mother Goose, squinting upon Spruce . . . The Buddy Johnson band rocking and reeling the packed house at the Savoy Ballroom. In and under my skin, straight like a Cadillac Eight. Margaret McClammy, love thief, stealing into the hearts. Annie West, best known as "rubbler legs" slated for the mad trip down the aisle. Bennie Jenkins, the vocalist looking grand and in demand. Dig, pig, neat and all reet. Catch the wiggle on the Jane that's hep insane. Sprinkle, sprinkle little bear how I wonder were you there . . . Stash the trash . . . Period.

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GAS:— Happy Birthday, Lena Coren. It's new—like Lindy Lou. 1944 is the Victory score. I'm beat to my seat. All through the year this column is dedicated to those of you, young and old, people who enjoy reading what's what and who is who in the dance and musical world like the Dancers Appreciation Society, lindy hoppers, jitterbugs, and bands like the former Bancho Diggs, Johnny Jackson the up and coming Mary Jones and the invincible Joe Crump's mad swing combo. You and I enjoy their music hot and sweet and s we dance wild and mild, and have learned what suits our style. Slang has always been an enjoyment to those who speak it and will be picked up in this frantic issue by those who want to learn until this scribe is called to do his bit. For next week this issue will name the outstanding boys and girls, glamour and what not of '43. plus people that you and I know are prospects for '44. Also there will be a new selection of Golden Boys, fellows who are a credit to their community and 'twill bea frantic new issue on tissue—so dig this mess and help us select the best. The G. & R. Korn Company of 162 Prince street is stocked up on your latest record, "Sweet Slumber," the Lucky Millinder disk which isknocking the zutty's out. Lucky's vocalist is a pure pin up for the armed forces. Duke Ellington's arrangement of a new record, "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me." Erskine Hawkins "Don't Cry Baby" and many more The Savoy Ballroom rocked with Rosalie Hinton, Beatrice Holloway of Jersey City, Alice Graham, Lora Palmore, one beautiful enchanting chick of Virginia State College Green Johnson, James Faulkner. The Lincoln Civic Association now coming on like mad with Erskine Hawkins on January 15th — the 20th Century Gable.

FASHION FLASH:—Mrs. Elizabeth Hurdle in a green coat with black trimmed fur, tuxedo style black dress with lace collar and shoes, black bag and a moder version handkerchief hat. Leroy Harriell in his Marine outfit. Christmas Day Nakie Sakie Jackie's overcoat—neat tweed herringbone Elizabeth Jackson in green plaid dress, black shoes and turban top hat, yellow gloves, black bag, plus a silver grey cloath coat with a silver fox collar. And always — Harry Caldwell neat beyond compare. Katherine King in black spangled dress, two piece, black snod, leather between suede pumps, roses for corsage, black coat with fur collar.

T. T. SOCIETY;—The Strollers Victory Parade presented by Arthur Terry, a showman and arranger, was one of the nights that the stars did shine from far and near. Enjoying the mad ryhthm of escape were Geneiva Turner, as sweet a singer as any; Henry Polite, the whispering vocalist; Mrs Cassie Terry, sister-in-law to Arthur; Duke Pilgrim's New York Duketts; Elizabeth Adams, Virginia Hindricks, Sally Herb and Rosalie Turse, super; Gloria Hayes and Billie O'Deaye, Herbie Smith, president of the D.A.S Grace Smith, Happy Birthday The owner of the Howdy Club Mr. and Mrs. Palumbo, Silas Stevens and James Clar, their bartenders; Francine Neal, Ruth Haskins, Marion Scudder, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Scudder, Kenneth Culens, Jack Williams. Also sipping and tipping were Willie Mae Jones, Maude Blanchard of Jamaica, Long Island; Leroy Jones, Long Branch; Ruth Jones, Jannie Jacks, Alice Murphy, Sara Maxwell, Hattie Murphy, Gladys Jackson and Elnora Jones of Long Island . . one grand revue. . . . Private Leroy Porter of Orange has a new address, which is now 263rd Q.M. Bn. Headquarters, A.P.O. 464, care of Postmaster, New York City somewhere in Italy. Also hoping that Vera Merriman is better after her recent illness. Plans for an Interracial Harlem Hospital, by public demand.

There is a saying together we are strong—separate we are weak. It should be heded by the Negro population of Tan Town, Newark A certain hot spot always cries that this column is unfair to their business. Should take note of the grey haired elderly gent who was escorting that young colored girl last week. 'Tis nothing, but he was an ofay and she is not twenty-one years old. P.S. Her coat sported a very ragged lining. Let things like that go on under their noses—tut tut.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — Joe Timmons off on tour with Nat Coles little jump band, grand. Sath Robinson in Philly working at the Walton Roof, wild. Johnson Lee, Broadway Blue's protegee, Can Blue sing? Joe Gregory at the Harlem Hollywood, New York, working, hoofing to you. . . . Have you ever wanted to take your wife or your best girl to a place that was better than the best—sip and eat—a place that is hard to beat—if so then I now you will not fail to visit the Dug Out of 190 Belmont avenue. The beauty of the place is just too much. Clarence Mack, one of the greatest little bass players inducted into the Navy.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:—Hush, but it's not mush. Sadie who is a lady, 'tis said, put on an exhibition of Beau Jack and Montgomery with the madder than a wet hen. Anna Pope the Boston Plaza 400 Girl. Valtrae Ike Williams of sketch fame, wearing that Navy blue. P.S. There is a shortage of the right kind of women—dig? Since the male impersonators have been back-caping the playboys. It's on the quain—something seen. Susan Weaver cute and all root. I've slicked my wig like slippery pig, I'm dressed at my best, I'm all root, 'cause I'm a boot. Boogie Joogie, meaning low down, is the past word; and I'm singing it like a jaybird. The lady of the hour who seems young as a spring flower is Charlotte Meltz one who is always pitching for the servicemen. Duke McCall, surrounded by easy on the eyes. Billie, Boobor and Barnggo, Cuban lovelies. Covenga Stewart of Morgan State home for the holidays.

Dark Count who is upon his mount riding high and on the fly Girls, Mr. Big Money is on rubber again, like the man from London he's got the cats wondering. Wig puller John Wright extends greetings. . . . Love, Arthur Mosley and enchanting Daisy King, wearing that cute ice—an engagement ring. Savoy Shorty, the lad that's sporty nabbing a hep cat and about to sag him up. P. S. The stud copped a wicked duce. Charles Davis and his lovely teasing wife in the party of Charles West and Mary Jones meeting the guest, our little New Year, with a bang and clang Lanes and spains and French sprees its upon the beam and a real scream. Happy Birthday to Rolletta Jamerson. It's being said that Morris Parker, the pugelistic champ, is now in the Merchant Marines somewhere in South America's warm waters. Jumping around the floor—here 'tis 1944 It creeps like jeeps and peeps. 'Twill be like Sinbad—really mad. Knock my timber—for I'm blowed like a cinder. Private Culbert New Year's greetings. Read about the lip beating mamma, the newest addition. Period.



YOUNGSTER—Little William (Sonny) Berry, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Berry, of Newark and Pinebrook, is shown outside his parents' Pinebrook home, where he manages to miss the torrid heat that has been gripping the city during the past week.

Ellintgtonia, a music apart

The jig saw puzzle of swing and jazz, the two accepted music form to arise from popular dance syncopation, is a problem found the most learned music critic. One school claims that the two forms are actually one; another insists that they must not even be mentioned in the deep same breath. There are those who can find virtue only in the "New Orleans"style and these and there are those who abide by the "Chicago." The puzzle falls into a thousand segments but the most worrisome section of all is an oddly shaped piece labeled " Ellington."

"Ellingtonia"is the name which has been given to the music composed, arranged, conducted and played by the most amazing figure in the field of modern dance music, Duke Ellington. It is an unusual world in the musical universe, a world its own. It may wellhave given birth to swing and it certainly has played a major role in jazz. But beyond that, there is little resemblance between "Elingtonia " and either of the two forms Whatever his music's place may be in jazz or with swing, it is generally conceded by all in the musical Hall of Fame. In fact, critics of jazzland his music as a foremost example of their art form, and swing critics cite it as the most ideal example of that form. Still more words of praise have been voiced by such diversified musical figures as Igor Stravinsky, Artie Shaw, Percy Grainger, Leo pOld Stakowski an Hal Mc Intyre. What does Duke call his jazz or music? He has no special name or classification for it. Duke Ellington is attempting to interpret in a pattern which he feels the music of the race to which he belongs. He hears his music as he composes, but he hears it in only one way**through the horns of his band and the chords of his piano. Duke composes the only music he knows and styles it for only one unit, the Ellington band. If others are able to adapt his melodies, thats fine. If not, thats too bad. To the Duke, the music he writes is his own music for his own band. Call it swing or call it jazz. The name is unimportant. The Ellington fan is aware that a great percentage of"Dukes" music is written in the traditional twelve-bar blues pattern of the Negro race. The reason for Ellingtons restriction is simple. The blues and its traditional pattern is the most natural and sincere music form to evolve from the historic and artistic development of the Negro race. It is a sincere emotional expression and Duke is writing sincerely of his own race. What could be more natural? That the blues is definitely restrictive, in the most extreme sense of the word, has been disapproved by "Ellingtonia." Duke has been able to inject joy, humor, sadness, age, youth, war, love and passion into his musical work while seldom straying from the blues idom. He has accepted that pattern because it is a natural field for him and because he has found it consistently serviceabl He has composed in larger forms, having one Jazz Symphony, Black, Brown and Beige to his credit and a shorter work, " New World Coming." One of the most outstanding differences between "Ellingtonia" and swing is the Dukes tendency to write not especially for melody and rhythm, but principally for harmony and tempo. Although many of Dukes compositions such as Solitude, Sophisticated Lady, Mood Indigo are remembered for the beauty of their melodic line, the bulk of his music finds its excellence in eccentric harmonies and unorthodox progressions. Every instrumentalist in Dukes band is a stellar jazzman but even more he is a key Ellington instrumentalist. The boys are undoubtedly given more solo freedom than are instrumentalist in any other band, but each realizes that a great deal of the bands success depends upon how well he fits into the singular and unusual harmonies which back the solos. Weird harmonies, individual instrumental voicings, haunting melodies, moving solos and startling musical innovations make "Duke Ellingtons" music not a part of swing, not a part of jazz but definitely a music apart, something that f has become an integral part of American culture.

THE CAPTIVATORS



"The Captivators"—Lacy Brannic, Major Taylor and Johnny Jackson—will again entertain their many friends and patrons on Saturday night, October 6th, at the Graham Auditorium, 188 Belmont avenue, when they present their "Autumn Gaiety," from 9 p. m. to 2 a. m. Johnny Jackson and his Society Band will furnish the music. As an added feature for the evening's entertainment, these boys have secured the vivacious, chcarming and talented "Flash Gordon," dancing her creation, "The Flash Dance."

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Irvine Turner the voice of the press attired in a tweed sport coat, tan slacks, cream colored pants, sport shirt, surrounded by a group of civic conversers. Anna Mae Hall the dancer in gay print and hat to match. This was trimmed off with a piece of fur seen at the vacation spot. Mandy Ross of Montclair and Band leader fame, wearing a pair of brown trousers and a red shirt, plus tan hat and brown white shoes, casual. . . Lorraine James, is just about to lovely for words in that grey white outfit, thee other day, snatching a peek. Flap Mcqueen, blue shirt, cocobrown trousers, radio, watching the Suburbans tan shoes, and carrying a portable bowl, which is a rare treat. BON TON SOCIETY—Notes to Orange, N.J. Your Holy Spirit Church, will present its Fashion Show? Tea and dance about Sept. 21, 47. Its being whispered that the RENE'S Charm School girls the most talked about models of our time will be used and featured. Miss Doris Boling of British Guiana, South America said it too Mrs. Lovey Natchev of Jersey City. . . ."I really enoyed jthe party that was held in my honor at the home of Mr. James Melvin". . . A beautiful bouquet of flowers, and the host was Oliver Porter. Mr. Herman of the Pic. was among the guest plus the entire Pic. show. Also presennt was Mrs. Liela Ali, Miss Martha Mabel Graham, Mrs. Dorothy Miller Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Louee Hather, all o' Jersey City. . . Dinning and wineing Miss Mable Burke, of Newark, Miss Othilla Brown of Montclair, Mr. Howard Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Ben Whittaker, and a pleasant evening. Evelyn Boyden up in Boston for the week-end. The going away party given for Miss Viola Vagh at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lou Blackmon, she is going away to Hampton to school. Her guest were Mr. an Mrs. Tarrannt of Baltimore, Mr. Morrison a gay old gent, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Grubes, Afro writer Ethel Mae Moore and Mrs. Pattie Harris. . . Billy our Boy Exstine and Babs 3 Bips and The Bop will ankle in to the Onyx, at a early date. Solid rule, get loose and be like Mother Miss Cool cause I'm mad as the Goose. Frenchy bon ton, sorees, let me ease this to your noggin for a joggin. Beaulah Watkins the make and could be a gone model. lovely from Plainfield would Yah wah and rah honey bunny whats so funny lets get covered with kiss. Brady Hodges, banded has waxed "Bye Bye Baby" and "Mamy Blues" and will be aired by Symphony Sid this week. Mrs. Thomas of the Oranges really gives out ith her opinion for her team. Pete Diggs, Brother Moncur doing a righteous session at the Down Beat. The little girl in Elizabeth will be bugs about Stanley Newsome's new car. . . Clarence Hayes new accounting office over on West Market street is the talk of the Town. Tall Yall spray and I really hope to die, but the browns can still stick around for the thrill and kill me. Happy Birthday to Brenda Mitchell. I'm out of range and aint got no change, so I'll see you next bright, when all is right. Watch for this columns new name. . .

P. S. Hot Lips Paige and blues singing Wyomme Harris at Lloyds . . .

dancer is back in town. The "Howdy Club" is in a panic trying to handle her fans. She lays 'em in in the aisle's supported by Gus Young and his band, plus Joe Skinner as M.C. Your boy and mine, Crack Shot produced this show. Seen Modena David and her vest pocket dog — a Chawow-wa like Cugats. . . . The Piccadilly management is going to great lengths to give its public a new and better club. Everything is going to happen here says talent advisor Clarence Hayes. You can bet this the truth after watching the happy faces of people like Arthur Calley from as far as Summit, N. J. P.S.—this while listen to the Piccadilly Pipers play "Tenderly" . . . Champagne flowed like wine at Lloyds Manor bar last Monday nite. It was the natal party of Johnny Jones, with Ernest Edwards, Lottie Dix, Clara Waters, Roland Edwards and Oenida Harrison. Notes on "Al Cooks", sporty place. Claude Maxwell band is a steal, great Jazz Bebop patrons like cute Lucy Taylor one over the piano man in the rythm section. Hal Ford.



FRANTIC ENTERLUDES — Well' lets hope that your New Year is a gone goner. Its in deand and I hope you will be on hand, this week to welcome "Toggo Smith" and his mad four piece combo. Um' they are Clarence Mack on bass, June Coles on piano and one of the best guitar'es Al Terrell, at Lloyds. Remember Terry Sanns. the little ofay girl who first started the Be Bop sessions at Lloyds on Monday is now promoting down in New Port News Virginia, doing alreet.

Pat Jenkins in town last week with the Tab Smith unit looking good enough to keep girls. Helen Russel doing great out in Chicago working under another name like Mary ( ) singing like she never did before, its a bet she will be on records soon. . . . Send your get well notes to Margaret Hoffler the singer with the "Four Bar and a Melody" in Hospital with a operation. . . .

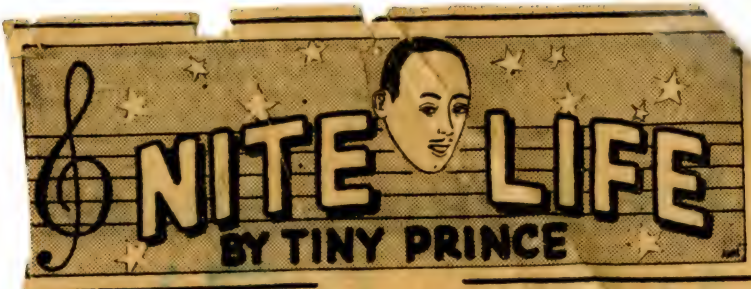
The "Branford Enterprise", will handle anything from a court case, to renting you a cigarette machine.

Grace Smith's birthday party given by James Melvin at his home was something that was special and interesting. . .She received many presents from socialites and Nitelifers. . .

Reese La Rue, scored again. He is down town at Murphy's Rose Room, with a white chorus around him as the star feature. . . .He recently appeared in "Oh Boy What a Girl" and Dizzy Gillespies, "Jiving & Be Bop". . . .Satch Robinson, doing up the home town with his right, but light, Fay chick on his arm. . .

"I'm All Alone Now" by Cecil Grant Trio, a must for the lonely hearts. . .Miss Rhapsody and her Trio out at Tylers Chicken Farm, real cool. . .FASHION FLASH—Audrey Crump of Jersey City, wearing a black dress, with strapped suede shoes, gold sequened hat, pink ear rings, long black gloves, and Russian poney coat. Leonardo Hurd, one of the best dressed lads in these parts in double breasted lounge blue suit, black shoes, grey slot collar shirt, red and grey stripped tie, a diagonal tweed coat, and grey Broadway slouched hat. Mr. and Mrs. Modena, Wally Davis in two white cream colored polo coats. . .Clara Waters in a featured three piece nat that I like. . .

CLUB WHIRL—Another whirl at whats new in the club social set. The season and the reason for you to bring forth your club's best. The Tweedsmen did have the crowd at their second affair dispite ole man weather. say Mr. Mrs. Andrew Keyes. . .The Dancers Appreciation Society were will represented at the home of Mrs. Hattie Parker, for dinner. . . The gay festive feast was Sunday Eve. past in honor of her charming daughter, Phyliss Parker. Cafe Superior, was not packed Matinee time Sunday for the Platons. Still there's many out who think things were just cozy enough. While the music played soft and low. Mr. and Mrs. Joe West tripped and tipped. Elmer Henry. Oh' well he was with yellow mellow Lane Bolds, who catches the eye. With the musicical group we spotted John Huston, the president. Remember to send in your application to the club Whirl. Its too bad that you couldn't hear the Orange Majestic Singers at their post Xmas party.



TANTOWN SCENES

v Yes! keeds! "the President" is coming tötown. It will be convention of B-bop, hot swing, and jazz, played by your "Lester Young", and his groovey band. Twill be a date, so get it straight, at Grahams July 3rd. . . .

Popular Bill Goode, and his "Four Bars & a Melody" are shocking and rocking pretty legs like Betty Alfords, of Orange, N.J. Larue Jordan, who beats a hot piano box and is doing them up to, they are at the Howdy Club, where things really jump. . . .

Rumors flying around Lloyds is that Mrs. Ollie L. Johnson is expecting a visit from the stork, smiles. . . . July 2nd your boy has expected the invite to be present at Club Harlemn, N.Y. to see Billy Ford bow in. His vocalist the new Kathern Thomas, is treble threat to Sarah Vaugh, so watch her, for she has a voice that is more than pleasing. . . . Candy Carroll, the first vocalist with Billy, is trying out for a spot on television. . . . Received that scribe from Bill Kenny, out in Cleveland, Ohio, in the Hollendin Hotel. . . . Gladys Saulsberry, from way out West is the new girl serving behind the counter in Groves Pharmcey "Cats worried me to death about her name". . . Ella Fitzgerald, has scored . . . . again recording two hite on one disk, "Tea Leave and "My Happiness", a must. . . "Al Cook's" place is a rival for beauty with the newly open "Bridge Club", so I am told. Joe Louis retired, happy! . . . What has tappened to the Penquins? ? ? Happy natal day to Danny Gibson, Aldors Ashley, Roland Wattey, and Bernice Gregory. . . Fred Patterson the vocalist with Brady Hodges and Dr. Copper of Belmont avenue could pass for twins. . . . Lenordo and and Fred Middleton scored a success last Sunday. . . .

FASHHION FLASH

Shirley McRimmon wearing a green print dress, with large flowers, green french heeled shoes, and bag promenading along Broad street. . . .

Leroy Moore wearing a grey single breasted suit, white shirt, red figured tie, black shoes, and grey felt hat . . . .

Melonee Jones, wearing a grey new look sweater, black skirt, gold belt, earring, gold mesh shoes, gloves, and grey topper. . . Charles Lawson, wearing a brown garbadine shirt and slacks to match, and brown shoes at the Pic. . . .

CLUB WORLD INC.

All clubs who want [illegible] bus ride, dance or picnic combine call C. W. Inc. . . . Mayk M. Acklin, the manager of "Shady Oak Lodge" is a member of your organization. The Board of Directors are forming a emergency group to help any member who are in distress, call MI. 3-1897. . .

This weeks gift tickets are for the Broadway Show "Joy to the World", featuring Marsha Hunt, and Alfred Drake, with a ducat you can see the show for half price. . . "James Melvin," N.J. playboy godfather for a precious little baby christened at Bethany Baptist Church Sunday at 12 o'clock. . . . .

The Cream of Negro society tripped and tipped under the portals of the Terrace ballroom June 25th. It was the Tweedsmens summer affair. Pancho Diggs, music was strictly for the elite. . . Charles C. Hillman the gay lad with Miss Viian Cooke of St. Louis, Mo. . . Bob Peale, and Lulu Conviel of Passaic, N.J. Spotted Juanita Marshall, dancing with golden boy Connie Alexander. Evelyn Boyden Julius Hewlett as gay as any one in the play . . . Met student Ann Talmadge, who studies music at Montclair Teachers College, she is going to be a teacher. Savoy Shorty, and Margaret Douglas of Bayonne, N.J. Louis Brown of the "Exclusive Arcadians" taking in the love sights. Grady (Lounge Lizzard) Traywicks and William (Beautiful Bill) Brown, hogging the many lovlies. . . . Pearl Freeman, Marie Wilson, sipping. . . Things were bright that nite. . . . .

Orchids to Miss Mattie Jacocks and Family, a large June wedding, with secretary. . . . .

"Pick me up on the Fly, Bye & Bye."

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

ENTREPRENURS CIVIC ASSOCIATION—Bobby Peale, the lad who once opened up on Market street, in his own record store, has been forced to close. This closing is not due to any shortage—but a forced issue by th epressure of businessmen. This is one thing that we young Negro businessmen never bargain for. Opening up is one thing—but to continue on when difficulties arise is another. We must keep a strong heart and try to prepare ourselves for these emergencies. The average poor or middle-class businessman should be ready for the worst. One hour in the Public Library, with some of the literature of economics, would help. Our effort should be bigger and better for progress.

JOIN THE URBAN LEAGUE GUILD. Have you given this organization a second thought? Have you seen any of the comic books printed about National Negro Heroes? Well, if you haven't seen any of these things just continue to let me tell you . . . Watch the Prospectus Club . . . This is a group designed to give light and life to the young people who see and want to do something about the future . . . Its motto and slogans will evade this metropolis of the Negroes and sink deep into the roots. The ground work is now being laid with an understanding and determination—so keep your eyes opened if you are interested . . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Buster Jamerson wearing a plaid lounge roll double breasted suit, black shoes, hat and shirt, sporting in his gray Buick. Mrs. A. Brinson at Our Lady Queen of Angels Roman Catholic Church in a powdered blue Grecian cut dress, black call bag and shoes, black straw hat covered with orchids of tinted hue and veil, plus black topper, escorted by her two young daughters.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

E. C. A.—The thought of the week concerns what is going to be done about educating the masses concerning their civic duties. . . yes, just what are we going to do? Everyone can pick up a newspaper and read about crime—crime—crime. . .Is civilization destroying the Negro? Isn't he able to keep abreast of times? Our churches and civic clubs and our institutions ssem to miss something in the set-up to educate the masses. Perhaps, its because they live only for the wealthy Negroes. Wealthy Negroes who have education and position really dont need supervision or help—it's the people who live in crowded congested quarters, who need advice on how to help themselves. Our crime rate will decrease when we have made an effort to understand the little Negro and help him solve his problems. Where is a real need to help our own people face reality. Being unable to see life as it really is—is the Negro's difficulty today. His mind is being clouded by race hate—his body torn by labor—there is no wonder he runs amuckfl He is human and needs civic treatment. Let's act and stop talking. Watch the ENTREPRENUR Civic ASSOCIATION.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Spotted George Smith, he is the lad who owns the tailor shop on Cameden street. Irma Allen wearing a blue draped dress, black shoes, black ha' of felt—stunning. Harld D. Wood in a red shirt, grey flannel suit, single breated . . .Betty White in a neat Jersey grey wool. Cotter, the lindy hopper, wearing a brown doublebreated suit, yellow shirt, brown and yellow tie. Daisy Jones wearing that print of fine pink. . .Ruth Listea in a yellow blouse and shirt, with shoe string tie black and french heel pumps.

LA PRINCE—The movie groovey people of rite life are raving about the affair given by Bill Fredericks. Yes, daddy, it was real great. Candy, the lindy stomper in from New York, with his four couples and really knocked everyone out. Ators, she is one gone little girl and that's Betty J. Adams, a cute little vocalists, a new comes with a voice. Pops, C. Foster is at it again. Emma Smith still with those legs. Albert Brown looking pretty and cool playing smooth. Vernell Mitchell, who is on all the time. Grace Smith, vocalist, who sings like mad looking great. Lounenia Crews great. Rose Clark on the ball. Jenora Hayes bowling like mad. . .Juust left that root stud Gus (Playboy) Dawson. The Piccadilly Pipers over in the Joe Louis Bar going great. Slim, the sax hound with Buddy Johnson out blew the mob last Saturday nite. . .Evelyn Boyding doing th right thing—such a charmin girl. Pancho Diggs off to Washington, D. C. Soon with his new band — sensational and real smooth. Mildred Black, the little lady from Hyatt's looking as lovely as ever. Can you imagine a lovely queen knocking you and issue on tissue—telling you she is sorry an igged you because she didnt dig you? Well, it's a thrill like champagne in a whirl—full of beer purchers, Our boy James Melvin scored and roared this week—a kick to the trick.

CLUB SOCIETY—The Kingsmen promise something great and this is it—The Third Annual Queen of high schools. Well young ladies it is all yours—so let's get rooling. Win that honor now $200.00 in prizes. Glad to hear of the recovery of Mrs.

FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—Mid-winter scenes, not high powered dreams are the talk of Tan town this week. Every Jack and Jill, is cutting to his home on the hill, to thrill to heat thats hard to beat. Yes; friends nothing happening except—For your sipping pleasure the Dug Out, on Belmont Ave., will have a special made television set. . . . . .Alfred E. Graham, manager of the Graham building and advertising man Clarence Hightower, where the guest of the famous Josephine Baker at a luncheon last Friday 23rd. Twas in Mrs Bakers suite at Hotel Bristol, New York City. . . . Sarah Vaughn, home town girl didn't score last Friday nite for the Penguin Canteen. Since she was a home girl folks are wondering if was not the cool cold weather.

Johnny Powell in the Melody Club, they say he wins all the smart money. Beulah Coleman the cute hostess of the Colman Hotel, mention's the faet that her brothers quartette are on the Circle Arrow Radio Show. 10:30 E.S.T. from Ohio. Those who are in the know are saying that the Picaddily is for sale. Eye-perfumed-cuties will be surprised to know that the Artists and Models Ball, will be a closed affair Feb. 14th. Eddie Davis of the Grand Hotel named bartender of the week. Over seven hundred advanced tickets have been sold up to date. . . . The Sky Club, will not open until the rare new scenic material can be secured.

TELEGRAM. . . . .BABY GRAND
NEW YORK CITY
125th street. . . . .

Tiny;

The people who were out to the Jam sessions, at Lloyd's Manor just buged me. Please; it was my pleasure to work like mad, in hopes that I will soon be back. Meanwhile give my regards to Manager Smokey Mc Allister.
Oh' Please,
Manhattan Paul.

Wonder what happened to East of the Oranges, speaking of Pearl Holt. . . Each issue will bring you some news about the "Musicians of the Year contest". . . Many of you students of swing, jazz and Be-Bop should send in the names and votes for your band, musician, singers and arranger. The question is Pancho Diggs still the king of everything. Can Max Walker play more bass than Flap Mc Queen. Will the solo's of Earl Baker, Chink Kenny, cast as many votes as Clive Pickett. . Grace Smith going to sing in the Club Regal in Columbus Ohio, Tony Jenkin ending up his 15th week. . . . . .

FASHION FLASH—Miss Astoria Robinson, wearing two piece velvet dress with designs of sequins on the upper part. Black french heeled sueds, bag, grey new look coat and hooded red linning. Earl Hill, down town munching and crunching, attire in a dark blue double breasted suit. Brown sport shirt, covered by a yellow sleevless sweater, olive tan hat and a California hand stitched camel overcoat.

Arrived to late to see anything of the Jackson and Jackson fashion show but seen many preety Tan Towners. . . . . .

CLUB WHIRL—Many of the clubs have been writing to this club dispenser asking about talent for club dates. Take music of Dole Dickins Quintette, and Brady Hodges they have style and class .You can hire them thru the Club Whirl agency plus entertainers and many other small attractions. So don't wait get your letter out to us three weeks before your affair. Happy birthday to you Jennie Lavell oop-pop-a-do-to you. Didn't know fashionable Cordelia G Johnson was State President Beauticians Unit 21. The Or Y.M.C.A. Co-ed Club, ga frolic at thee Manor last F nite. . . . . Some of the fa know were Blanche Bristol Bronx N. Y. Also Sweet pe Orange, qu her g on just san heir minds usion. Mor persons

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH

E.C.A. — Brotherhood Week — Many serious minded Negroes and whites, add this up as a mark of achievement—but to those unknown persons who lynched that Negro lad in the south, it's a joke. Until something definite is done to educate those primitive minds, American civilization will retard —This isn't all that happened. Down town, in our own city, another oppressed group is trying its darndest to force a young Negro out of business. Yes, just like the Germans took advantage of them, out of business. Yes, they are trying to push this lad around. With the aid of the Entreprenur Civic Association, he is putting up an intelligent fight. The lad is none other than Bobby Peale. It's surprising to find that none of our prominent civic people have investigated. Well, we little people have our own solution to the problem. This is it. We can not fight the big money interested in pushing this lad out of business—but we must stick to him as patrons. Wherever this lad goes, his loyal friends will follow. We Negroes must support those who stand for Brotherhood.

LA PRINCE SOCIETY — The United Pleasure Pals, who are up and coming, are . Chavis, president; W. Maddox, secretary; C. Brown, treasurer; P. Brown, committee; I. Albritton, assistant treasurer, promises to give some fine affairs. The Captivators Appreciation Dance—one rated with the Les Nouvelle Femmes and other upper sphere social clubs. There seems to be no chirds for the Fres Club and their last affair. Rose Field, with those cute dimples, and her bosom pal, Rosa Douglas, looking nice like the spice of life. Watch for the girls' legs contest, March 17th, Cafe Superior.

Ayre Hall, Washington street, was in a array of young loveliness last Friday night. The affair was given by the Debs. Among the young guests were Hazel Mack, Joan, with the bangs; Helen McRimmon, Dela Mae Williams, Daisy Murphy, Milton Middleton, Alice Thomas, George Tillery, and of course many, many more. Veddy-veddy elite. Modina Boyd planning something big for teen-agers. The cute little girl of Monmouth street should win the Kingsmen's Queen of High School contest.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS. . . Louise Carthorne wearing a rare flowered black silk dress. Broadway Blue wearing that grey stripped flannel suit. Al McKnight, the tonsorial's place, is one of all the theatrical people. Dorothy Prater wearing those black slacks and white silk blouse. Leroy Collins wearing that double - breasted green suit . . . Rene Starks, overloaded with fan mail from her Charm School members . . . I like the beard being raised by Trombone Scott—neat . . . Alberta Brinson wearing a powdered blue pastel Greek cut dress with low neck, blue kerchief, brown short fur coat, brown gator shoes, and matching bag and gloves . . .

THE SPIEL—This is the greatest spiel in town and is really put down. Ernie Royal, number one promoter, suspected by Mr. Charley. I am down with all and out to ball. The television set at the Piccadilly still great. Katherine Culver's troupe that opened the exquisite Cafe Superior, was the rave of the first nighters. Dad it's mad, but it's straight at any rate. Leon Easton hot blowing daddy of thme all. Gertrude Gibbons the popular girl at West Side High. Duke Anderson, the man with the band, really wild, but in style. His newest singer, charming Rita Ford. Dig the Internatinal Sweethearts of Rhythm Album. It's a vet-nay rock with a ready roll.

Illinois Jackquet Philharmonic Jazz recording No. 4 sizzling. Yes, Mr. Ace, I have dug you some place. Well everything will be reat —when you dig the man on the street. THREE DEUCES—53 Rankin street, bringing the one and only Savannah Church, "I Want to be Loved," song stylist, great, real crazy. Boy, oh boy, what a night. Emory Hall and our lad King, knocked out every one Saturday night until the early bright. Cootie Williams' band rocked the crowd until everyone was zutty and nutty. Yet bro, Hall and King, did it up right—the ease in the Ra-Dars a treat that was reat. Spotted cute little Nannie Wilkins, of Bloomfield, and her charming sister, Annie Mae. We can [illegible] get Harriet Thornley, or [illegible] Wane or Pearl Robinson [illegible] Town either. A frantic rig[illegible] Watch for the Girls Le[illegible] March 17th, Cafe Supe[illegible]

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visiting friends in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Ella Hughey and son, John, have returned from Virginia, where they spent several days visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Addie Bracey, of Jamaicia, Long Island, was the Thursday guest of Mrs. Dorothy Barnett.

Miss Hazel Secley became the bride of Gerald Bryant last Saturday in a ceremony performed at the Bethel A.M.E. Church, with Rev. A. White officiating. Miss Pecolia Hughey was soloist with Mrs. Grace Goines at the organ. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Powell of Flagler



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Hi members, next week, we will have a surprise for each and every one. Ten stores will close contract October 23, 1948 giving five to twenty-five percent to all clubs with membership to Club World, Inc. All clubs are asked to take an ad in Herald News Anniversary edition. . . .

Happy birthday to Johnny Jones. It was a Sunday, Oct. 10 to remember cute baby (Crystal Elaine Jones) was christened at Church of Epipthany, by Rector George M. Plaskett, E. O., N. J. . . Student tickets are now on sale for Lincoln & Hampton football game at Ruppert Stadium, Oct. 30th. The "Platons" promise big doings, October 15th, at the Terrace Room.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Rene's fall fashion music almode has everyone talking again. It will be a free showing of what's new in madame's wardrobe. Karl Green at the piano and other classical and modern guest artists. It will be held at Alumni House November 14th, time, 4:00 and 8 o'clock showings.

MAN ABOUT MAN

The entertainment world is going through its crisis, trying to find a happy medum. What music and act is most pleasing to the eye and ear? Laymen and critics say it is Jazz, BeBop . . . The Howdy Club's patrons swear by it! Played by Gus Young the man on the drums and his exciting band. Jimmy Piano Gaston, Lou Trumpet Jones, Billy Sax Harris, Art Bass Crooks, Nora Green is the vocalist, a reckless shake dancer and Joe Skiner, M.C. . . . Wanda Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mathews, Mary Davis, Arthur Terry, Celstrol Powell, whisper that Clarence Hayes, talent advisor has the answer to the Piccadilly problems. Yes! and they are real gone. The top notch "Piccadilly Pipers", Clem Moorman, ace piano man, cute Bonnie Davis, Ernie guitar Ransome, and Skeets bass McClain. This is their first return engagement to Newark in six years.

Chicks and the chippies along dancers row, are shouting aloud about Mandy Ross and his new band.

Caught the eye of Cecila Toots King, and Phyliss Parker, at Dodgers Lounge show time. Grace Smith singing with a bloozy woozy bounce to the drumming of Dapper Dan Gibson . . . Paul Williams will blow the top off the Graham Auditorium, Saturday nite, October 16th . . . Nora Simpson, Bertha Lowery and Wanell Hall doing the town.

Laudrick Milligan and Alvena Carter veddy veddy twosome . . . For the best chicken and barbecue on route 35 stop in at Pleasant Grove Inn, Clifford Beach, N. J., smiles Yancey & Carmon. Cabaret Party Sat. nite at Cafe Superior coming . . .

Sarah Vaughn and Illinois Jacquet terrific . . . Blanche Calloway, owner of Crystal Caverns, Washington D. C., raves about the singing of Tony Jenkins . . . **Watch for the Anniversary Additions.**

JONQUIL GIRLS DANCE

Socially speaking the "Jonquil Girls" gave a bang up nice affair, two Saturday nites ago, Graham Audit. Johnny Jacksons supplied the dancing notes. Laurel Watson sang, Myrtle Hutchnson gave us some of that dancing that has made her the toast of the nation. At the tables you could see among the composed set Jimmy Fultz, Renee Starks, Hon. Chairmen; Herbert Smith of Club World, Inc., Lawyer Burrell, Ann Korngay, Lucy Hall of the Three Pals tripped lightly in and out among their social brethren. Also seen Aldora Ashley, who has been among the missing. You couldn't miss the "8 Orchards"; Vernell Tillery, Sarah James, Electo Bynoe, and cute Anita Williams.

Then there was Leonard Rogers, Marshall Black, Momon Bullock, Willie Lewis, Donald Prescott. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Isaic Wilkins, Mrs. Minnie Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield McCorter, Marie Lucas, Ruth Reed, Betty Mitchell, Ira Fikes, Prince Taylor, Ernestene Solomon, Benjamin Tate, Maxine Mason, Ernestine Doughtry, Hattie Hill, Hugh Tate, John Branham. . . . The "Sanquine Girls" table and three birthday parties for Lilian Rogers, Anna Butler and Corriene Vano, seated Mae Wiggins, Marie Daniels, Thelma King, Mary Lee Fickes, Inez White, Rebecca Conover, Charlotte Meltz,

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By "TINY" PRINCE

PROFILES—Social clubs and the atention of various groups: You have been shouting to the house tops in the past few years about being forced to rent halls for your functions. . . . Well, somethingnewhas been added too—it's your turn now. Henry Graham, the Entre-prenur, has spent a small fortune trying to prepare a place for you. This is the same man who once drove cabs in Chicago and Detroit. A personality, independent, one who has done a great deal to show Negroes what they can do for themselves. This man has not been in this town as long as some of our City Fathers, yet he climbed the ladder of success step by step until you can share in his profits. Yours truly has seen the beautiful ballrooms all over the country, but none surpass the newly decorated Graham Hall. Let's hear no more about "If we Negroes had a fine place to go—how would we act?" No, this is a dead issue—one look wil lconvince you. When the opening comes — August 30th, with Luis Russell and your vocal ace, Lee Richardson, let's hope you will be there. Yes, let's all pay tribute to a man who has offered this town more than some say it could expect.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Men and women who look and stay at their best—demand to have that correct shine upon their shoes. Experts al lagree there is nothing like a neat appearance in the brightness of your shoes. . . . So you can believe me when I say that "Willie's" place, on Morton and Broome streets, is the best in town. Watching al lthe ladies in their cool cotton dresses, like a page from Vogue. James Melvin, the gay boy who is a Jersey toast when New York meets him, attired i na rare gold-fish colored shirt, imported tan slacks, brown hand-woven shoes and a sport hat with the sun glass attachment, easing into the Baby Grand. Pete Diggs lovely wife in town, wearing a red dress like only the teasting brown can, with black shoes and a hair-do which was the envy of man. . . . Dub Jackson in a grey sharkskin double-breasted suit that gave him that million dollar appearance. . . .

BON TON SOCIETY—Whispers from ear to ear in question: "What has happened to the Esqui- Vogues?" Let's wish Brenda a speedy recovery. Yest, that's the Brown girl from the Scotch Plains way. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Socialite: Many of your friends have changed—and are now riding at the Little CorralIX Riding Academy instead of Browns. Arthur Pratt and Clarence Taylor are voted Golden Boys for this month. Elizabeth Maddox, the Rene Starks model, spreading her charm down the Belmar way. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Al Graham off and back from that fishing trip with a successful catch. Mr. and Mrs. Wally Davis on their way to do a bit of sightseeing—just a couple of newlyweds. Bob Alves, the Dark Count, sends a card from up Hartford, Conn., way. He's a Montclairite now. Diana baby in the Clinton Memorial A.M.E. Zion church baby contest. . . . It's good to see "Mickey" Margaret Reed out with her son-in-law Moses Squire.

Sweet Myrna Collins out to become a model—and I must say will do wel. Detective Simmons, fro mout Detroit, Michigan way, visiting Henry Graham, in the company of Detective Norris. Just in from Chicago, in time to celebrate her birthday came "Tee" Teresa Ross, the Elsa Maxwell of Jersey. After doing the spots in Tan Town, we rambled out to her home, in Cambridge street, East Orange. There we siped until the wee hours of the morning in her party-basement which is really neat. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brown, and I with my motor vehicle conversation, Wally Taylor and his Hattie, Peter Spiver, Ann Korngay, Reginald Adams and Ernest Wells and Rene Starks, herself in person. It was really a nice closing to a very pleasant evening. P.S.—She will be a R.S. model.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Mr. Coll and lay it to a golden rule, is down with a dozen and really buzzin'. The Four Melodys and a Bar are in the groove that can't be moved. . . . Like an Eagle—have you dug Joe giggle? Some say Nellie Lutcher is an ofay and others say she is sepia. That is the question of the month. Virginia Scott, the pin up model with the right people when out from Westfield. "Tiny Mite" a gon tune played by the Toggee Smythe outfit a must in the world of music. . . . Brownie Mae is teasing and pleasing and fits right in with the south sea plan. . . . Nab is out to grab—so watch your step. Nancy Davis, who is "Lindy Lou" to you has a love affair or two—smiles. You can grumble and gripe, but you better do what is right each nite. The Manhatton Sixtette and made like Uncle Grab—groovie like a dollar ten movie. Attention Newarkers: Albinny Jones, one time of the Alcazar, the Zoo to you, is doing them up as a big time featured vocalist at the Baby Grand, New York. P.S.—Jimmy Lunceford was not at his peak when he passed away. Well feed me fancy candy and fan me while I eat it. Yes, Daddy, get out your old dancing shoes for they are coming to town. Who? Why the Prairie View Co-Eds—what an all-girl band. You will rock there until there is nothing left. Keep o nthe ball until you're called: "Pete" Charlie Smith back from his fistic tour from the Coast, where he caused things to happen. Tuesday nite at the Lloyd's Manor Amateur Hour the wolves howled and yelled for more. . . . And I mean in the person of Helen Moore, who won second place. Ike Quebec, Zig Billion, a must on your recording buying spree. The Bristol girl a must to watch walking. The ladies are raving about Gene Griggs—so smooth and cool. . . . The Monday nite Jams a Lloyd's growing to more than a thousand. . . . 'Tis being said that Oliver Porter is known more amidst the righteous. . . . Well, Pops, I've got to beat it on down to the House of Swoon—so zip, I'll see you next trip. . . . Watch for the attractions by the Modern Arts, Inc. . . . the agency started in Newark to promote all your new bans and entertainers. . . . Watch for this column, under the new name of Tiny Prince Spiels.



CAFE SPIEL—The Dole Dickens Quintette, direct from Washington, D.C., are back at the Pic. Clarence Hayes, mixologist,

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whispered "they are on"—meaning the musical group is clicking and playing sweetly. Duke Ellington will receive over $3,000 per week for being a disk jockey for Y.M.C.A., starting on December 29th. Pops, it was a nite last Wednesday at Lloyd's. Uhm Huh! Our gal, Grace Smith, the blues singer, opened there. Her guests, passing through Tan Town, were "Two Slick Chicks," from Newport News, little Pinky Robinson of Philly, a terrific master of Yes indeed, it was a nite. New Brunswick — out —— cause you're going to be grooved and moved at the Elks Home. Yeah, cool, it's Jacki Sacki Jackie and theme, a thousand laughs a second. Groovey movie show Friday nites. The cute secretary over at the Bancroft Enterprise office rocks me. Tony Jenkins broadcasting from Club Regal, Columbus, Ohio. Held over indefinitely by popular demand. Chi-Chicago to you—is talking about Inez Jennings, once a popular entertainer in Tan Town Newark. She is now a special in Artistic Beauty Nook, Chicago. Monday nite jams at Lloyds are talked about as far south as Florida. Tenor sax Henry Durant in the Dictators band, a must to hear. Dodger's Lounge hotter than Russia about the atomic bomb. Zorro and Zorita, passion dancers. Gus Young and his band still on the beam doing it up on the scene. Sham Tucker, the m.c., is doing a show in only a voice that a crowd could love. In all—it's a jam-up package. The Miss Alvin GaGtlin of Orchard street party, last Saturday nite a thriller.

FASHION FLASH — Mary Smith of Tan Town wearing a grey shark-skin suite, three-quarter length green topper, black ballet shoes and a green turban, plus black shoulder bag—cute. Negro business people are progressing despite some pessimistic folks. One of the many Rene Starks graduate students will take over the millinery department of the Howard-Morgan Store on Springfield avenue. Herbert Smith, man about town, wearing a blue roll shirt, knit tie of blue, dark-double breasted lounge suit, grey hat and double-breasted overcoat. Piccadilly style.

CLUB WHIRL—Yes, the whole town's talking about the club world and its policy. Applications to join this organization will be mailed from this column no later than January 1. Meanwhile send in the name of your club now. Club Whirl is a group trying to build up a set standard. They intend to try to halt the clashes of clubs giving affairs on nights which are crowded. Xmas is coming and everybody is whispering about the Esqui-Vogues "Yuletide Enchantment" at the Terrace Ballroom on Xmas nite. birthday to Miss Mary El- Cooper, who was born on De- ber 8th. She kept her age a



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..Who's Who in Nite Life, esend in all answers correct on a penny post card and win a prize.

Profile Quiz

1. The first Negro in New Jersey on a recognized Television show?
2. The originator of Monday Nite Jams?
3. What popular national female singer in Newark Churches?
4. What female was voted No. 1 singer in 1948 'Herald News Musician and Singer of Year Contest"?
5. Who wrote Jersey Bounce?
6. Who was the leader of the "Grand Rascals" featured at Lloyds Manor?
7. Where is the New Jersey 1948 Band of Year playing now?

Fashion Who's Who

,Cafe Society, Inez White wearing blouse, grey skirt, black shoes red coat trimmed in black curly fur. Hoosie Mitchell neatest man of week, blue pants, light blue shirt, dark blue tie, grey checkered sack coat, brown shoes and white hat. Fashion Show notes: Everyone including the Debutants of Social World are raving about "Johnny Love's" coming "Students on Parade", pril 10th, at Lloyds, Rose Room, music by Brady Hodges and Band. . . .

Cafe-AuLait-Society

Listen cool all about town they are buzzing and whispering about the 'Grand Order, top kick who expelled some of his top members for 99 years, and one dark day. . . . He says the affairs was packed, but freakish. Don't forget to send a get well card to Mrs. Margaret Patterson, mother of our Freddie (Singer) Patterson. . . . . Sorry to hear of "Gay Boy" James Melvin's illness. . . .

Nite lifers have Palace Blue Room, in their note books as a place they must visit this week-end. The show features movie star Mantan (Birmingham) Moreland, funny. Celeste Steward a blue'sey song bird. Vita Moore shaking it, until it almost breaks. Plus the exciting Claude Maxwell Band for show and dance. In the reserve section the other nite was Mr. and Mrs. Roxy Washington, Mrs. Mary Williams, New York, Johnny Walker and the Pepsi Cola model, also Mr. and Mrs. James Davin, John Brown, Myrtle Madden, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Hillery Eason, Mr. and Mrs. Thorns. . . . Baby Snooks snake dancer, and friends dancing. Nacki Sacki Fats gay boy about town and nice Louise Allen, Doris iHnton, Janet Scott and M. Jones. Daddy O! the Blue Room was groovy like a frantic -2.50 movie. . . . Leonardo and his Woman" dance team to appear here next engagement. . . . .

Dark Count Bob Alves coming in from Montreal, Canada raving about the Copa-Cabanna on St. Catherine St. . . . Lloyds Manor real cozy says Lillian Wiliams and Helen Monks. . . . Say, isn't Mary bongo Jordan as pretty as LaLena? Togg[illegible] record "Harlem Conference" [illegible] horn blowing. . . . "Beef Stew" by Hal Singer "crazy" says kids on street. Ella Fitzgerald opens up at Ra[illegible] Watkins "Bop City" on April 14, she postponed her European jazz concert tour. . . . Watch for the 4th original "Queen of High School Contest". . . . Mohammed Sadig, is top trombone instructor at the Music School on Beacon and Springfield avenue. Felba Lawrence, Esther Jackson and Ozell Green, Hapy Birthday. . . p Grace Smith opened up at GreenbrierInn, Eatontown, N. J., she is great! The taverns Monday jams coming on like Mutt and Jeff in a Lincoln Zeph. . . .

Predictions

April 2nd Laurel Garden will be hotter than hades to the tune of 2,300 folks, Lionel Hampton show and dance. Featuring Francis Gaddison, Red & Curly. Short & Davis, Lurene Be-Bop Carter, Lurlean Harris, Herman McCoy, It's a date so don't be late. . . .

The Modern Though... In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

"LA" T. PRINCE—Hop Mr. Rabbit and skip Mr. Bear—you don't look groovey, but we know the stuff is there. This man was of a light brown complexion, black wavey hair, stood about five feet five—weight 130. Very neatly dressed like a page from Esquire—he boarded the American Airlines at the famous New York airport. Oliver Porter, of Orange, had driven him to the airport in a convertible cream - colored Buick. Where was he going? Well, I know. Deep down in white Sulphur Springs, West Virginia—stopping to rest at the famous Slaughter's Tourist Home. From there we pick up this same man in a change of clothes—conversing and wooing a famous blues singer. We meet again. This lady is a featured song bird in the movie, "New Orleans" and the lad, gay by James Melvin.

Glad to see Sarah Robinson up and around again. She has been ... Bugs will glide on the rugs up the Julian way on Sixth st. Art Williams Ociette will groove and move the session. There is still that pleasant twinkle in Dorothy Jenkin's eyes. Benny Williams wearing that new automobile smile. Zelma Maxwell wearing those creations ala modern. Tony Jenkins about town with our one and only Grace (Priceless) Smith—two canaries. Get your Illinois Jacquet lucky award, and win an Album. Eddie Mosby is not at the Pic.—I am sorry. Ella Hill Jackson up here from her home in Washington, to visit her ailing mother in Jersey City. The Elks came on like Big Moose and cooked the goose. One great organization in the life.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—In the La T. Prince language, The Platons of North Jersey, Inc.—was it a dream—or could it be true? It was ten-thirty after dusk grey, the radiance of the setting at the Terrace Room had the appearance of a high noon day sun. At the door Mr. R. W. Edmonds, the club advisor, greetted the many patrons, in a mood that assured each and everyone they were in for a nite of nites. The huba-huba-duba amid the tinkle of music box voices, floated past your ears, as you entered the vestabule. Melanee S. Jones in grey looking chaste, but in haste, a Vaux Hall taste. Fred middleton dancing light but right. Marie Anderson and Emily Smith gay and in to play. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whigham cultivating gracious gaber-gaber. Tweedsmen's table alure delightful. Spotted sweet Carolyn Williams on the arm of Golden Boy Carl Trainor. Brady Rodges' music with that so solid lift. Fred Patterson's vocal chords a minor in his bag of tricks. He builds his numbers up like drama—from the floor. Yes, his irresitable fiancee, Doris Womack, was at his side druing intermission. They will wed soon. The show featured Carlos and Romano, who were tango and rhumba mad. After watching the knee action in their hips and thighs, one became cross-eyed. The trio of Kathryn Culber girls demonstrated the hula atomic shake, nughty, but nice. I'm hoping that some of the many entertainers give that Hockaday lad a helping hand with his benefit. Orthea Howard, our girl model of tomorrow, tripping and tipping but not alone. Yes, and in walked the one and only Judge Walker—gay boy. Walter and Wardell Smith's table filled with tasty vintages and Wardell's fashionable wife, Yvonne. Janita Branch represented the Oranges with ...by Peale who covers the entire field. Edith Scott could never be forgotten. The Bland brothers letting it happen while they were cool. Billy, the vocal master, at pace that was not faster. Mary Patterson in yellow—Henry Houston and his cute little wife tripping very right. Victoria McKessod, the Fifth Avenue kind. Clarence Taylor and Golden Boy Clarence Baskerville staging in order to cover the main portion of lovely lovelies. Such I.Q. admist gayeity modern lasses, Carolyn Summers, Willa Brown, Helen Dawkins and always Marion Martin. In all, many chicks, the latest lemonade brown, meaning the juice with peanuts in it, Gertrude McCombs, Catherine Overton, cute and neat—Gladys and Henry McGee, Jeannette Fields, Clara Saunders—yes they were in there. Andrew Keys as popular as ever with his creative wife. P.S. She ...Savoy ...sporty— ...epting—sister-n... ...urdle, chic. Jean and Irene Cl...rk flickering like a spark. It was ...ool and things were gone as a rule. Are you going to the Esqui-Vogue Summer formal?—asked lovely Helen Miller of Jersey City. Well, until the next early bright, I'll be picking them right.

Hackensack Jottings

By Josephine Maxine Walker
202 Berry street

The following ladies attended the Art Exhibit of Elsie Wright Brown, held at the Paterson Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon: Mrs. Josephine M. Walker, Rose Holt, Flossis Wright, Florence Linghorne, Jennie Patrick, Rose Walker, Lottie Williams and Mrs. Banks.

Dr. Robert B. Daniels, presi-

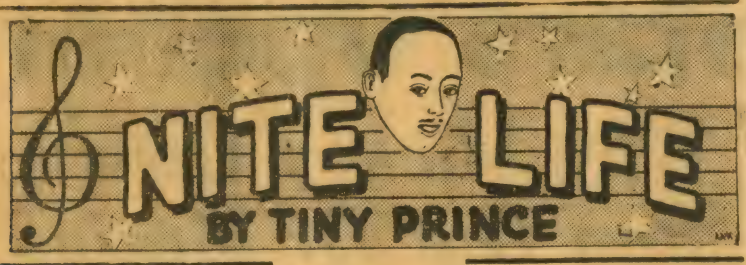


Above photo shows the beautiful Jean Melvin leaving the I.W.O. Hall at 516 Clinton avenue, Newark, on Sunday afternoon with her Boxer puppy, "Duke," after her brilliant piano rendition of "Harbell" by Smallwood.

Jean Melvin Scores In Musical Recital

NEWARK—Music lovers last Sunday were treated to an interesting afternoon, when pretty Jean Melvin, together with a number of other pupils of Abraham Shienbloom, piano teacher appeared inthe fourth Annual recital at the I.W.O. Hall, 516 Clinton avenue, in a program featuring more than forty musical numbers running the gamut of classics, popular music and operettas.

Miss Melvin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Melvin of 62 [illegible], and at the early age [illegible] mastering piano technique, and plans majoring in music upon matriculating at College. She leaves Thursday to enter school at Landsdown, N. C. During the rendition of "Harbell" by Smallwood, cute Jean captivated her audience with the intricate manipulation of the keyboard and at the close of the number amidst stupendous applause she received a basket of flowers from her father. She is an avid lover of classical music and among these her favorite selections are Nocturne Op. 9 No. 8 by Chopin.



PROFILES

Drummer Herald News Award winner, Danny Gibson, Dapper Dan born and raised in Newark, N. J. He is a member of Lady Queen of Angels, R. C. Church in Newark. Danny is the talk of the music world, iLonal Hampton offered him a job, he refused. When you see him he is excitement incorporated, life in the flick of his wrist. Danny won the drummers award in 1948, leading with about 6,000 votes ahead of the nearest competition. He worked with Joe Crump, Al Henderson and was the top drummer with the much talked about "Savoy Dictators". Danny toured the country with Hal Mitchell and a number of big bands including going to Canada and Bermuda Island with Arthur Terry and Ike Quebec in 1941. . . . Danny is now with Joe Mannings "Four Cleffs" who have recorded "Swanee River" which has booming sales. His favorites are Count Basie, J. Lunceford's old band and Woody Herman old crew. With Danny's experience and musical background he still believes that he and other Negro musicians should continue to study long after getting into professional fields.

FASHION'S WHOS WHO

The harmony of contrast broug The harmony of contrast brought this into view Easter Sunday and Monday nite, Llulu Thompson, black velvet two piece suit, red bolero jacket, suede shoes low heels and bag. . . . Willkie Reid wearing a double breasted suit, grey shirt, brown green tie, brown suede shoes. Francine Mack wearing blue grey suit, grey bag, blue hat, pink veil with two birds, blue shoes and gloves. . . . Florence Bristol, blue coat, pink veiled hat. Leonardo Hurd, single breasted grey shirt, green brown tie, brown hat, brown topcoat. . . . Pretty hats and shoes were everywhere. Anthony Hinton in singleb reasted blue suit, pastel blue shirt, brown tie, brown shoes and hat and gray gabardine topcoat. Cute Jean Blount at Our Lady Queen of Angels R. C. Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, and Geech Small. . . .

Met the [illegible]lla Moncur coming fro[illegible]k wearing a bonnett that had a up and down effect with flowers under and on top. A long with her was Colstral Powell, with another pretty hat. . . . Irma Allen won the Lloyd Mannor hat affair although there were many, one would not be the judge of. . . . Annabelle Reams, wearing platium fox furs, with Rosalie Jennings, her hat and Kolinsky furs. Well, Ruth Lawsn was in there als with her stle maritins, Mary Hayes with a cream puff filled with yung rseb uds in her hair. Mildred Cde, nice, wearing a simple baby's bonnett with blood red roses. Mary Potter with the casablanca hat adorning her head, and Feleiia Lurence wearing a robin's nest, they were just too much and did deserve honorable mention.

CAFE-AU-LAIT?SOCIETY

Pops this week its the house of merry scenes cause this ole town is rocking. S weet women tormenting your mind all the time. Allen Drew the granddaddy of M.C.'s down at Kenney Club, so flip he will make you lose your grip—laughing. New York — Dinah Washington's mom bucks air travel jitters, takes first plane ride to hear daughter in Carnegie Hall. . . Tog Smythe and band filled in for "Three Sharps and A Flat", out at Club Mombasi with Earl Warren last Week. . . . The Howdy Club going in for big name entertainments "Pic Pipers" coming soon with Bill Douglas Trio and Three Voices opening there this Week. . . . Ravens five Harlem Easter Parade gay nineties touch singers stop traditional avenue show in mauve decade carriage. Louise Gray is yellow and mellow, so says J. H. . . . Cootie Williams recovered from injuries back in action trumpet star resumes activities with month stand at Savoy. . . . It's the move that will lay you in the grove. . . . Say Irene Williams still carrys a torch for that cerain guy. . . . Happy birthdate to J. T. Barnes model Willa Flemings, Mildred Hawthorne, Joseph Bryan, Lillian Jones, Buddy Wiltaker, and Marion Bryant the psychatric technician. . . . The Picca[illegible]lly wilder than all wid "Cats & [illegible]ddie" great. Says Edgar Pope, Rosalie Hicks, Lonzo Green and Ann Baxter who sang like only she can. Bridge Club dining room where the food is excellent has an atmosphere that is out fo this world due to the management of Bill Malone. . . . Whispers Pearl Laws f "Eight Orchids. . . . Records to buy "The Frantic Four's "The Huck-A-Bop, Togge Smythe's "North Wind", Gus Young's Orchestra, "When A Woman Loves a Man". Kitty La Shield and Nacki Sacki Fats, killing everyone at the Mummies Social Club's affair. . . . Petey Smith prize fighter, and Alfonzo W. Corftez strolling about town. Dora Robinson the nice lady I met from Washington, D. C., the guest of her aunt Julia Ross. . . .

PREDICTIONS

That yours truly will M.C. the next "Debuteen'" affair. . . . That the Friday nite Bop sessions at Graham will be the best in town — plus something new. . . . That Paul Williams will get you excited May 7th.

ughn Was Top Star of 1948

past twelve months would seem to be in order.

What looms upon the musical horizon for 1949? It's a cinch that a year from now we'll be writing the praises of many new stars, just as we're now hailing a number of stars, who were either unknown or just starting to make their presence known as we entered 1948.

Perhaps the biggest success stories of the year were those of Sarah Vaughan and Illinois Jacquet, who skyrocketed to the very top heights of nationwide popularity. Not to be overlooked, also, was the sensational rise of a vocal group known as the "Orioles", who came out of nowhere to take the play away from the long established vocal units. Although 1948 was a bad year for most big name bands, a loung piano playing maestro named Buddy Johnson came into his own as a big name leader, while another pianist, the venerable and incomparable Count Basie, enjoyed one of the most successful years of his career.

At the turn of the last year, Sarah Vaughan was just coming into her own as a "name" singer. She had been picked for stardom in several music trade paper polls, but still hadn't come into the "big money" brackets. It was a different story 12 months later. During the past year, Miss Vaughan has definitely achieved stardom. Shel was headlined in engagements at such theaters as the Strand on Broadway and the Chicago Theater in the Windy City's downtown Loop. She broke records in such niteries as the Chanticleer in Baltimore, the Forest Park Hotel in St. Louis, the Copa Club in Pittsburgh, the Bowery in Detroit, and the Blue Note in Chicago. She's presently climaxing a brilliant year in a record-breaking engagement at the new Clique Club on Broadway.

Miss Vaughan hit the top with a series of sock recordings and the all-out support of the nation's disc-jockeys, climaxed by her smash hit disc of "It's Magic", a song that hit the top of the "Hit Parade" through Sarah's rendition. Sarah also set new attendance marks in the nation's concert halls, both on her own and co-starred with the mighty Illinois Jacquet, and once again has won every poll as the nation's No. 1 female vocalist.

The big noise in the jjazz world was that created by Illinois Jacquet, who's won renown as the "Dynamo Of The Saxophone." Jacquet, who was a mere sideman with Count Basie's orchestra just two years ago, put showmanship into jazz to become the hottest box office attraction in the band business with his high-flying Sextette. The mighty mite of the saxophone's concert at New York's Carnegie Hall broke all existing attendance records, and his concerts in such cities as Boston, Detroit; Philadelphia and Pittsburgh caused such box office stampedes that it was necessary to call out police riot squads to control the crowds.

Jacquet brought jjazz to Broadway in his engagement at the Roxy Theater, and chalked up attendance marks at the Chicago Theater, the Paradise in Detroit, the Howard in Washington, and the Apollo in Harlem. The sales of his RCA Victor records hit new highs as the youthful tenorman grossed well over a half-million dollars for 1948.

Buddy Johnson, the youthful creator of "Walk 'Em Rhythm" and glorifier of the "Fine Brown Frame", was perhaps the biggest money-maker for dance promoters in the big band field. Maestro Johnson's "Fine Brown Frame" contests, which hes taged on the majority of his dance dates on tour, helped make the turnstiles click a merry tune for promoters throughout the country. Buddy's tremendous rise can also be attributed to the many Decca record hits he turned out during the past year, such as "Li'l Dog", "I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone", "Serves Me Right", "You Can't Tell Who's Lovin' Who", "You Had Better Change Your Ways", and "I Don't Care Who Knows." Buddy also set up his own music publishing firm, the Sophisticate Music Company, and will soon announce important steps for the expansion of his publishing interests now that the recording ban has been lifted.

Among the big bands, one name that continued to stand out was that of Count Basie. Embarking upon his 13th year as a leader, the "Jump King Of Swing" scored one of the greatest triumphs of his career last summer when he played a six-week engagement on stage of the Strand Theater on Broadway and smashed every existing attendance record as well as being held over for the longest run in the history of that Broadway presentation house. The Count and his spectacular "One O'Clock Revue" also chalked up big box office marks at other theaters throughout the country.

Among the vocal groups, the big gains were those recorded by the "Orioles" and the "Deep River Boys". The "Orioles" suddenly streaked across the horizon late in the summer with a record of "It's Too Soon To Know" on the Natural label, which is currently nearing the million mark in sales. Until the release of that disc, the "Orioles" were just an obscure group of singers in Baltimore. They now command in the neighborhood of $2,500 a week for theater and nitery engagements. The "Deep River Boys", who have been around for a number of year, hit the top heights with their RCA Victor platter of "Recess In Heaven", which is currently one of the nation's hottest jukebox hits.

NEW YORK—Count Basie, the "Jump King Of Swing", will make a triumphant return to Harlem when he brings his celebrated orchestra and an all-star revue to the stage of the 125th Street Apollo Theater for a week's engagement, starting Friday, December 31.

The Count's engagement at the Apollo tees off an eastern theater tour for the Basie band. Following their Apollo stan... King" and his bandsm... week of January 7 at th... Theater in Washington and week of January 14 at the R... Theater in Baltimore.

The Count comes to the Apo... after completing one of the mo... successful road tours of his illustrious career. Since departing New York last September, he has been on a tour of one-night dance dates through the midwest, southwest and south, and turned in some of the biggest box office marks of the year on many of his dates. His most recent achievement was a record-breaking week's engagement at Frank Palumbo's Click in Philadelphia, one of the nation's top name band locations.

Featured vocally with the Basie band are James Rushing, "That Man Who Sings The Blues", and singing saxophone star Earl Warren, whol has returned to the Basie reed section after recovering from a serious illness that kept him out of action for almost six months.

Among the veteran star instrumentalists in the Basie band are trumpeters Harry Edison and Emmett Berry, trombonists Dickie Wells and George Matthews, Jack Washington on baritone sax, Freddie Greene on guitar, and ...hadow Wilson at the drums. The ...werhouse Basie crew also boasts ...ch new stars as Paul Gonzales

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Feb 19-49

NEW JERSEY HERALD NEWS



AFTER HOURS

Ow la-la-tis-cool things are getting better all the time. The change of show time at Lloyds Manor. "The Les Hommes Des A'rs" are here. The Harlam Club on Belmont Ave. moving in the spotlight . . . Charlie Ventura and his band, Benny Green on trumpet, Jackie Cain singing and Roy Karl, its going to be a date so get it straight Feb. 26th, the pdace Lloyds Manor. Coleman's Label has something new on the Ray-O-Vacs—"Happy Am I" to be released soon . . . They are rocking the Al Muriel Rasberry a young cutie-pie . . . February birthdays, Clarence Mack, Wm. McHarris, Muriel Cross, Robert Monroe, Lottie Dix and John F. Aeriel. "Meet me at the Monday jam sessions" is the local fraze says Bill Fredricks. Dodgers Lounge will open up real soon. Arthur Terryl will M. C. the "Elks Fine Brown Frame Contest," Feb. 19th . . . Sarah Vaughn, in the Chicago "Blue Note." Where is Fred Patterson? Got with Brady Hodges band . . . Notables gossiping about Rene's Artist & Modells ball. Interior Decorators working into the wee hours on Litle Johnny's Tavern.

PROFILES

Joe "Vibraharp" Manning, and the Clefs, a group that is moving up the top fast . . . This unit features Frank Brown on piano a kid who has it, Charlie Slade on bongo drums, Joseph Watson on bass. Music with harmony, and drive that keeps you patting your feet or snapping your fingers. Watch for their recording "Cream Cheese & Jelly." Joe Manning has built something that is folks talking and pushing him to top spots in ew Jersey, and New York's Apollo Bar, where he open this week.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Glamours Orthea Howard wearing grey brown sharkskin skirt, dark grey gabradine blouse brown poney skin coa, suede brown shoes and bag, and French grey tam. . . Earl Hill, attired in blue grey herringbone S.B. suit, white shirt ,checkered red tie, brown shoes, grey hat, brown ulster topcoat.

Club World, Inc.

Saturday Eve past was one to remember. The Suburban - ites Cupid Frolic at Lloyds Manor was gay and in the play. Among the guests were those "Men of Affairs" and the "Les Hommes Des A'rs" whose table was filled with goodies and liquid taste. Their members are eight James Boyden, Pres. Samuel Hawks, Bus. Manager, James King, Eula Porter, Secretary, James Smith and Harry Van Pelt Senior. Friends sipping at this table were Betty Parish, Grace Lee and many others. . . . Leo Guy and Lou Blakley, Leonard Smith tripping and tipping. Ethel & Beans Jackson the newlyweds sitting along with Mr. and Mrs. Simon Mitchell. Oh Yeah Moe Jones, Eleanore Morris and Jack Howell congo and rhumba mad. . . . Spotted our boy Jimmie Tillery cool as ever. Vauxhallite Coridean Green sitting with the folks from Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hinton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hancock, and Louise Samford. . . . "Les Bonne Filles" Erma Lowery, Elizabeth Davis and Molly Greenlee girls after one's own heart. Mary Gilmore Roosevelt Davis Skeets Johnson, Jean Pouncey, Rudolph Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll were among the many hundred socialites out to

Dec 11



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Attention all members . . . during the week of January 1st, 1949 all club delegates will meet under the Board of Directors to discuss next years program. If you are thinking about buying Xmas presents send for Club Worlds reduction list . . . The whole town is talking about Rebecca Newby joining those girls about town the Eight Orchids . . . A&T College Alumni Ass., Inc. gave their annual Student Benefit dance. Music was by Brady Hodges and band plus singing of Fred Patterson . . Each year this fine Ass. gives a dance to raise money to send some boy or girl down to A&T College. Among those present were Tootie Equire, Harold Ray. Billy Edwards of Tweedsmen. President Thomas Simmons, Arnie G. Leake, the Lowther Brothers and many more gay people.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Nackie Saki Fats, wearing blue suit, brown shoes, white shirt, blue tan tie, overcoat polo. Willa Den Moore, fur coat, green dress black gloves & bag suede shoes.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Reports . . . Nite clubs are going through a slow period Santa is taken his toll. Never the less the better clubs are still carrying on, giving out with the best . . . The "Piccadilly Club" features the "Piccadilly Pipers" the No. 1 music Combo. . . Clem Moorman piano man of this group was once president of South Sides High School, French Society. Guest include Roselie Hicks Edgar Pope, and Rachel Young who state "they are tops." . . . Illness takes Eddie Vinson out of action ten days, resumes band activity Dec. 17th . . . Jazz fanatics like Dorothy Gross and Arnold Bostic are treking to How'dy Club these colored nites. Redd Foxx the new M.C. is tickling the customers to death with jokes. Winnie Windy Warren her songs and saxaphone great . . . Pic Luncheonette, 310 W. Kinney You hungry? Let's stop in at the St. Modena Davis Chihuahwa dog, name is Chico. The "4 Caldweils" and Herbie Fields band in Baltimore, Maryland. Hortense Pendelton still one of those fine frames, look cookie . . . Hats off to the Herald News air time. WHBI 1:15-1:30 Sunday Dec. 12th.

Duke Ellington, Dec. 11, at Laurel Gardens, a must. The "Four Cleffs" knocking them out at Lloyds Pine Room. Rose Good, the little brown angel has a pretty pair of gams (legs to you) smiles . . . Bill Cook is getting better and bigger than the best "Dec. 10th Cab Drivers Ball at Lloyds Manor," says Jessie Pearson, President **Open Letter—We take time out to thank the entertainers and our many guest for their attendance at our previous affair. Thanks! Roscoe Dyla & Grace Smith.**

J'avais Perdu La Fete Et Ma Parruque (I've lost my head and my wig).

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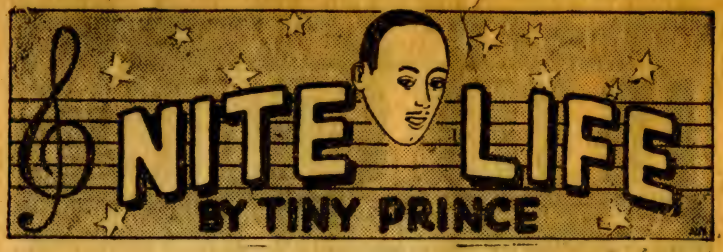
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Tues., Wed. Dec.
"Out of the Blue"

Warner's **SAVOY**

Saturday, May 7, 1949



PREDICTIONS

The new dance craze is the "Jersey Hucklebuck," the hottest bit of terpischore this side of Valhalla. The ole Greek Goddenn . . . "Terpe" must be tickled pink to see brown body's shake's in what was the old shimmy and the itch. All this has been done before in slow motion. Carlo's and Bessie the dance team seem to have out did themselves presenting this sexy dance to the public. It has been taboo some places, but personally its much better dance act than some shake dancer now in city . . . See it at Gramah Audit May 7th, when "Paul Williams," and band takes over with the Hucklebuck . . . Twill the finest date until very late . . .

FASHION WHO'S WHO

Doris Hinton wearing navy blue gabardine suit, white batiste blouse, blue shoes and bag, flowered bonnet, white gloevs, muskrat furs in New York . . . Babs Gonnzales wearing tweed S. B. suits, grey sport shirt, brown suedes, bop rainbow cap, california topcoat, light biege at station . . .

CAFE-AU--LAIT Society

The modern age has descended upon us all despite the economical trip back to normal. Nite club business at its ebb, but there is still plenty of great talent in Tan Town. Lloyds Manor Pine featuring Lin Proctor and Mary Jordan who models by day for Central Institute Photography division.

The best skaters of all moves to Lloyds aMnor, May ?? Watch for date.

Tylers chicken snack with good people like Ella Moncur, Carlo, Lottie Leurs, Dorothy Read and Tog Smythe, and gay boys Chick Tanner. They say Claude Maxwell no longer fronts the band at Palace Blue Room, Ida James there this week. Buddy Lowe of New York formerly one of Jersey's best ballroom dancers seen about town with Louise Robinson the business lassie, smiles . . .

Wishing Rene Starks a speedy recovery . . .

Vic Damone one of various star performers to attend Bill Cook's anniversary celebration June 5 . . . Toni Harper the young singing star off soon on tour . . . Piccadilly Club, Teddy Brarnons Trio, smooth as velvet but with a great style. Teddy on piano, Dickie Thompson singing pretty on guitar and Gene Groves colorful on bass, added attraction Grace Smith with the blues . . . Things are romping at the B-Bop Jam Dance Carnival says all the sweet chicks and rich healthy kicks, featuring Gus Young, Tog Smithe & Band, Bobb Jarrett and Pancho Diggs every Sunday nite at Graham's . . . eManwhile don't forget the Community Hospital by patronizing Platons and Tweedsmen benefit dance . . . P. S., Adell Smith gave forth with this bright idea, great guy . . . Answers to Profile Quiz . . .1. -1927, 2.-Bob Taylor, 3.-Buster Jamerson, 4.-Joseph Haythe, 5.-Richard Harvest and 6.-Melba Smith . . . Until next time, read mine . . . Nackie Sackie Fats, Redd Fox, Grace Smith, Tog Smithe, Teddy Brannons Trio, Lin Proctors Mad Hatters, Mary Jordan and a host of others will appear at "Arts High School," May 5th 8 o'clock util? Ella Moncurs Theatrical Show & Benefit. See you there . . .

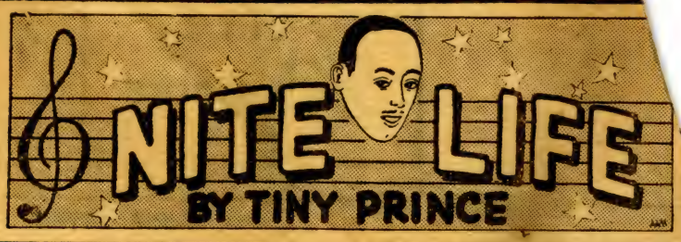
P. S. The show is still going on over at AL COOKS, and the whole town is tripping there to lig the latest, so says maney people.

Louis Jordan Stars At Adams

NEWARK, N. J.—Theatre audiences at the Adams here got a first hand picture of the "new Louis Jordan" last week and their applause showed they definitely approved of him in his new role as emcee, bandleader and singer. Aearing on the bill with him here are Paula Watson, Sammy Davis, Will Mastin trio, Jordan's enlarged band and the Los Gatos trio.

Starting a two months vaudeville tour here, Louis is in top form as he introduces each act, gags with them on the stage, leads his own crew in their zany routine and goes thru a few hilarious dance routines. This entire show opens at the Royal in Baltimore on May 6; the Howard

Mar 5 1948



TAN TOWN TOPICS—Here I am to scream and shout, to let you know whats it all about. The Musicians of the year contest, is alive with the jive. Dodgers Lounge, fans are rooting and tooting for Gus Young the drummer man and his groovey movie band. Ala-favorite, better phone ahead if your looking cozy spot to stand in the Lloyds Manor Rose Room, Monday nite March 8th. Yeah; you guessed it Ben Webster and his band, sax sensation of the nation . . . Remember that splendid hot food that is served in the new diner... Banna yellow Ann Korngay modelling for suburban photographers—fifteen dollars a hour whew;....Irving Kampf manager of the Essex Theatre certainly deserves all the credit one can possibly give. Dispite union difficulty he tried every way possible to present something new in colored shows on the hill. Yes; it twould have given much work to the local entertainers. Kinney Club time; Grace Smith the show stoper, rocking them and setting them in the aisle, with songs and smiles. Bill Greene one of the best dressed lads in town seated in the bamboo section of Coleman Hotel with two delightful browns....Greeted the alluring sisters Florence and Blanche Bristol, in the Mgrs. office of the Graham Audit....Bobby Plater home town boy and arranger for Lional Hampton and his band spotted sipping with piano girl Alma Mae at the Cafe Society . Happ birthday to Georgina Gillmore. 'Time out for Tears" by Savannah Churchill, is a must so keep your ears glued for it. Montclairites note: Bobby Smith is the singing star in New York at the Red Roost, dig him. Herb Scott arrived in town this week looking great surprised to know that his fans are sending in votes, um; he is featured with the Doles Dickens Quintette... New Yorkers are gone over the Ray-O-Vacs and really threaten to keep them there. Soon as Billie Holiday arrived home she sent that N. J. talent scout, that precious scribe. Rudy Malones mad group is really knocking them and rocking em at the Howdy Club on Washington St... Savoy Shorty, the no one play boy of North Jersey seen with the flaming Muriel Stanley Kittens without you seems this is it every and lassie are trilling Billy Fords new band Jazz sessions, real gone....

FASHION FLASH—Y Deg Gertrude Gibbons watching L Hamp groove her school chum into a cramp. Dressed in a blac crepe two piece ballerna dress, suede shoes and the new look coat. Branford Records Issue: Carl Trainer, attired smartly in a double breasted grey plaid suit yellow shirt, bluetie and socks black shoes. Carls a figure head for the best in record [illegible] downtown. Mae McCree a[illegible] berta Holley have proved negro business can survive downtown district. [illegible] calls for creative [illegible] plus [illegible]

Fefteen - The Women - Modernetts - La Femmes, and to many other clubs not listed. Today the Club World can offer you a reasonable plan to keep your organization posted on what is happening. Club popularity soon dies out unless their names are kept before the public . . . Our idea is to keep clubs from having affairs on the same date with a very little of confusion. Yes; and to also have the best crowd out in spite of any competition. Just why should your club lose money when joining the Club World will help you . . . Its a toss up will I see you at the "Women" affair Sat. nite March 6. Things will be right and bright.

Cadillac vs Cadillac, when James Melvin and Ben Whitaker are seen sipping at your favorite spot. Ben Whitaker, and his charming wife Louise, just in from North Co .....

The Three Pals gave one of those real messy like Aunt Bessie romps. The intire town turned out including Tom Boose at the Bristol table. Spotted Millicent Brown cutie tripping with Fred Middleton. Oh Yeah twas in there love thieves were present. Dig you next week . . .



CLUB WORLD, INC.

Greetings! Fred Middleton, Vice Chairman says everybody is inquiring about how to join Club World, Inc. Well! here 'tis, send to secretary Melonee Jones, 115 Orient Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. for an application blank. When it's received it will be recorded and reviewed by our Board of Directors. Five clubs were interviewed by our personal representative this week. Our new members are Ruth Lowery and Jane Jones. . . . Watch the "Vox Populis Sorrar's" and "Club Eight," two fine clubs. Happy Birthday to baby Deberroh T[illegible]ery, Electo Bynoe, Bubl[illegible] Thorpe, Alease Young. . . . Also George Smith and Andrew Keyes who's natal day passed.. The Lincoln & Hampton football crowd will knock themselves out at Terrace ballroom Oct. 30th, music by Paul Bascomb, and Joe Morris bands, gone.

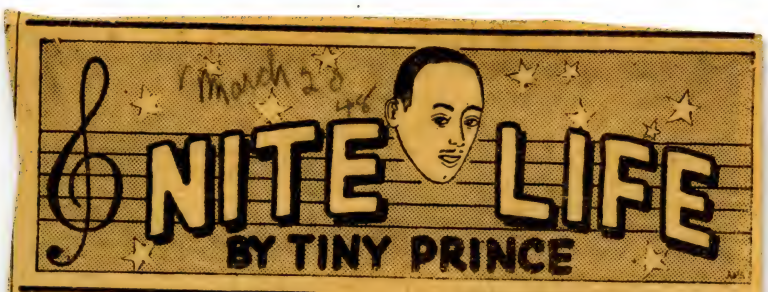
FASHION'S WHO'S WHO

Larrie Stalks of Esqui-Vogue's fame, attired in blue skirt, white blouse grey jacket, blue tam, black suede platforms on Broad-Market St. Carl Jones, of Bridge Unit wearing grey D. B. suit, brown shoes, grey sport shirt, covert topcoat, grey felt. . . .Pauline Claufield redecorated her beauty salon.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

Reports . . . Bill Goode the voice is now singing in Tylers Chicken Farm, nitely and politely. . . . Many of the entertainers mentioned in this column will appear at the 21st Anniversary of the Herald News at Graham Audit. . . . Yours truly will be looking for you . . . the date is Oct. 29th, Friday eve. . . . Wonder what happened to sweet singing Margaret Hoffler. . . . Joe Skinner, the M.C. at Howdy Club has written two songs that will move you. J. J. cutie and Eleanor Hinson seen nipping and sipping at Lloyd's Manor bar. Togge Smythe, sax sensation grooving his old friends.

Joe Thomas leaving the J. Lunceford band to form own combo. Irma Love Elks "48" bathing beauty winner doing them up with Vickie Mayors, "44" winner. Bill Cook received over 5,000 fan letters and get well cards in Orange Memorial Hospital. There was so much flowers, candy and food stuff it had to be distributed among the patients. Fred Patterson, the vocalist of Brady Hodges band, due for a shot on Arthur Godfrey's radio program. Young and old alike are talking about the pleasing music of "Scotty's" house b[illegible]



TAN TOWN— (Scenes)—Greetings gates—let's educate. I'm on the lose like Mother Goose. The Ray-O-Vacs are rocking and the club "Theresa" patrons they say are grooved Dig this rhyme—it's going like the March of Time—Progressive. . . . Ola. Mae Miller, the chick who tickles the ivories, is leading all men in the Musician of the Year Contest. . . Arthur Terry, who is in the light and all right, is in the fight. . . The little chicks and hens from out in the surburbs are going to be lined up right every Monday nite. Um--you guessed it —Grahams promisess something' Good. . . . . The Bour Bars and a Meloday with Margaret offler dream boating a new. It's True. Babs and in Manor bar. It's True. Babs and His Three Bips and a Bop are suing Victor Records for $50,000 —and is also planning to sue Illinois, sax mad, Jacquet for 25 gees. "He is got to pay them dues", quoted Babs. Mme Margaret Jackson of Montclair enjoying a snack with basketball player Clay von in the Coleman. Tis 'being said they are altar bound. Togge Smythe and his sax, will have everyone making tracks to Cafe Superior Easter Sunday. Ruby Jones, the manicurist, at, the Prince Street Friendly Barber Shop was formerly a student of Broadway's Henry Le Tang's dance studio. The Pic is trying to return to the crowded groovie kick. Gus Young, the drummer man, is in demand. P.S. He is down at the Howdy Club. He left Dodgers. Roselle Reid, a damsel and deb, a treat and still heard to beat at Novelty Bar. Harry Webber deserves all the credit for making Tan Towers conscious of Crispus Attucks. Venus Waters still the cab girl of my dreams. The Twilight Ballroom over on Bloomfield avenue, is owned by Negroes, uh huh. Jackie Wynn is one gone booster of the Orange Recondition Club—whispers all the mellow gals. The stork is warming up his motor for delivery to Rose Carter Conyers and the Mary Carlos James. Erma Etheridge playing smooth and on the move. The Jerry Anderson case a sad affair. Catch a gleamer at that ow—babe—that promoter Teddy Powell of Elizabeth, who ankles through nite lifers' alley with— (Correction Please!) The chick seen with Bobby Plater was not Mrs. Alma Platter it ems! ! !

ASHION FLASH — Booker ls looking like a Rahjan in dar turban, cocoa brown -pink shirt, brown thick . Larrie Stalks wear- crepe dress. Persian black new. look een tipping at ammy Cul- old-look de

ed to Nite Life until further notice. Single memberships can be secured to this great organization. Members of Club World can receive hair-do, at half price, this week. The place 602 High St. Theatrical Beauty Salon. With club card only. . . Saturday nite. 'Twas an evening to sway and be gay—greal gawn. On hand was Dr. Donald Stokes—and you saw lovely Doris Womack, who was in the groove from birth. Yes, the Platon's table real what's a name—smiles. Socialites were out galore. Saw Rhodell Flemming conversing with Major Taylor, on the hour. Pops, Graham Auditorium really rocked until the early bright. The Club World, Inc. will present the Pyramid Business League's Grand Easter Parade at the Terace Ballroom, March 28 from 7 until. It's being proven that the Eight Orchids are rowing some very beautiful flowers. 'Twas a shame if you missed their last Sunday's sip. Next week dig this issue. Got some dirt that's going to hurt—about to blow a fuse trying to keep up with the news.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH

E.C.A.—Last week I spoke to you about the Teen-Agers new club. Well, the young lady who is the founder is none other than Modina Boyd. This young lady has surrounded herself with personalities, such as Carl Brinston and many others. The first meeting Monday night, at the Servicemen's Center, Belmont avenue, really was a wow . . . The board or committee has planned things that will keep our youngsters off the streets and out of mischief. It's very surprising to realize this group of Negroes are concerned about their younger brothers and sisters. I know the kids will be tickled and I do hope they will come out . . . JOIN THE URBAN LEAGUE GUILD NOW! . . . Etta Moten, the vocalist of "Flying Down to Rio," was a guest of the Urban League Guild. This organization is well on its way towards the fund drive, but as I said, time and time again, we need more lads and lassies.

LA PRINCE . . . Turtle put on your girdle cause skin you're in. I received my application for the Rene's School of Charm and Fashion, Inc. . . . The wild party at Margaret Evans' home, chippie . . .

Orchids to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Pearson, of Trenton. The bride is the former Bessie L. Wright. Billy Frye, of Montclair, play-boy, easing off to the altar soon . . . Bill Cooke, our ever popular disk jockey, listening to some of the Heavenly Rest numbers . . . Clarence Miller, the trumpet lad, engaged to Terrie Samms . . . it's root and the truth . . . Candy, the lindy hopper, off for six month's tour with Tiny Bradshaw . . . Irene Williams, the girl with those dimples, sweet and always neat . . .

Large talk about that ever glamorous pajama party—gone, eh? East Orange locals note there is a beautiful, lonely lady named Vera Dado, who has not been seen . . . What's happening lady? JOIN THE URBAN LEAGUE GUILD NOW! I'm only a child, but I still love children . . . Franchot Tone, Alphonso Washington, in town from overseas, looking very, very kissey . . . English Earl cut some fine recordings for the Jazz Concert . . . James Melvin, the man of money and fame, easing down Market street in his 1946 Buick with New York plates . . . Billie Holliday's man, yet dad, it's true . . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Ernestine (Tee) McMiller in a grey coney fur coat, red sandals, crazy plaid skirt, plus those Re-Bop glasses . . . Nacki Sacki Fats in a brown double breasted suit, yellow shirt, brown and green tie and hat, grey tweed coat and brown shoes . . . The three Grand Rascals in those cream colored coats, always neat and all reet . . . Louise Grey, of Bloomfield, wearing that winter white polo coat . . . Chauncey Talbot in that blue double-breasted suit, white roll shirt, black and white tie, black shoes, derby and blue overcoat . . . I like the style of the clothes worn by Mary Waller, of Bloomfield.

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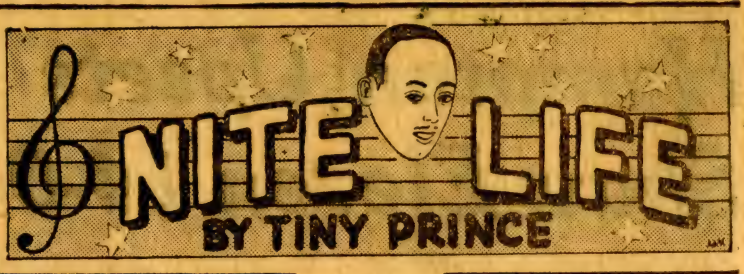
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Oct 2, 1948



CLUB WORLD INC.

Last week we gave away three free 8 Orchids dance ducats and two tickets for the "Holy Name Society," bus ride to the Shrine of Graymoor. These and many more are waiting for you new members. Our 1949 club and single membership drive is about to start. Join early to avoid the rush. The "Sanquine Girls are looking ahead," said Carriene Vano, Marie Daniels, Mary Lee Fikes, Anna Butler and Charlotte Metz, advisor. They joined "Club World," for another six months. Happy birthday to Letty Nelson, Savoy Shorty, and Lucille Dorsey. Memorie of the passing summer goes back to Crystal Lake, with Rose Sullivan, and Mildred Hawthore. And then up the Hudson River on the boat with Red Sheffield, Cornelia Morris, Gladys White, Ted Lowe, Ernest Brown, Betty Graham, and Lenord Johnson. Everybody is raving about The 8 Orchids dance, that was held at Lloyds, last Saturday nite. Among the many present were Gertrude Gibbons, Pres. of the Jr. Division of Club World, Inc. Seated at Miranda Morri's table sipping with Turk Price and Ruth Sanders. The "Jonquill Girls" table heaped with birthday goodies, Moe Jones and Florence McIntyre. Inez White of the "Sanquine Girls" looking like a page out of Vogue. The antics of Brady Hodges and band terrific. "Birds Of Paradise" in the play. Charlie Hagen, who is now a grandfather but you could never tell it. Mr., Mrs. Harry Caldwell, looking like always. And sobriquet Mrs. Inez Sims. Boy! what a nite. We extend an invitation to all clubs to visit te Hirman Craftsmen Hall, 105 Broad St., Newark, Oct. 1 and 15th, a free contest, gifts, food, and music.

FASHION WHO'S WHO

EARL HARRIS, wearing an egg shell gabardine D. B. suit, yellow shirt, brown tie, brown suede shoes, palm straw hat. Rebecca Newby, attired in a green quilt dresse strapless, gold shoes and bag. . . .

"Willie's Shoe Shine," place where all the smart dressed people send their shoes, is now located at 223½ W. Kinney St.

Time is marching on, in Newark. All the beer gardens, pubs, and small saloons that once were the social order, have been tabooed. Yes, the modern school of thought is revealing itself. Jazz BeBop, the new musical age is streamlining many of the old and new spots. **AL COOKS** of Orange St., is a new place featuring music by Claude Maxwell and his band. Earl (tenor sax) Watson, David (trumpet) McDuffy, Hal (piano) Ford, Robt. (Bass) King, and relaxed Eddie Williams on drums. Shirley McRimmon and Vivacious Leigh Bates, say "they are creating new ideas in musical minds of Al Cook's patrons." . . . The **Picadilly** talent advisor Clarence Hayes states that people are now looking for intelligent emotional outlets. Picadilly's new swing to Life is placed in the hands of attractions like "Hal Singer", sax sensation of the nations. Who with the slanted Jazz BeBop style relieves people of their pent up emotion in his exciting demonstrations. "Its showmanship with the people," smiles Mary James, and Elizabeth Merryweathers, sipping.

Our city is rightful becoming a mecca of the new thought in the musical world. Meet you at the Jazz BeBop Sessions every Friday.

Sarah Vaughn's hair stylist says to take note "Sarah, and Illinois Jacquet, concerting at the Mosque Oct 9. Luis Russell and Lee Richardson will be present at the Graham Audit." The little chicks and cool cats are spreading it all over town. **Pick it up on the scene in a new dream . . .**

(Sept. 20, 1947)
NEW JERSEY HERALD NEWS

Tiny Prince Spiels In Tan Town

WHAT'S HAPPENING — These are the words for the new "Pic" theme by Toggee Smythe and Clarence Mack. It's the grooviest place to be caught. The Piccaddilly — the "Pic" for short. It's that Atlantic frantic place in the sun—where you dig each and everyone. The rumpus room is in demand—fits right in with the social plan. You can sip and tip politely — cause the place is open nightly. It's the finest place to be bought. It's the Picadilly—the Pic—for short. Yes, be sure and score at the cocktail party given by the Townsmen at 100 Lincoln street, Montclair, until the wee bright. Things will be right. It's a date—so don't be late.

FASHION FLASH . . . English, who is in the field of the best dressed, has a voice with possibilities. Lillian Cox Jones looking so ravishingly pretty in a black crepe, drape, black suede shoes, black bag and half-way gloves and circular hair-do tinted in red. Virginia Scott, the young lady who represents Miss Graham in the Rene Starks model contest, ala sweet. Arthur Williams wearing a brown collar-less jacket, plaid tan pants, brown shoes, white shirt, black tie — extremely neat. September 28th is a date with the Holy Spirit Church, when they present their Fashion Show in Orange. Girls, the key nott for Fall will be heavy plaid irts, woolen and corduroy, one two sport silks and your short r coats. This is from the colge trend. The lads will become ssy with tattersal vests, sweatcoats and semi-conservative ess. There will be a great deal watch in a fast style changing rld.

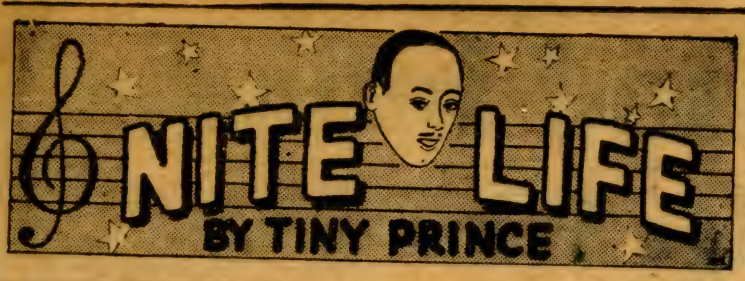
T. T. SOCIETY—Received that y card from Mr. and Mrs. Walce Davis honeymooning in Cana. Like Mr. and Mrs. Lou ackmon to know thi scolumn dn't forget their wedding anniversary. The same applies to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Keyes. Spotlighted "T" Teresa Ross doing up the spots last Saturday nite. Sorry to hear of her auto accident. Let's say a prayer and hope Bobby Peale ,former president of the Platons, will be well enough to be up at their next affair . . . Also wishing Jeanne Melvin a speedy recovery. Yes, it's love when a pretty ofay wants to commit suicide over Tweedsman Billy Edwards. That birthday card is over—due to Oliver Porter of the Oranges. The whole town is talking about Connie's new caddy—real fine. Vera Hastings and Dorothy are two cute chums. The Entre Nous were really gay — certainly did out-do themselves last Sunday nite. The Royal Czars are giving a fling at 71-73 Bloomfield avenue, the Twilight Room, on September 20th — something new has been added, too.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — What's buzzin' cousin? How have you been? Give me some skin. You're thin—but you're in. Don't be a lane from Spain. Dig the groovy Cootie Williams and his mad trumpet and band September 2th at the newly decorated Graham Auditorium. Snow-sleet or rain can't stop this cat, cause he is he pinsane. Shush-sh-s—it's being whispered that the Wally and Hattie Taylor romance is on the rocks.

Don't reach for the blip—you might sprain your hip: The girl of the week is Betty Thurston, a lemonade brown of Jersey City. Baby, baby, I love the gravy—so put me in the mood so I can hardly move. Grace Smith, the canary of voice and tone, will be around this town. P. S. Get this mess, she turned down a big offer. Charles Wilkerson of the Oranges fails to trip and tip on Steuben street. What's happening, keep? We got the news for all of your blues. The best cab in town—that gets you around is June-Bug—day or night, Bigelow 8-4402. Pops, pin back your mikes. Iet me drop this stuff to you.

Monday night jams are real cool over at Lloyds and all the hep bunnies just jog along slow, with a frantic show. Sweet potato gin will really make you grin. I don't think it's too early to blab—but I'm going togas you anyway. Robbie Carter is the name of the new manager up at Dodgers. She is yellow-mellow, a bit of lusciousness—pert and alert Ann Kornegay, former Owl Club hostess. You can can to the East and fan to the West, but you can bet this jive will be the very best . . . Everfything is cool but a fool.

Sept 3, 1948



CAFE A-LAIT SOCIETY

Voice's in the nite. Many of the Ofay chicks, and lads from the residential sections threaten to take the Graham Audit. by storm Sat. nite, Sept. 4. . .

Charlie Ventura, the sax sensatiton and his band will be on hand, to make you Apple Jack and Sand. Jackie Cain the vocalist featured in his latest record "Euphoria" and "East of Suez" will just about knock you into that cool groove . . . Yes let's not forget you many Benny Green who plays that pretty trombone. Many clubs have already ordered their tables, let's hope you have yours . . . . Didn't know that Marion Houston, could really chirp, she could do professionally.

The Piccadilly management building the hottest spot in town . . . Yes and Hal "Oklahoma" Singer, has things looking bright. George Jones, the drummer, really plays the sweetest music this side of Heaven . . . Art Phipps on the bass frantic. Herbey Goodwin, tickles the piano with a coolness like a moster. Their latest hit on record is "Corn Bread" on Savoy Label, get it . . Spotted Dr. Ann Washington, and cute Jacqueline Abbott sipping soda at the bar . . . smiles. . . Clarence Hayes, selects the talent that is thrilling you at the Pic these colored nites . . . Ella Fitzgerald opens at Chicago's hot spot "Rag Doll".

Green Brier Inn — Eatontown, N. J., Mrs. Ried, Bill Chapman and Anna Mae Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Mary and Wilkie Reid gay blading down that way. Featured week-end shows, George Rollins, who is very light on his feet, plus the treat Miss Rhapsody singing sweet blue notes . . . Son Berry is the owner of this fine haven and deserves much credit, for ti is a vacationers delight . . . Bill Kenny to open a television office.

Dodgers Lounge — Warren Evans is doing what many expect. Standing folks in the aisles and swooning the ladies. Plus being backed by a great show. . .

Howdy Club — Dig the ultra frantic Willie on Harmonica and Rene Collins singing like only she can. Plus your lads and mine, the Ray-O-Vacs.

CHIC BELLE & BEAU

Edgar Pope, brown shirt, grey checkered pants, brown white shoes, along the avenue . . . Virginia Scott of Plainfield, will ankle to alter with Romano Remegio, September 12, Shady Rest Country Club . . . A million years of wedding bliss to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Randall, reception at Cafe Superior.

CLUB WORLD NEWS

Hi Friends, Club World Inc. is still open to your club and single members. This is a brief report on what "Club World" has given away to their clubs and members free this summer. Ten baseball tickets, 30 half price Broadway tickets, 6 round trip tickets to Bear Mt. Park, 6 round trip tickets to Asbury Park. Many free bus ride tickets and other various chances for entertainment. Remember that this is a non-profitable organization to promote social morale, educational and recreational welfare for its blubs and single members. You can join for a year or six months. Your club can enjoy advantages in securing bands, photographers and publicity through this organization. Send a three cent stamp when writing for your application. Call Del. 4-1499 or BI 3-9515. . . Representative sent on request . . . Nana Davis, of the Esqui-Cogues rocking the tennis world. Anniversary orchids to Crystal Jones, Mother and Dad . . .

Edith Brandon Secretary of **8 Orchids** will give the coming out affairs Sept. 18. Watch for their picture in this paper. Wish I could of been with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lett, when they celebrated there Fifth wedding anniversary, August 8th. Charlie Cann and Toney Jenkins vacationing at Cleveland, Ohio . . . Happy birthday to Duke Anderson, piano man thumping at Hi-Spot. Also greetings to Ann Williams and Garnett Donaldson, now drumming with Cat Anderson. Dewey Ackis, Society Photo-man rumored close in the City Hall inner circle . . .

I'll be on the scene watching the pretty girls . . . until next week . . .

THREE TOWERS INN

24 Miles from Newark 39 Miles from New York

Two Miles from Somerville

On State Highway 31, Routes 29-22

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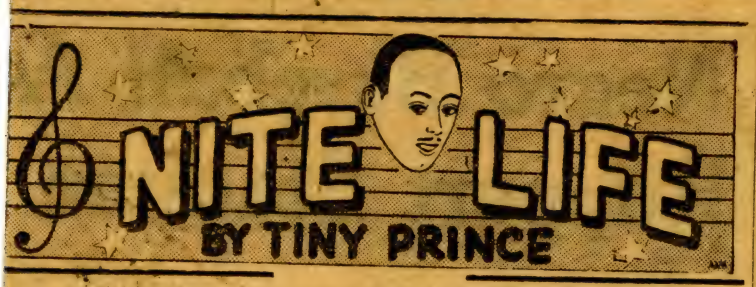
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DUMONT TELEVISION



Profiles

Singer and bongo player Mary Reed Jordan born in North Carolina, came to Newark in 1927. She is a member of Mt. Zion Baptist Church in Newark, N. J., where she lives owning her own home with parents and brothers and sisters. The entertainment field needs new faces and Mary's face is one that will help carry on the show. Mary has always been popular and has many friends. She has worked with Herman Bradley as vocalist and the Drifters. She will go on tour with the Mad Hatters as their featured attraction, she will be something new added too, smiles, Mary was a student of South Side High and has music and voice training and still study. Her favorite vocalist and band, Billy Eckstein and Count Basie. Our prediction is she will some day be one of your top entertainers, because she tries so hard to satisfy. We Tan Towners have lost a girl, but the Mad Hatters and Lin Proctor have gained a worthwhile addition to their group in Mary Reed Jordan.

Fashion Who's Who

Finest dressed female of week is Ruth Lawson along the Ave. in a black dress, low cut neck, draped hips and bustle black bag and pumps. Sportest male Grady Lounge Lizard Traywicks, olive cordoray jacket and pants to match, white shirt, green figured tie, brown loafers. . . . They say that Johnnie Love's "Students on Parade" affair was chic.

Cafe-Au-Lait-Society

Feed me fancy candy, and fan me while I eat it. Mr. and Mrs. K-Kool, cause I know you're hep as a general rule . . . Tog Smythe and four tones are slated to follow "Mad Hatters" in Lloyds Manor Pine Room, so everyone is talking. Pops, the big fat man was doing a little bit of sapping or slaping Sat. morning 2:25 a. m. at Howard & West Kinney, says the little bitty chick . . . Eatontown notes: good news and views is blowing back this way from Greenbrier Inn. Grace Smith is rocking the house . . . James Melvin owns part of a great singer . . . Birthdates cong. Dora Waters, Martha Wilder, and Dorothy Pley, Ruth, Helen and Ann will be waiting for little Johnny Griffin and the Joe Morris band and pretty Betti Mays. T'will be at the Plaza Palace Ballroom Easter Monday, in Paterson N. J. It's going to be a gone time says Robbie Paterson . . . Mombasi Lodi, N. J. "Three Sharps & Flat," includes Herman Curly Bell, bass, Gary Val Dez, bongo, Sonny Rallen, tenor, Abe Halloon, piano, great with Warren Evans . . . Words beat my ears that Evelyn Clark a ladie about town had one of the gonest parties, guest from Kansas, Cleveland, New York. The newest craze to hit this town is **Fandangle** its loads of fun with dancing, and many gifts. First nite will be April 22, 49, music by Tog Symthe and band. Bop beat is talked over by Lena Horne, and Cab Calloway plus his seven piece band.

Predictions

2,000 people are talking about Earle Bostic and his band who will play at Graham Audit, Easter Monday night April 18th. Twill be a nite of five chicks and [illegible] dressed lads. So be on h[illegible] bug an[illegible]d.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

E. C. A.—Realism has overtaken our social set, but yet they must awake to accept it . . . The Alumni House is available to many intelligent people for birthday, wedding receptions and church socials. Yet despite this, they turn away from the finest place there is . . . You can hear conversations among the wit and philosophical vowing we have no respectable places. This is no longer true. If my voice was an influence amid the social set, I would curb from the downtown white places and stop and look in at the Alumni House . . . Freddy, the bartender will treat you as one of the family — and prices are what one appreciates. The spacious walls and the French designs, which adorn panelled doors will haunt your — form out of the past. Harry L. Wheeler, the young man with a future is really one of the finest fellows that anyone coud select as a manager. He does things the way real people like them done . . . Don't forget — take a peek into the Alumni House.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS . . . Jackie Wynn, the golden boy-elect, wearing a tan shirt, brown pants, brown shoes and cocoanut straw. . . . Gertrude Gibbons looking cool as a julep frappee in a pink and gray skirt, black blouse, black suede loafters, straw bag. Carl Jones wearing a blue double-breasted basket weave suit, white shirt, brown-blue tie, brown shoes, leghorn hat — extremely cool and conservatife. Cute little Miss Jean Melvin in a red and white checkered dress, white play loafers with hair braided in the Shirley Temple style. (P. S. She is a piano protege). Leonardo Hurd wearing a grap sharkskine suit . . . Oliver Porter wearing the tie . . .

BON-TON SOCIETY . . . The nites are warm and the weather has been excellent, but the best treat of them all will come soon??? The glamour boys — yes, and the glamour girls are in for another nite for things to be right. Dr. McCarrol, the lady medico, has been rated tops in her profession. . . . Yes, I forgot to ask Andrew Keyes about that airplane ride. Heard he was out to the airport to watch the show. Met Donald Lloyd's charming mother downtown the other day. She gets younger as the days go by . . . Herbert Smith has retired from this column, due to the fact that he has been elected president of the Entreprenur Civic Association. Glad to hear that Doris Scudder is recuperating . . . Tweedsmen, Inc. — Ahoy Mates, come aboard and sail with the Tweedsmen on a late summer cruise aboard the S. S. Terrace Room (never sail) docked at 1020 Broad street, Newark. They embark Saturday evening, August 16 at 2100 (9 p. m.) and cruise until 0200 (2 a. m.) Don your leisure clothes and be prepared to sail into a sea of mirth,

NITE LIFE

BY TINY PRINCE

aug 27 '48

CLUB WORLD NEWS

Winter plans for clubs and members of "Club World" includes a free for all, at a new hall, plus admission and tables. . . . Bands, entertainment and photographers can be secured through our agency. . . . Call-Delware-4-1499 or Bi-3-5915 Thursday between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. . . .Clubs, interested in joining "Club World Inc." may have our representative call at their meetings upon request. . . . Every one is having their yachting toggery cleaned up, because Saturday nite Sept. 11, 1948. Twill be a rare boating occasion. The Captivators, have stolen the end of the summer season, with this invitation boat-ride, including dancing and entertainment. . . . Watch the "Penquin Canteen's" come to life. . . . Let's hope that Ooris Hinton is better after her recent illness.

Estella Johnson is Vice-President of the (speak softly) 8 Orchards. . . . Send get well notes to Rene Starks who has been very ill. Mr. and Mrs. Mae Etta Thomas, of Richmond Virgina guest of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson of Newark. N.J.

Many people are asking if the Wally Taylors are expecting a visit from the stork, perhaps this scribe will be a God father. . . . President Iney White of "Sanquire Girls", looking with all eyes at the Picadilly's new sensation who will sweep the nation. . . Yes! its Harold Singer and his frantic band.

Landrick Milligan and pretty Mary E. Love are holding hands these cool week-ends. . .

CHIC BELLE & BEAU

DUB JACKCON, wearing brown shirt, tan pants, straw panma, and tan shoes at Howdy Club . . . . Rosalee Hicks blonde hair, the talk of this city. . . . Many men are talking about the facials given at "Lillians" at 92 Pacific street, city. . . . Norma Mitchell, at the Billy Eckstine dance wearing a light green blouse, dark green new look skirt, with petticoat showing and french pumps, and out of this world. . . .

A million years of wedding bliss to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Middleton. . . .

CAFE A-LAIT SOCIETY

LYRIC BAR 89 Springfield avenue. Togge Smythe and his new little ban a threat to all musical groups. Doc Brown on piano Bop-Jazz and classical. Little Abner on drums and sings. Buz Johnson digs on that bass. Here is tip for you girls in Roselle, N.J. who want to steal that new look in hair-do. . . Hazel Middleton a young ladie who knows all the answers in style and fashion has bought. . . that place on First Street and will open up some time this month. Notes to the flock— The **Ray-O-Vacs** who rate high in any musical contest are dickering for a place in 52nd street, where its said they will open up in two weeks. . . . Billie Holiday spotted at the Royal Roost. Ike Quebec tenor sax star will join the "Duke Ellington" band for rehearsal this week. "They are saying"— Symphony Sid threatened to cut off playing Sarah Vaughns records on his program unless she opens up at the Roost. Happy birthday to Irene Tharps . . . . P.S. Clarence Hayes and Continental Jeffries did not purchase the pic. . . .

Open letter to Tiny Prince. . . .

W.A.A.T.
Sheraton Hotel
11 Hill St.,
Newark, N.J.

Tiny Prince, you call your self a Nite Life reporter, yet after being invited and present at the Ellington vocalist Al Hibblers birthday party at Dodgers Lounge, you didn't mention a line, in your last week column. . . . Yes' you even ate some of the 33 candled cake and sang happy birthday. You was introduced to your old friend Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Hodges. . . Mr. and Mrs. Tyree Glen, Mr. and Mrs. Lecont Portier, LaZonga the exzotic dancer; Miss Jeanett McAden, Al Hibblers fiancee; Johnny Byran Jr., Fuddy McIreey all of New York. Dave Tough, the all American drummer, Mrs. Gloria Kimbrough, Bettye Glover who sings lyric soprano and Grace Smith who was great. Oh, yes and you also met Bell Fitzgerald, Heraman Johnson, Grace Johnson, Don Johnson, and Connie Johnson. Toussaint McIver, Jerome Brunby Jr., Annabelle Ausby, Speedy McKnight, Benny McKnight, Benny McNiel all at another table. Mary Louise Twyman of the Telegram and Ethel Mae Moore of New Jersey Afro-American plus many guest we could not mention in this letter. Prince' you didn't even write one word.

Carvanlly yours,
BILL COOK

Answer

P.S. Bill forgive me, by copy on that affair came too late for press.

Sincerely,
TINY PRINCE

CLUB WORLD NEWS

By MELONEE JONES

Now that the Easter Holiday's are over and each and everyone has steped out in all their finery, visiting the affairs of the past week-end, such as the dances of the "Jolly Twenty Social Club", "Caravan Club", and Mummies Social Club, we look forward to the present club affairs. Don't forget Saturday evening, April 23rd, at Alumni House, the "Delta Chapter, Lamba Kappa Mu Sorority's Benefit Scholarship, a Hotpoint Home Freezer to be given away to the lucky ticket holder, also on that date the "Seven Star Social Club's dance, the following week, April 30th, Suburban Queen Club of Montclair. . . . May dates. . . . "Eight Orchid's, Inc.", will presen a "Come-As-You-May" dance a Lloyd's Manor, musical entertainment will be by Johnny Jackson and his band, so all you social-ites be on hand for this gala affair which will be most enjoyable, date May 14th. . . . May 7th, "Jolly Pokena Club, 14th "Atomic Club" of East Orange, "Women's Civic Club" of Harrison, May 21st. . . . The "Suburban-ites" of East Orange planning a June affair, its going to be a "Calypso Dance" so all you Rhumba, Somba or what ever it may be dancers, watch for the exact date. Hear whispers of the "Platons, Inc." Annual Formal to be held June 19th. . . . Everyone thought that the "DuBonne's'" of Jersey City disbanded, quite worrying, they haven't. . . . . There will be a meeting of Club Board of Directors with the Board of Directors of Club World, Inc., Sunday, April 24th; 2 p. m. at 115 Orient Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. All representatives are urged to be present and on time. . . . Friends remember Club World, Inc., is a non - profitable organization to mutually promote the social morale, civics, educational and recreational welfare of its clubs and single members. We are striving to bring clubs and single members closer by working in harmony, helping to support each other, so far we have been successful, we hope to do even better in the future by getting more clubs and mores ingle members, in this event we will be better able to support the Negro enterprises. . . .

So why not send for club applications or single membership application. Just w rite to Club World, Inc, care Miss M. H. Jones, 115 Orient Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. . . . Still wondering about Club World's Benefit Dance?? It won't bel ong now, so keep watching this column for this gala event.

The birthday party of Clarence Baskerville and Carlos James. The guests presented were Frank Travis, Bill Murphy, George Johnson, Sara Smith, Leonord Coleman, Wesly Cox, Harold Hubbard, Wilbur Grant, Adeline Alexander, Dorothy and Whitney Parker, Fanny and Jean Bland, Gladys James, Diggs, and Harry Sykes, Harold Raye, William Raye, Margaret Squire, Hazel Shephard, Clarence McGrady, Walter Taylor, Clarence Taylor, Vivian and Alford Garden, Shirley Bumpass and Paula, Momie Bertha, Dorothy Bell. What a frolic!!!

at King Hiram's hall. . . . It's Paris in spring for Ella Fitzgerald, now in London. The Piccadilly Club is clicking like the dickens. Clarence Hayes, talent scout recommends "The Four Caldwells", two girls and two fellows for your listening pleasure. . . . Until next time keep me in mind.

CLUB WORLD'S NEWS

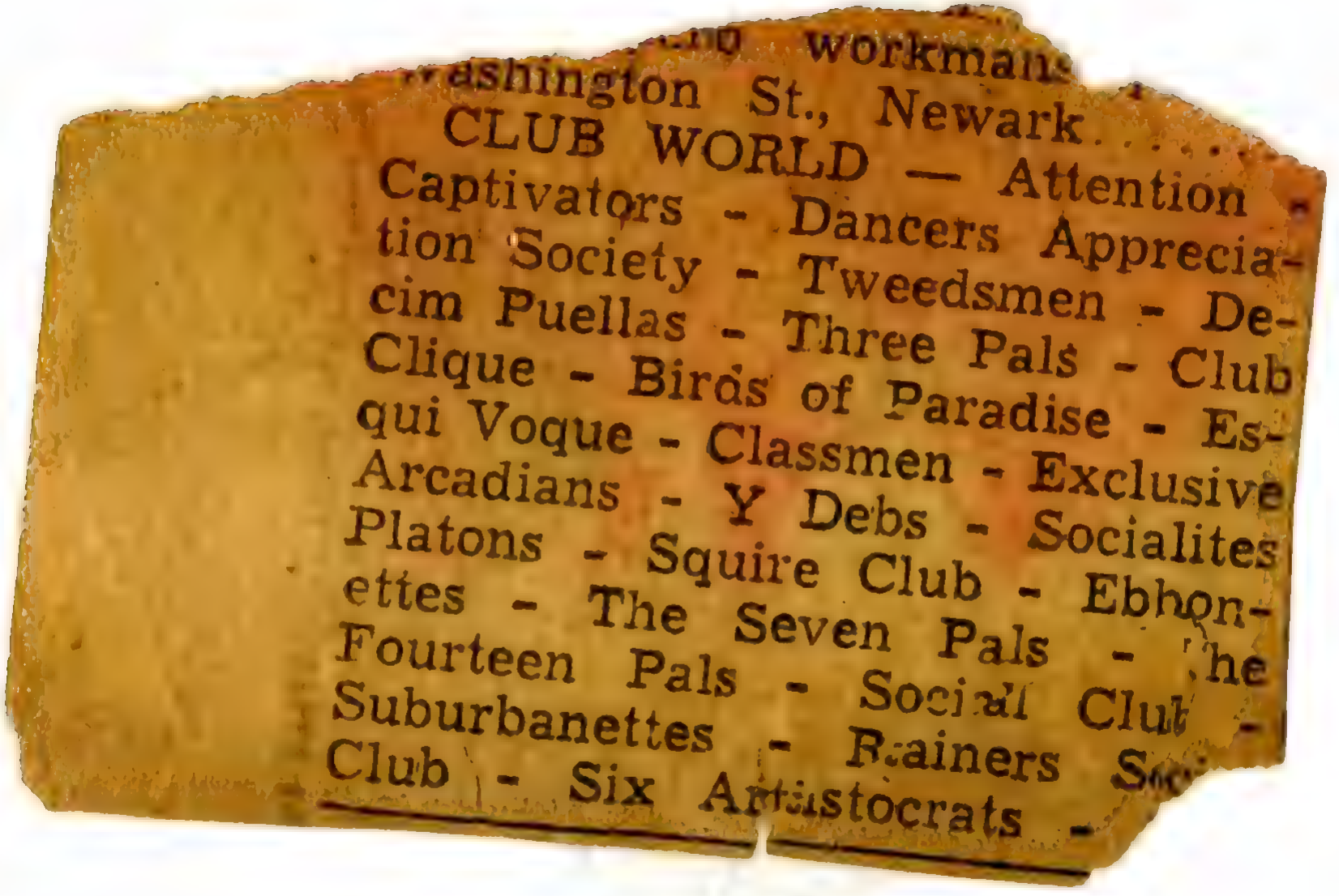
Vov Populi Sorrar's get-together in a houswarming at which 40 guests attended, among those present were Azalee Watson, Edith Sherman, Laura Butler, Alberta Butler and many others. Jr. Auxiliary of Community Hospital gave a fall dance Saturday, October 25th, at "Club Harold". Auxiliary members were dressed in Spanish costumes. "Club Eight" of Union County gave an Autumn Dance at "Cafe Superior"; among present, Pres. Mrs. Rebecca Robinson, Vice Pres. Dorita Lewis, Sec'y Vera Holland, Tres. Elizabeth Ruff, Fin. Sec'y Betty Woody, Bus. Mgr. Ann Poindexter and many others. Club was organized 1945 and now is incorporated.

Youth Concert

Many school pu
folw in Essex
North Jer
upon
Ar



SHAM TUCKER
(Story on Page 12)


Workmans
Washington St., Newark
CLUB WORLD — Attention - Captivators - Dancers Appreciation Society - Tweedsmen - Decim Puellas - Three Pals - Club Clique - Birds of Paradise - Esqui Voque - Classmen - Exclusive Arcadians - Y Debs - Socialites Platons - Squire Club - Ebhonettes - The Seven Pals - The Fourteen Pals - Social Club - Suburbanettes - Rainers Soc. - Club - Six Aristocrats -

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By "LA" T. PRINCE

ENTREPRENUR C. A. — Yes, it's true. For the best fried chicken, barbecue and fish sandwiches in Monmouth County visit the one and only Pleasant Grove Inn. It's the place for distinction for discriminating people. The location is even ideal for bathing—Cliffwood avenue and Raratin street, one block from Route 35, Cliffwood Beach. Last week there were so many club parties they could hardly be handled by the ever popular proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Yancey and Cornelius Carmon. You can phone down like we did, last week-end. Hotel Charles, Newark's modern hotel—hot and cold running water, and private baths one place to investigate. A tip to the wise. It's being said that there is now a move ma.e for Negroes to combine in a worthwhile effort to help better conditions. The Cosmopolitan Club and the Entreprenur C. A. and a few other civic associations are really going to do what others only talk about. . . . So watch for the action.

"LA" T. PRINCE—"Les Enfants Due Paradise", Children of Paralise, are about to do it again (smiles). If you are on the beat like the man on the street, then you have heard the rumor. The Tweedsmen, Inc., social clite, are going to give that pleasant mad hop next month, August. Everything will be hoity-toity. So step this way my Linday Lou, cause I'm going to tip again with you. Turtle put on your girdle and lle's cover he hurdle. Mae's Confectionery Store, on Hillside place, is really for the race. Billy Eckstine, who has grown rather plump on the Coast, is back East looking bronze tip top. Now appearing at the Onyx Club, 52nd street, with "Babs" and his Three Bips and a Bop. Friday nite, July 25th, I'll meet you down by the ole Mill Stream, Passaic River to you—Center street dock, for the Sportsmen's Moonlight Boat Ride. Lloyd Manor and its Manor men really something new to wat—lue for big time . . . Catch Joe Crump, Leon Easton and Flap, bass player, at the Havana Club.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS — Lawrence Minton, the gay boy in a tan plaid double-breasted lounge, olive-brown hat, brown shoes, cream colored slot shirt and plaid tie. Myrna Collins with that lovely school-girl complexion.Her lovely frame was clothed in a two-piece white dress of sharkskin, tunic style, a Greek silver belt graced her waistline, plus black suede French high heels, glamour at Lloyds. Marie Gibbons, on her vacation from Morgan State, wearing a printed silk dress, royal blue coat, black-patented leather high heel needle point shoess. Remember Bob Taylor, one of New Jersey's greatest vocalist, arrived in town last Saturday. He is now Anna Lucasta show acting. Due for a merry trip to England. P. S. He has toured the States, Canada, South America and Central America. He wore a grey coat and blue pants of English twill. . . . Mrs. Madina Boyd Davis will have her reception at the Alumni House, Sunday, and all the gay lads and lassies are expected to be there. 'Tis said the best-dressed women in New Jersey peek at Kene Starks and Ella Moncur, on High street. Spotted Mrs. Nelson, wife of Rev. J. C. Nelson, in a cool, white dress, white shoes and bag. Meanwhile, until next week I'll be seeing you.



THE HEPSTER — Pops, you can give me some skin cause I'm in. Sorry that your boyd hasn't been on tissue in the last issue, but you can bet, I'll come on with some mess that will beat the very best. I'm going to spread eagle and Joe gigle till the early bright for things will be right. Do you dig pig Now you can ick up from the rear if the front is too strong. Meanwhile, keep your eyes peeled, for I'm covering the field.

CAFE SPIELS—Let's peep into the scenes and dig what's on the beam. rust this to be true on what's new. Tan Town's Newark's colored area) nite clubs are switching to a new policy and their entertainment is caning fast. Yes, it's now a cover charge on the door at the Pic. Believe me, with the jam review that the Pic boys are presenting its woorth every enny. Pete Diggs, vibroharp hot, and Togge Smyth comb, groovey with a new celebrity each week. New Yorkers a-whisper that Gracie Smith, blues singer, is a must.

The Howdy Club opened its doors last Tuesday nite under new management. It was a wow! Washington and Marshall streets packed going to and fro. Spotted Lucille Smith, Ralph, playboy, Smith and many others, plus the music of Joe Crump, 'Ray - O - Vacs", Laurence Miller and Miss Rhapsody. . . The whole town's talking about the singing of Lee Williams. The host Four Musical genius are really giving out with real fine music over at Lloyd's Pine Room. The crowds are turning out nitely and service is done up politely by manager Smokey McAllister, who plays the m.c. stint. Nellie Lutcher did not draw out as many as promoters expected down at the Adams Theatre last week. Club 42nd, in Orange, jam sessions are the rage in this day of modern age. Music mad Babs "Brown" Gonzales suing Victor R. C. for (zillions) seventy-five thousand. Claimed they used his "Oop-po-ada" recorded by Dizzy without his permission.

Billie Holliday's man of the hour, James Melvin, has done it again—and the whole town's gavving. Yes, folks, he is driving his new convertable orange-yellow Cadilac, mad and really gone. At least Duke Ellington said so three weeks ago. Yes, Pops, our gal, Sarah Vaughn will be in town Thursday. Let's hope each and every one digs her at the Adams. Clubs seeking to know who is who in music, call Bigelow 3-5558. For rumbas, congas, waltz and foxtrot. Fats Gordon on the piano, Art Williams on bass, Chink Williams on drums, Al Armstrong on trumpet and Henry Drant on tenor. The band, the Dictators, will open in the Rose Room of Lyods and appear there every Friday nite. Lin Wright on vocals.

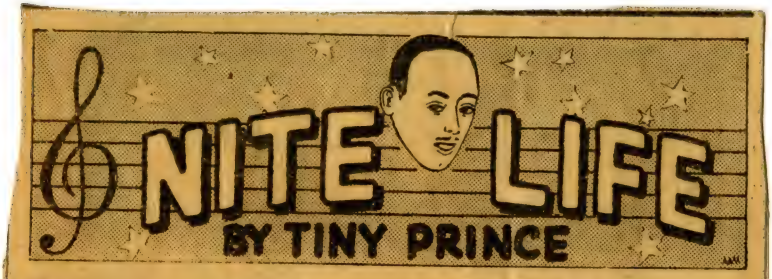
FASHION FLASH—Lawrence Minton, in a tan-gray double-breasted suit, brown buckled shoes, yellow spread shirt, green tie, yellow double-breasted overcoat, brown hat. Tee Ross, of Orange, dressed in a spangled Persian blue dress, with the new look black and blue modern shoes with a black felt hat with a Persian blue feather. They say Modenia Boyd Davis is one of the best dressed women in North Jersey. Fashion shows are really the thing now-a-days, since Rene Starks, the founder, started them.

CLUB WHIRL—It will be Sunday nite, December 7th, the Pearl Harbor Floor Show and Dance, featuring music by the Honey Drippers and Roosevelt Sykes. 'Twill be a frantic nite and all club members are expected to be out at Graham Auditorium. Junior Brown, the son of Mrs. Ida Brown, will leave for the Navy. Almost forgot "Happy Birthday" to Eva Caushey. Virginia Scott still one of the prettiest models around. Let's wish a million years of happiness to Annabell Clark and Earl Williams. They take their vows Sunday at 3. . . Nacki Sacki Jackie, the man of a thousand laughs and giggles, does them up at Guilianos each Sunday from three til nine. The Invaders Social Club gave their Post-Thanksgiving affair Sunday afternoon. Beautiful sweet and hard to beat. Hattie Scruggs Taylor, president; Pearl Duval, secretary; Gladys Diggs, treasurer; Adeline Gatlin Alexander, vice-president and three charming business managers, Mollie Johnson, Johnee Bell Phillips and Lottie Lewis. Was a grand time. See you next week.

TODAY'S TIP ON FOOD SAVING
. . . For HOMEMAKERS

Liver is a rich natural source of needed iron and vitamins, and in respect, the cheaper beef and pork liver are just as valuable as calves' liver.

—Citizens Food Committee



FASHION FLASH—In the field of styl,e I wish for you Modena Boyd Davis, will continue to be one of the best dressed, along with Melonee Jones of Vaux Hall, Larrie Stalks, Pearl Duval, and to Millicent Brown, who I also say Happy birthday....Some of the best dressed personalities who continue to hold their own, are Edgar Pope, Larence Minton, Rabbit Reid, Herbert Smith, Earl Carl Trainor and Clarence High-Hill, Jackie Wynn, Carl Jones tower....Lets wish that Emily Miles, Elizabeth Parker, Rene Starks, Ella Moncur, Janet Biddle, and Zella Prince, surpass all years in their upward climb for Negro trade....

We wil also name the best dressed Bartenders, Clarence Hayes, and Bill Roberts, and Jimmy, and Melvin of the Howdy Club ....Best dressedMusicians are Clarence Mack, Danny Gibson, Flap McQueen, Togge Smyth, Larue Jordan, Chink, and Trumpet player Scotty of the Dole Dickins group.

CLUB WHIRL—As you undoubtly know the Esqui-Voques Xmas dance was the tops. Don't forget to send in for your application blank so that your club may join in sharing in the lime light of the future....

Greetings from the clubs all over the State....We would request that the Captivators only present four dances a year like all clubs with the fifth a formal.. We also wish a better year for the Platons, the Invaders, Squire Club, Club Fifteen, Suburbanettes Club Clique, The Women, The Ebonettes, The Y, Debs and all the other Clubs who joined the "Club Whirl"... Just a reminder that the PENQUIN CANTEEN, will feature for your enjoyment The Jimmy Luncerford band Jan. 9 Friday at Graham's Audit. 9 until-plus a show that will groove you if it doesn's move you....The TWEEDSMEN, will give their postponded dance of last Friday,-this week end, January 2nd 1948 at the Terrace Room .... Until a better sight, watch this column to be right....

FRANTIC ENTERLUDES—"We cannot expect a Happy New Year," unless we earn it, but to you all I hope you live a million years and yet I never die...."Allyoms Alms," - what a year with fine intertainers, smooth baretenders and music mad musicians his is just some of my personal wishes for 48....Thanks for that girl of the blues "Gracie Smith," I wish her new years audience will be much more appreciative. To all the brown or blue, I wish ten thousand things for you.... Let the new package store over at Fredericks Lounge, be a howling good idea for business....



CAFE A-LAIT SOCIETY

Have you heard' Its all over town that the Graham Audit. is putting down. "Wild Bill Moore", and his band at a special bargain dance. Yes he will play "Bubbles" ' 'Swinging for Pappy" "Were gonna Roll" and many others, for a price that is nice 90 cents tax included. Candy Carter and host of chicks from the Harvest Moon ball, will be on hand to bug and sand, Sat. Sept. 11, is it a date ? ? ?

Piccadilly— The management and yours truly, know that if you heard "Oklahoma" Singer and his band, he has blown your top. We know like Freddy your ready to see Lucky Thompson Sept. 7th who's finger movement is the talk of the musical world . . . Playgirl Larrie Starks, with New Yorked Alfonso Cortez, and sweet Lonnie West, sipping say— "If you want the best in town see what the Pic is putting down" . . . Grand Hotel is a smart affair for food and drink. Sighted Raymond Clary the peoples bartender off duty sipping, watching the television movie. At the far end of the bar sat cute dimpled Margaret Johnson . . . Wendy Felton, at Howdy Club catching the singing of "Rena Collins," who is much to much . . . She was formerly with Eddie Hayward and many other greats.

Al Cooks the Bombers A. C. had their dance there last Friday . . . Righteous Grace Hall and Ella McClain doing the spots about town . . .Continental Jeffries with a chauffer, and not playboy Chancel Talbot . . . **Roselle N. J.** they tell me Dee Johnson can sing like a pretty bird. If its true she is going to get her chance . . .

Chic Belle & Beu

Reflections in what and who among the best Dressed—Leonard Skeets Johnson, wearing a maroon shirt, grey pants, brown shoes. Hattie Taylor, wearing a white linen dress, white shoes and a hairdo which made her look like a movie star. Leonardo Hur ballroom dancer, grey D. B. shark skin suit, pnik sport shirt, grown suedes shoes . . .

CLUB WORLD NEWS

Hi members' things are getting ready to jump. The board of directors will meet some time this week . . . Plans are being made for many things including a membership drive. Complementary tickets for all big name dances can be secured from our Secretary call DEL 4-1499 . . . Well members now it the time to come to the aid—of some fine girls . . . **The club is the 8 Orchids, and they are planning and presenting a big first dance at Lloyds Manor, Sept. 18, 48 with music by Bradye Hodges** . . . Bette Wilkins, is their Bus. Mg. . . Call for tables and tickets at BI-8-8790 . . Happy birthday to Maggie Wright. Mary E. Love back from that trip to Philly. Wm. Jordan off for his vacation in Washington D. C. Lets wish Thomas Booze, of The King of Clubs Inc, a speedy mending to his broken ankle . . . Mrs. Anita Booker, is taking orders for fiber flowers for all clubs and affairs—call OR-5-6484 . . . The Sanguine Girls, open with their first meeting of the season Sept. 8th Every one is looking forward to the Mr. and Mrs. Wally Davis house warming . . . **Until a wee bit late, this column will keep you straight. . .**

Social Calendar

Sept 18—Coming Out Dance, presented by The 8 Orchids, at Lloyds Manor, 42 Beacon St. Newark, N. J. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Sept 11th "Wild Bill Moore" and his band, at Graham Audit. 188 Belmon Ave. Newark, N. J., 8 until 2 a.m.

COURT

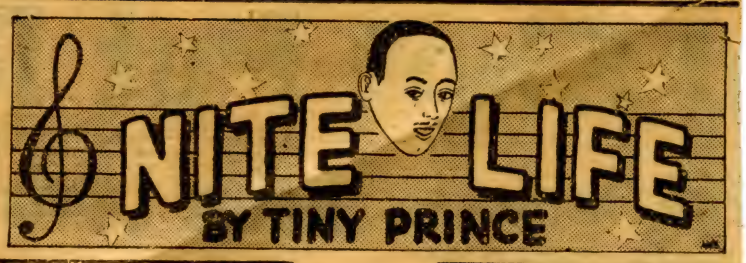
WEST MARKET & HIGH STREETS
MA. 3-4173

Thurs., Fri., Sat. April 22, 23, 24
JOHN WAYNE
LARAINE DAY in
"TYCOON"
in Technicolor
— also —
"Glamour Girl"
with GENE GRUPA & Orch.

Extra Feature Saturday Matinee
EAST SIDE KIDS in
"Million Dollar Kid"

Sunday, Monday April 25, 26
"NEW ORLEANS"
with WOODY HERMAN & ORCH.
— also —
"Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome"

Tuesday, Wednesday April 27, 28
"PITTSBURGH"
— also —



CLUB WORLD INC

Latest news is good-we have sent a letter to the Twentieth Century boxing club, and we hope to have tickets on hand to raffle off. Yes! it will be for the Joe Louis, Jersey Joe Walcott, affair June 23, at the Madison Square Garden. This raffle will be for members only. The "Dancers Appreciation Society, are planning a "Mothers day," frolic, after the ball game.

Golden Boy, Clarence Baskerville's really celebrated with his birthday party. Sparkling eye Venus Walker on a gay lads arm. Mr. Mrs. E. Johnson sipping with Shirley Coxs who represented the "Coteri's." azel Shephard, Gladys (sharp) Martin, Mr. Mrs. Joe Epps, Ruth Taylor, Ralph Jones Helen Chambers, things were really jumping. Twas at the home of his sister Mrs. Mary Carlos, James of 65 So. 13 St. Dont forget April 24, the "Three Pals" appreciation dance, I'll be lookin to see what's cocking. The towns talking about "North Jerseys Bridge Unit Inc. 343 Washington St. take a peek its unique. Ted Valentine, is vice president. CAPTIVATORS—CAPTURED- - -Blondes, and Bleached ones in to hear "Bob (Lance Taylor" GREAT, Celestral Pow ll, Rene Starks, and part of th "Anna Lucasta" cast. Mae McCre and Alberta Holley were amon the Many Sat., nite.

FASHION FLASH

Gene Greggs, D. B. dark grey suit, blue garbdine shirt, black french shoes. . . Louvenia Crews, light brown suit, tan suede shoes, gloves, white topper and scotch beret, getting into a Buick downtown. Lilburn Hurdle, wearing a stripped D. B. suit, grey shirt, green tie, brown broques, at Novelay Bar . . . Millicent Brown, off on a shopping spree in a white wool short coat, plus gold sandals. John M. Stoute in a D. B. grey suit, white shirt, red tie, black shoes at Our Lady Queen of Angels Church. Yours truly agrees with last weeks letter writer Elizabeth Parker is one of the best dresser women in our social circle. Your many letters selecting the best dressed women in N. J. will be printed in this column.

TAN TOWN SCENES

Graham Audit. Monday nite April 26, its a date so done be late. Sarah Vaughn was promised to introduce your winners. Um-The "Mutician's of the Year", will be announced publicly and receive their oscars.

Hi-Spot, William T. Smith, bartender of the week

Lottie Leur looking kissie, sipping at the one and Only Little Johnnies . . .Earl Hill and Anna Williams, the decorator along the bright way. Twenty feet from "Pittmans Bar-B-Q," on W. Kinney Sa., the aroma hits you smack in the face. Anna Stevens tipping and tripping like the old days. Promoter Emory Hall, keeping very cool these days. Lenora Chavious, costume jewelry considered by a big firm. Two weeks ago this monday nite some one stole band leader Lucky Thompson's sax. Be Boppers are raving about the dancing of Vivian. Duck Massey piano thumper now with Earl Bostic in Deleware, smiles. Pete Mason one time bartender is now [illegible] Detroit, Mich. Babs Bi[illegible] his 3 Bips and a Bop, [illegible] Dick Harvest, a [illegible] Louis Louden has been selected [illegible] the great David "Impo" Barn[illegible] hill as his current mound ace [illegible] is indicative of that fact: He



"TINY" PRINCE SPIELS

Nov. 27-43.

DANCE COMMENTATOR

P. S. WATCH FOR THE TURKEY RAFFLE.

GAS: — Greetings and salutations upon the beam, I am a scream. It's 43 and there is nothing to me. Let's cut to the hut to dig up some sut. Splazz, I am on the loose like Mother Goose. Dig my rhme like the March of Time . . . progressive. Laughter and tears ring out through the years. The little baby hens are wishing and swishing, shouting "Deliver that man on the installment plan. Sam, your Uncle, who is down with his role, is taking a terrific toll. It's sad, but it's mad. Studs dig this mess, your old scribe has received another one of those big furniture store letters from the "snatch" board. Taint root, but they say 'tis reet, so I'll tell you more next week. Pops, I'm blowing a fuse trying to keep with the news. Bob Hunter promises something grand and in demand, perhaps you can do a little sand, it's for the Press World. Pantic and frantic out of this world. THE SCRIBERS are all out to give you that time of your life, so get in the know and be sure to show your face at the place, Campus Terrace, Sunday evening. Johnny Jackson will be like messy Aunt Bessie playing it smooth and in the groove. John Wright, wig puller, hair dresser at Simplex Beauty Parlor, a treat for those 400 damsels and debs. A gift of gab that sets you straight. Winter Winds, a show that I know will be the rage of the age, when composed by Arthur Terry, one who is strictly on the light to be all right. The 1943 Victory Models will present their Saturday Nite Function December? 'Twill be great—don't be late. Roberta Calloway's after hour party is being looked forward to with lust for the upper crust. Just can't see why Mr. Webber, editor of Herald News, didn't receive credit for the promotion of the Crispus Attucks Contest.

FASHION FLASH: — Mrs. Berry of the Duchess in black suit, single breasted, beige blouse with pleats, blmkacassfmyiLgl pleats, black mesh hose, black hat with veil and black shoes, expensive fur coat. That crocheted corsage worn and made by Miss Margorie Lane. Broadway Blue, columnist digging the dirt in grey brown double breasted long roll, brown loafers, shirt, hankie, blue overcoat, double breasted, rown hat. Miss Ermia West, blue saxons dress, peter pan brown hat with red teddy bear coat, brown pumps and bag. Clarence Mack sporting that polo button through fly front overcoat. Lawrence Menter sharp as ever. Deb Larrie West in a green cheviot single breasted suit, blaze yellow blouse, and brown shoes . . . a sight.

T. T. SOCIETY: — A billion years of wedding happiness to Marion Jones and Henry Houston, one grand fellow. The Mrs. of Pete's Chicken Shack giving the places in Tan Town the once over with two charming looking ladies of the Oranges. Sorry to hear of the heart attack of Corrinne Jackson. Hoping that it does not retain its seriousness. Venus Berryman's voice is one fo those eligible for the Johnson Hal Choir. The Seven Freedoms of the World, according to teachings of Freedom Worship consists of Fear, Want, Speech, Religion, Lan, Sea and Economics. Something to that. Their belief semes to be a man's body is directed by God's spirit, but I wonder what happens when the devil takes over. That's a question a little deeper than has been explained by the disciple who engaged the house in this mystic Utopia conversation last evening. Remember this was his parting word: "You are not colored, black or a Negro, but one of darker complexion." His words of wisdom deserve praise, but need to be explained more in detail. P. S. Father Divine's teachings are also on a Utopia pattern. Mrs. Ruth Yancey of Cliffwood, up to visit her mother, Mrs. R Gibson of Newark, who has be ill. The Courtiers Nocturne Fr really a great coming out affa and will not be forgotten in hurry. Persons seen amidst the grand affair were the Captivators table-fest at its best. Cousin, the sporty bartender, At taway Robinson, college-room mate of Grady "Lounge Lizard" Traywick, Ruth Swiggette, teasing brown the Gay Gremlins in full force, Rose Carter, the IT girl of our press, one deb, Evelyn Boyden, our gal Sally, Toots King, Rollette Henry. Many happy returns to Jacqueline Hale.

CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT: — Jack it rocks, and it's mad. Cedar Gardens, Cleveland, Ohio, 97th and Cedar avenue. They are grooved in the aisle when Pete Diggs, the featured soloist of the vibraharp and accordion, swings them lightly nightly. P. S. Pete came east to visit Benny Goodman. Maybe a new addition. Mae Darling, one of the better vocalists, deserves some sort of a break. Pleasing personality and voice. Did you see Billy Holiday, the song bird, who was the guest of James Melvin, the No. 1 playboy of them all. She was sporting a thousand dollar piece of fur. The Jones Boys of radio fame, Maxwell, Herbert and Clyde, now appearing at an ofay 44 club downtown. Great voices of charm.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Bulk your mule, "haw" you foo!— just got news from Liverpool . . . Ditto in a fritto. I can squeeze and I'm out to please, so lip beating mama, don't put in no coma. Tommy Moore, the rooting tooting daddy of gas has given up Groves to become a Love Hhief, key and all. Where is golden boy Julius Hewelett hiding? Purkey Turkey, lean but fat, explain yourself with this and that. Mrs. Bobby, the No. 1 exclusive fashion in ration blowed the patrons at the Boston Plaza Wednesday nite. A song and dance that keeps you in a trance. Fruity Booty. P. S Squares and bears straightened out on your best bib and tucker and truck course the light are again. Blowing gage is no than the rage. Every Jack an on the hill lushes like mad the suff like its sonethin had. They sway and svoop a loop. Katherine Rogers sweet tweet from Froggy the Neck. Claudine and F dream team of dance, the bugs. Johnson Lee cried nothing to me. Spotted there—Mary Stewart, Deery waiting for Richar who is somewhere on doing his bit. Muriel Bla



Profiles

No. 1 Tenor Sax man, Togge Smythe born in Richmond, Virginia, came to Newark in 1930. He is a Methodist and now a member of St. Paul's Church in Orange, N. J., where he has a home. Tog's last name is pronounced Sm-ith, he started taking Saxaphone lessons in 1938 . . . His music reading and popularity has come a long way. Tog's first job was with Joe Crump at Nest Club then, and Dodgers with Al Henderson. Then he worked with Pete Diggs and became a current rave. Tiny Bradshaw demand him and he toured all over the country for two years. When Eddie Vinson left Cootie Williams to form his band he begged "Tiny" for Tog's sweet hot horn . . . After becoming sic, traveling teh band circuit Tog begged to return home. Here after recuperating he arranged for Charlie Barnett, Buddy Johnson and many other, finally forming his own band. Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Chubby Jackson, D. Gillspie are his personal friends and favorites. "Tog Smythes," four sounds are on records, Coleman label . . . So lend an ear to a lad who won the 1948 Herald News Musician of Year Contest, top tenor man, and a band . . .

Fashion Flash

Sharpest chick of week Ruth Maynor, wearing grey taffeta bustle back dress, brown suede cavalry shoes, brown bog. Neatest cat of week is Sam Hawk's, D.B. blue suit, pink shirt, blue grey tie, grey and blue shoes, grey hat at Club. Johnnie Love is going to do it again on Sunday April 10th, 8:00 p. m. sharp show-time, world will be on display that day.

Florence Hampton commentator and oh! the pretty young lassies, twill be a treat hard to beat, with dance music by Brady Hodges. Yours truly will be there. Congr. . . . Walter he has taken over the Barber Shop at 183 Belmont Ave., Tan Town, smiles . . .

Cafe-Au-Lait-Society

Off the record, now this wasn't told to me I only heard that the top kick cut to King Hiram's Lodge has called off the sentence and agreed to settle. It might be gas but its do for a pass. Tog Smyth has signed contract to play for Carter's A. C. April 8th, at Lloyds Sky Room . . . Clarence Young of Roselle, celebrating homecoming after four years in service . . . Happy birthday to Shirley Manning, Ken Gillmore and Williard Flemming. Fat Garnett, drummer back home again formerly with J. Lunceford's band . . . Leroy Harrell bartending at Durham's Alcazar is the pet of the young chicks and the darling of the old smiles . . . "Babs and 3 Bips" in from California with some frantic new bop caps . . . Remember Charlie Slade formerly of "4 Cleffs" noted as fastest track men in state . . . Lyric Bar, Inc., featuring Bob (bunker hill) Mallard M. C. and his trio plus guest stars. Spruce St. is looking forword to the redecorated Golden Inn. Don't forget to send a penny post card to your favorite disk jockey for Tog Symthe's new record "North Wind" or "Harlem Conference" . . . Lloyds Rose Room, Lin Proctors "Mad Hatters" will take Mary Jordan bongo player on tour with them . . . Many of the B-Bop musicians are wishing that piano artist "Olie the keys . . . Larue Jordan's new Mae Miller" would come back to band a must ear hear them . . . Good to see "Hal Mitchell" at Monday nite jams . . . Manhattan Paul M. C. at Savannah Club, Greenwich Village . . .

Pops blowed my stack at Lional Hamps music festival. Ike Garry introduced me to the famous authority on music and biography, Hugh Panises and wife, with "Mezzerow" the cat with a spiel . . . Hugh is going to take Hamp with his Cramp to Europe . . . Answers to last weeks quiz: 1, Bill Cook; 2, Butts Brown; 3, Sarah Vaughn; 4, Grace Smith; 5, Bobby Platter; 6, Arthur Terry; 7, Tylers Chicken Farm; Billy Ford . . .

Predictions

Easter Monday chickadees and ol cats will be dressed in rem-nts of all colors twill be night he blues. Light tripping will Graham Audit to meet and Bostic and his rollicking pril 18th the guess for the will be 1600 . . . What's ?

he fun is in the chase, ee you next week.

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By HERBERT SMITH and LA PRINCE

ENTREPRENUR—Many people talk, but yet there are more who accomplish a great deal. When we think of those that are making great strides, we can not forget the Lovely Hearts Club. . . Just think, its members are made up of neighbors who live on the block or near by. Their purpose is to raise funds to build an old folks home. Yes, these people who are old and young, alike, are working for one security. They have foreseen the handwriting on the wall, and intend to be prepared. This is a working plan for cities, towns and counties. But yet these Negroes have banded together to do something for themselves, rather than wait on benvolent charity. So we go on saying hats off to the members of the Lovely Hearts Club. . . .This column is sorry to see William R. Jackson resign from the School Board. Nevertheless, we are sincerely glad to see Attorney Herbert Tate replace him.

La. T. PRINCE—Squeeze me like a grape but don't hurt my shape. Yes, daddy, it will be a nite of nites with dim lights. . . .Illinois Jacquet that fine ace sax horn man will blow, soft, fast, hot and slow. It's a date July 4th, yeah and that reminds me too, don't forget your lucky award. Pops, they rocked and busted the lock down at Son Berry's new spot in Green Brier Inn. Your Queen of the Blues, Miss Rhapsody opened with a pop-your-cock-a-bang. This place is wild and really remodelled with style. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Keyes vacationing in Virginia. . . The sportsmen's boat ride—tickets beginning to sell like hot cakes. It will be a cool and refreshing ride up the Hudson. Over the weekend the Pic featured a diamond in the rough, in lucious song bird, Mae Gaddy. She bears listening to. Slick Taylor, golden boy, knocks the chicks out, down in Red Bank. Copped a gander at Count Basie in the Paradise, really grooved my wig. Hadn't been to Atlantic City since Pancho Diggs was there early in 40. Where is Evelyn Boyden? Lloyd Manor will blow a fuse when it reopens Friday. You rate, and you feel great, just to say you know people like teacher Marion P. Washington. Spotted our gal, Sally, on the Harlem Express, 42-18th avenue bus. Detective Carlton Norris in that new blue Chrylser, neat alreet. Terry Sanns back in Tan Town, tipping but not tripping. Aris Morrison and Gertrude Weaver playing the field, but looking great at any rate. Earl, the sax fiend at Dodgers, moves you til your ready for Freddy.

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Watch your Esqui-Vogues next affair. Newark last Thursday evening, the birthday party of Julia [illegible]en, in the home of her parents, [illegible]ing Mr. and Mrs. Ryans. The setting was delightful with many celebrities. Mrs. Savella Boose, alarming. One found publisher Fred Clark discussing politics with James Gay Boy) Melvin. Mrs. Ruth McDuffie, James Rogers and former track star Alexander Whitfield tasting delicious fried chicken and tea-bits. Yes, let's not forget real cool Oliver Porter and Wallace Woodson, cute little Dorothy Ryans who helped serve as hostess and out did herself serving the many guests. Orchids to Mr. and Mrs. George and Ollie Leak Johnson on their first wedding anniversary, Sunday past. Louise Clarke looking very chic in a gone upswee-, black dress, black shoes and bag, pearl earrings and smooth brown skin that is soft as cotton. Carols James of Montclair wearing a pair of soft-finished worsted pants, greyish blue, shirt of same color and brown and white broques, neat. Edith Sands in a white sharkskine dress, vogue cut, and a flannell wool stripped jacket, springhtly.

Clarence Hayes wearing white shirt, blue pants, tan shoes, hard straw, natty. Barbara Gordon, a black, form-fitting blouse, a stripped burnch skirt, black shoes—a gone with the wind hair style, a twisto. Rene Starks Schools of Charm scores again. 'Tis said the show was really a modern demonstration of what they, Negro women, can accomplish. Many fays [illegible] happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Si[illegible] Stevens, Jr.—wedding bliss. Al[illegible] the same to Willis S. Brown an[illegible] Mary E. Boyd. It was happy birth[illegible] day to Betty Alfreds, of 255 Hi[illegible] kory street, East Orange. Yes, Sa[illegible] urday nite last was gayer th[illegible] most frolics.

Two More Negro Cops In Newark

Two more temporary colored policemen were added to the Newark Police Department Tuesday morning as Director John B. Keenan swore in James Mack Murray, Jr., 150 Waverly avenue and Thomas Swanagin of 5 Nesbitt street in his office. Ten policement and five firemen were made during the ceremony.

McMurray is 29 years old and was born in Georgia. He is a veteran of Warld War II. Swanagin is a former football star of South Side High School and also gained fame as the organizer and leader of the famous Barons of Rhythm, one of the hottest musical aggregations in these parts before the war. He also attended Seton Hall College.



Mrs. PERCY STANLEY



Petty Officer PERCY STTANLEY

NEWARK — A wedding reception was tendered Petty Officer Third Class and Mrs. Percy Stanley on last Saturday evening, by the bridegroom's sister, Miss Priscilla Stanley, at her home, 92 Stratford place.

Among those on hand to extend their congratulations to the newlyweds were:

Mrs. Mollie Moore, Mrs. Sarah Jones, Mrs. Carrie Stanley, Mrs. Aldine Hayes, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Essie Moore, Roselle, Mrs. Estelle Washington, Montclair, Mrs. P. Stanley;

Misses Marilyn Silvers, Caroline Summers, Pebby Thomas, Montclair; Larrie West, Nancy Lindsay, Priscilla Stanley;

Messrs. Johnny Woodard, Danny McGill, Somate 2-c; John McNiel, Reggie Groves, Jewel Johnson, Marjorie Barnes, George Jennings, Gussie Jennings, Joseph Lindsay, C. Kaye, John Maddox, James Wright, Roosevelt West, Jack Morgan, Charles Thomas, and many others.

The young couple were married on last Thursday night from Trinity Church, Montclair, with Rev. George Plaskett officiating.

The bride is the former Muriel Washington, daughter of Mrs. Estelle Washington of 52 Elmwood avenue, Montclair; while the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Stanley Sr., of 92 Stratford avenue.

The new Mrs. Stanley joined the Women's Army Corp four months ago and is now stationed at Des Moines, Iowa. Petty Officer Stanley has been in the service for two years and is stationed at Hastings, Neb. Both are now home on furlough.

Managing Editor



HARRY B. WEBBER

Telegram publisher Davis Lee named him Managing Editor, New Year's Day.

Dr. Reid And Bride Feted By Former Co-Workers



DR. AND MRS. J. HYLAND REID

JERSEY CITY—Dr. James Hyland Reid and his bride of six months, the former Avis Renee Ewing, were highy entertained last week by relatives, friends and former co-workers of Dr. Reid.

The Reids were the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Reid of 93 Oak street.

The former advertising manager of the New Jersey Herald News, Dr. Reid received his degree in Dentistry from Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn., on September 17th.

Dr. and Mrs. Reid will leave Jersey on Friday, October 5th, for Nashville, where he is connected with the Board of Health.

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...ne vie... ...ressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily express the editorial opinion of The Pittsburgh Courier.—The Editors.)

SCENE: The A ...ington club, Los Angeles' new and first interracial press club. Time: A recent Friday night, about 11:30 p. m. Various Los Angeles public figures, Negro, Mexican and white newspapermen, and personalities of the sports and movie worlds had followed the usual Friday night custom of saying a few words. Bob Smith, Negro managing editor of The Los Angeles Sentinel, was chairman of the evening. He had also, as usual, gotten a few persons to sing or play the piano or both. A handsome young colored lad did some eccentric solo dancing.



Mr. Le Berthon

Bob simply was following the regular schedule for Friday night, or "open house night," which provides for an interlude of introductions, brief talks and guest artist entertainment. During the rest of the evening one may drink, dine, dance or join some informal knot of racially assorted human beings interested in art, religion, race relations, the labor movement, etc.

BELIEVED BOB SMITH PULLING A GAG

Two journalists, one from a Los Angeles daily, the other from the Mexican paper, "La Opinion," had just spoken. Then Bob Smith said: "I now want you to meet my good friend Tomago Tuschida, a Yorkshireman, and, I may add, an actor. He has kindly consented to give us the soliloquy of Hamlet, which concludes act 2, scene 2, of the tragedy, rather than the one heard so often from the opening scene of the third act."

A SINEWY, fastidiously groomed young Negro, a little under medium stature, stepped forward and many of the guests, white and colored, grinned broadly. My own suspicion, which I later learned was shared by virtually everyone present, was that Bob Smith, a subtle wag and prankster, was pulling off a gag. I thought even the name Tomago Tuschida was invented for a laugh. I figured the dark brown-skinned lad would strike a Sir Henry Irving pose, then go into some jitterbug variations of buck and wing.

AN APOLOGY WITH AN OXFORD ACCENT

But instead, he stood before us very quietly and with a gentle, almost bashful manner, and in a pleasant Oxford accent, said: "I really should beg to be excused, because I've been beastly ill this 'afternoon and evening, but Milady is of the opinion I should attempt the soliloquy in deference to the promise I made Bob.

"SOME of you chaps are smiling. Perhaps you conclude I'm ill from overindulgence in spirits, but I rarely touch them. I had only a bit of charged water this evening. However, if I speak the Bard's lines poorly, I am still culpable and deserving of reproachful smiles. For the day has indeed been most hot, and all forgetful of this, I made a beast of myself at dinner, so excellent was the fare. But if you will bear with my human frailty, I shall speak Hamlet's noble lines as best I can."

LISTENERS IN TEARS

As he concluded in his meticulous Oxford intonations, two young colored chorines present tittered. Repressed mirth and puzzlement were written on most of our faces.

THEN he calmly began the soliloquy, with the words "Now I am alone," and those four simple words were spoken with such beauty that the guests went suddenly silent. Before he came to the penultimate line, "The play's the thing," he had torn our souls wide open. Several persons had tears in their eyes, and when he finished there was a moment of silent awe. Thereafter that evening, the Arlington club seemed transfigured, as if high tragedy still lingered in the air.

LIVE BY DANCING

Tomago Tuschida and I were introduced, and he said, "You must meet milady," meaning his slim, smartly tailored wife. We three talked. He was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, and will be 32 on September 17. His "pater," now deceased, was "a brown African, born in Dakar," brought to England by missionaries. "He was a barrister all his adult life in Leeds. My 'mater' was white, French and English. There is no racial prejudice, sir, in Yorkshire, and I'm grateful for an excellent schooling. The 'pater' sent me to Oxford for two years to study law, but I had no stomach for it, so I abandoned it. My love was for the theatre.

"YET I was never a dramatic student, and never was on the proper stage, in England or here in the States. But I have a passion for Shakespeare. I can speak lines from all 35 plays. I have memorized the sonnets. My livelihood? Milady and I have danced in clubs, hotels, revues, African dances mostly. I have done native Senegalese warrior dances in two movies."

"Have you been in Africa?"

"Never, sir. The 'pater' taught me. I taught milady, whose forte, prior to our marriage, was esthetic dancing and ballet. We also do tangos, rumbas, congas. I fear I shall never do Shakesperean roles, being a brown Britisher. Not to digress, I may say, sir, milady and I have long read you with interest. She is an American girl, a co-religionist of yours. I'm an Anglican. And we so approve your concepts of better human relations through Christian conduct. And this club, sir, is indeed charming."



Concerts in staid music halls are highlights in the Ellington scene, and his recent Carnegie date was a sellout. Above, introduces vocalist Al Hibbler to the cheering audien



Always deeply interested in promoting the cause of music, the Duke visits the Julliard School as often as he can. Above, he listens to the first winners of the Ellington Julliard Scholarships—Warren Norwood, French horn; Paul Rudoff, flute; and Elaine Jones, tympanist, playing the piano.

RLS! COME OUT AND WIN '1 IN A EATABLE
'GRAB BAG' 'FUN FOR EV RY ONE'

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"BOOGIE JOOGIE NITE"

"KILLER" (MEANING LOW DOWN) "DILLER"

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9 UNTIL

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West Side Printing House 17



GAS! Jimson dig this phrase a chick laid on me over at the Grand Hotel. "Shoot the arrow to me sparrow, because sweetie, I'm high as apple pie and fruitty as a fruit cake." Splaze, I want you to get me straight, and I hope this jive tain't late. Some kiddies who just don't dig my column, think I write a gassie issue (in other words, a gossip page), but you kittens without your mittens are so wrong as a crooner without a song.

Give your gossip information to Rose Carter so that she can knock Tan Town out, but watch this tissue for news about your foremost playboys, B. S., Queens and people in the Inner Circle. Digging all Lindyhoppers, Tap artists, Waltz teams and entertainers in the dance field, for I am your Herald News Dance Commentator critic or praiser. Jack, ain't jelly, you ain't on the hep side until you secured your ticket to the Amateur Nite and Dance featured by the YMCA Benefit Association the early blackout 8:30, evening of Thursday the 18th. Groovey movie celebrities such as leading band leaders and tap artists such as George Rollins, Anna Mae Hall and Nacki Sacki Boys, plus the D.A.S. professional Lindy Hop teams.

T. T. SOCIETY — Thelma Anderson of Silver Spur Cavaliers reminds the entire social set to remember their formal on the 26th. Miss Daisy May Tarver and Mr. Alphonso Lovett received the blessings of many when they took the vows of matrimony last Sunday afternoon. The Platons, one of our foremost blue ribbon units will give their summer formal — an affair that is discussed far and wide among the social set. Dr. C. T. Hill of Rahway is quite a fashion expert and really gives the home town sights to remember in fine tailored to measure clothing. Theodore Wilkins, Ruth Pleasant, Mabel Fields and Joe Mayor have been whispering about a double wedding.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Solid gates, what are the rate. You and You are invited to a musical tea given by those ultra modern birds (chicks) The Monads, time 3:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m., at the Court Street YMCA on Sunday, June 14th. Gladys Armstead is the lovely president. Fats Williams, formerly with Pancho Diggs, now gigs at O. V. Cottage in Philly with Jimmy Gordon's band. Marion and Jean, those Atlantic frantic yellow, mellow, fountain girls at Groves, really should be called Glamour Inc. Seems that Ralph Jacobs and Betty Mayor have made up since Ralph sent her his picture (copying a duce). Eleanor Sapp, cream colored whirlwind just about snatched a certain cat's breath.

Teddy Brannon and his Heat Waves almost set Club Acme, ofay place on fire when they grooved numbers hotter than the hottest fire in Hades. Jazz, there in the baz. Bell Anderson and Margie McClammy are really sweets for sugar in one's lemonaide. Congratulations to Jean Campbell and Jacob Reid who are in graduation classes in this merry month. Wishing a speedy recovery ot Arline Charles of Newark and Muriel Washington on Montclair. Burly early in like hounds. Willie Dukes, sender bender personality at Pic, seems to be beating the ladies at their own game. Do you dig me? Heaping praise upon praise, I recommend you to hear "Pig Foot Pete," played by Ernie, Al and Clem, Picadilly Pipers. Glorious, teasing, an Geraldine Hayes was there escorted by that fine lad, Paul Washington of Montclair, plus H. B. Scott, yah, yah and wah, wah sweet daddy of eclipse exclusions. Frame dig the strain cutting out with scissors.



DREAM NITE:—'Twas like a Bombay evening. the place was distant, but superelegant. Soft tinkling laughter echoed through the night as we drove up. It was June 20th and the cream of young society were gaily triping forth into the Royal Ballroom as guests of the ever so nonchalant Platons.—Summer Formal" — lads who were making their initial debut.

Glamour caused me to stammer as I sauntered through gowns and white coats. Lovely Mary Robinson, genial and sweet, Richard Bland escorting the one desirable Edith Ashby to and fro—a lovely couple if I must say. Harold Collier knocking himself a delightful dance with Doris Womack, the girl with tantalizing eyes. Bob Alves. one of the Magnificent (speak softly) Wacks in his seventh heaven. Undoubtedly, for Jean Campbell, the sweet charmer was his escort. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, sipping and tipping. Dig? The squirrel chase they were in cupid's word. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilke Reid on the quiet were really celebrating their third wedding anniversary, romantically in whispers and humorists giggles. Love on the balcony was the thing, although Romeo of today loves to swing. Evelyn Boyden looked very charming in one of those dresses that gave her that look of being very cool in spite of the heat. Hattie Scruggs was not alone—you can be assured—although when yours truly caught a glimpse she was slipping in between the Platons, who were grouped about chatting.

There was a very fine couple who came on like mad doing a light ballroom twirl and whirl, who I describe as fine as fine. Leonard Hurd looked very much like Esquire in full fashion sporting a double breasted shawl collared white coat, with Buster Jamerson a smoothis and the ever lovely number one glamour gal, Kitty King sweet and irresistable Julia Ryan, our foremost dressmaker, who can squire you chicks like Vogue's issue, flamed in pure red silk of her own creation. Miss Dorothy Frazier Watson looked gay as a sunbeam as she circled about in an unknown's arms. Billy Edwards, one of the Tweedsmen, who is a licensed Latin Lover, was snug as a bug in ar ug. Gorgeous Ione Madison, tall fairy-like slight, but sweet, snuggled close when dancing in his arms. Yeah Bo, chicks as tempting as forbidden fruit. Venus Waters, Burnell Hamid, Irene Clark and Ruth Roberts, and when our maestro, Lindsey Wright grooved "I'm Alone With You"—there was all sorts of mad capers to those fine birds plus lovelies like Alice Foster, tan brown and her charming, alarming sister, Frances Foster. 'Twas righteous when Miss Huff. a lovely lady of the press introduced them, and I should softly Keep Them Flying Messrs. Frantic Platons, pinch me.

T. T. SOCIETY:—It came like a shock to a certain person, the announcement of Bertha Douglas' charming beautician's wedding, which will take place Sunday. Excitement is the keynote in the saddle world as the Silver Spurs prepare for their Formal at Clinton Manor on June 26th. To those who are among the missing with whom I am acquainted due to illness, my fingers are crossed for a speedy recovery.
your foot injury, that caused you

Larry West, sorr yto hear of to miss those engagements that your presence was requested at.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — Sunday, June 28th at 1:30 a Priority Hay Ride and Entertainment and Initiation to Cherry Lane will be given by the Magnificent Wacks. The ride leaves the Y.M.C.A. on Court Street promptly and this is an outdoor affair that promises to be made with finess and decorum, in spite of the fact that more than half of the tickets have been sold to the leading glamour girls societies.

Erma Ethridge stole the amateur nite at Y.M.C.A. with singing that was in.

News and Views

That frantic affair giv[en] W[ith] those popular young fellows, of Tweedsmen. What an affair it [was] The boys looking fine, dist[in]guished themselves from guests, garbed in white, but lounge jackets with black pant[s] I must say the boys really did look fine as they always and generally do. Upon entering with fellow members of the press, we wended our way into the dance hall, which was crowded.

Couples seen swaying here and there. Parilla Morris, cute in red. also would like to take time out to congratulate her on her forthcoming birthday (Saturday). Rebecca Newby seen in a fine linen suit of white with black. The Ashby twins, whom I had not seen for some time, adorned in pink dresses, very becoming. Edith seen with Horace Collier, me[mber] of the Platons Mary Lou [Ja]son, home from Harle[m] expressing how glad s[he] be home and see the ho[me] Clifford wouldn't be the main object, would he Mary? I see you were also making up for lost time as I saw you more with George Roberts than Clifford White.

Hattie Scruggs and Helen Chandler looking fine in their sport outfits. See that Helen was spending quite a bit of time with Leslie Hurdle. Doris Taylor was seen just knocking herself out for the one night, I really didn't known you were such a jitterbug Doris. They say one never knows. Marion Martin with Boby Ayres who was also seen escorting her home. Ralph McNeil and Antonio Jordan concluded the night with having thirty-five new addresses in their little black book. In spite of the fact that Henry (Hank) Powell was among the missing, his girl friend, Jane, was well taken care of. Yes, she was. You've got something there, Mr. Powell H[enry] of the Tillery Choir had a ce[rtain] portion of the bar reserved they really balled. Fred [Ha]home from college co[me] with friends about colle[ge]

Dancers Appreciation was well represented presence of Tiny P[rince] of cream yellow pants, B[ob] Jamison in a dark red sport ket; Leonard Hurd, in a b[lue] sport jacket (Art and Fashion sign). Katherine King and Jso[n] Ryans adorned in cute long t[o] Di frocks. Larry West complaingh about the heat; Deb Evelyn Bre[w]den in cute outfit of red and white along with Juanita Smith in sm[art] of beige. Immogene Sggs [ex]plaining to us the rea[son] for little bandage on her forehead [but] could go on and on telling you about this affair, but to really enjoy it, you had to be present.

Thursday night, don't forget to attend the affair at the Y.M.C.A. Court street, where a host of celebrities will be present to entertain you with Tiny Prince as your M. C.

The Platons Affair, Saturday night at the Royal Ballroom. A hit you can't mill.

Now for some chatter: Just because my column did not appear a certain young man around town started rumors that he had forbidden me to write anymore. I do wish Floyd Conyers you would prohibit to such remarks. Eva Saunders seems to be a little out in the cold since Florence Eubanks is home on vacation. Alfred Cooke has sort of made different arrangements.

AT THE PLATON'S FORMAL

Breakfast At The Chas. Robinsons Follows Affair

by TWO DEBS

Dear Younger Jersey Socialites:

This past week-end will be long remembered by us for we so rarely have the opportunity to attend the Royal Ballroom in Newark, New Jersey.

On Saturday evening, June 20, the Platons presented their initial formal at this spacious, magnificent ballroom. . . . The Platons chose their name from the renowned Greek philosopher Plato . . . eight members, all of whom are high school graduates are Harry Banks, Adelbert Berry, Harold Collier, Milton Jones, Lowary Ray, Kenneth Rose, Jerome Wilson and Clifford White. . . .

Formally attired in black and white this group greeted their guests in a most cordail manner.

We were escorted down to check our coats . . . then we hastened upstairs to view the ballroom proper. A mass of rainbow colored circles continuously lighted our way about the ballroom. Strains of the music in the "Lin" Wright manner could be heard a block away . . . Lindsay himself proved to be a very efficient vocalist.

After greeting first this one and then that, we settled ourselves to "watch the fun go by". . . .

EIGHTH YEAR

Nite-Life

The Capital's Weekly Amusement Dictionary

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Nite Life furnishes an amu[illegible] guide of better entertainment for Washington and nearby states. [illegible] and contributions must be in the office by noon Wednesday. Nite L[illegible] responsible for unsolicited manuscri[illegible]

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DUpont 9600

March 26, 1945

[illegible] Earline Morrison [illegible] State Tea[illegible]her's College) [illegible]gressive activities secretary of the Court Street Branch [illegible]A. Clifford Holmes . . . [illegible] was attractive in black [illegible]ink dress. Petite Evelyn [illegible]art, in yellow mouslin de [illegible] introducing her house guest to Younger Jersey Socialites . . . (we are in a very embarrassing position for we forgot his name.) Lilburn Hurdle, gracefully dancing by with Lettie Watson. Lettie was in white jersey . . . Alice Johnson with "Platon" Jerome Wilson. Alice's shoulder bore a huge corsage of sweet peas. . . . Lulu Smith was with William Brown of Newark. She wore an "eye-catching" dress of scarlet red. . . . Harriette Brown of East Orange was with Iris and Jack Walsh of Roselle. . . . Evelyn Bowden wore white net over yellow tafetta, added to her outfit she wore talisman roses. . . . Carmen, Naida and Leonard Willette of Belleville . . . all together, as we usually see them. Juanita Green, in cute print dress with red bow across her [illegible] . . . Moses Smith of [illegible]selfe[illegible]ying to keep cool with fan and handkerchief . . . Shirley Davis with Harold Ray . . . we put two and two together and found out why she was rushed away so quickly! . . . Geraldine Griffith, attractive in pink taffeta . . . Wallace Taylor believes in variety for he was with Marion Perkins . . . our "changeable' 'and most "temperamental" friend. As we looked around we saw quite a few orchids from . . . Bill Stewart to Pearl Maddox . . . from Clifford White to Mary Robinson . . . from Leroy Anderson to Elaine Reed . . . (we didn't see the latter, so if we are wrong, correction, please!) Douglas Lett with Ethel Asbuy, Richard with Edith Asbuy . . . Franklin "mite sized" Banks with Mattie Dockery . . . Miss Dockery wore a droppedshoulder edition in orchid mouslin de soire . . . Conrad Jeffries with Gloria Bell . . . we can be sure that he doesn't want us to divulge an interesting news item which we could entitle "How C. J. was invited to the Dance" . . . Alyce Foster in white net and taffeta gown . . . John Garret formally attired in "Uncle Sam's" khaki! . . . Margaret Johnson as sweet as ever . . . Jean Johnson of Roselle in self designed strapless embroidered pique dress. Mary and Walter Wilkie celebrating their third wedding anniversary. . . . Congratulations! It was so good to see John Robinson home from Shaw University and Aaron Harrington home from St. Augustine College . . . our friend John Keene lending support to the bandstand . . . Frank King . . . George Roberts, "Tiny Prince" looking like Esquire magazine from head to toe . . . Eleanor Fleming and Nellie Pryor of South Orange all . . . Carl Trainer "really in there" with Norma Lett . . . Clara and Eva Saunders both looking very "cool, calm and collective . . . Charles Alston, in good looking blue sport jacket, with constant companion Angella Watters . . . Doris [illegible]Comack, the glamour girl with the pretty eyes . . . escorted by "Platon" Adelbert Berry . . . Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Grasty, Burnell Hamill, looking very proud about Lindsay Wright's accomplishment as musician. . . .

After the Dance

Members of the club and their intimate friends wended their way to the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson, 89 Bergen for a 3 o'clock breakfast of sausage and delicious waffles . . . here they remained until the rising of the sun . . . then home to rest. Thus ended the Platons Initial Dance. . . .

Our Summary

As a whole the dance was enjoyable and everyone seemed to have an interesting time. . . .

We didn't see as many of the Tweedsmen present as we expected, why remains to be a secret . . . probably other interests.

Order could not be obtained when a popular press member of another local paper was introducing the members of the club. . . .

A choice group of young ladies present were asked to pose for photos . . . unfortunately we the scribes of Younger Jersey Socialites were not asked to join the group . . . Why? Because we represented the Herald News. Until we meet at the Silver Spurs Formal at Clinton Manor this Friday or at the Y.M.C.A. when the R-Y R-Yettes present their summer formal.

Yours in the interest of News

TWO DEBS

[illegible] expert . . . [illegible] on of t[illegible] oup [illegible] of U. [illegible] . . . a[illegible] [illegible]igna[illegible]tion [illegible] [illegible]ley

ETHING NEW!! Your presents at every TINY PRINCE NITE will win you $1. – $5. Cash Money

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CORNER WAVERLY AVENUE

"SHOW" 12:00 "SHOW"

No. 6th Edition of Celebrities

Tuesday Eve'g, August 3, 1943

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AND EVERY TUESDAY THEREAFTER

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PRESENTS

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GUS YOUNG VS. TEDDY BRANNON

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No. 1 Piano Man and his Heat Waves

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Helen Price **Ernie Ransome** **Bob Taylor**

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STYLE FLASH . . .

ERSKINE HAWKINS buying a Lightweight Felt Covert.,
Just one of the Many Celebrities whos' head
Has been Crowned by

HARVARD Stylists of HATS

"NEWARK'S EXCLUSIVE HATTERS"

46 MARKET STREET ...EW JERS...

English Girls Frantic A
US Negroes Start Ho

LONDON—Under the headline, "All This Happened in England Yest
Sunday Pictorial (August 28) reported, in a front page story, a "hysterical"
tion by British girls over the departure of American Negro soldiers from E
"The scene was Bristol, most English of all English cities," the Pictorial said.
was 2 a. m. yesterday. The actors were a mob of screaming girls between

"Their hysteria was caused
the news that four companies
American Negro soldiers in
city were leaving for home.

"The girls besieged the barra
where the soldiers were and
gan singing 'Don't Fence Me In.

"This was too much for the c
ored men, who began to br
down barbed wire surroun
their quarters. In a few minu
the Pictorial story says, "hund
of girls and U. S. soldiers
kissing and embracing."

The girls sobbed as trucks
the soldiers to the station, w
police attempted to persuade
girls to go hom.

"Most of them," the story s
"had been waiting since 7 p
the night before, and though
was pouring rain they decided
wait.

"'I don't mind getting w
said one 18-year-old girl. 'I int
to give my sweetie a good se

DIONNE WARWICK

APPEARING AT THE GOVERNOR



FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 24

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Whippany Road at Lindsley Drive, Morristown, N.J.

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Taking a tip that a "beautiful auditorium is like a beautiful girl," Miss Virginia Scott, a Rene model, has been selected as "Miss Graham Auditorium" and she is entered in the model popularity contest to select the "model of the year," finals of which will be held in Graham's newly-decorated ballroom on Sunday, October 5.

Saturday, August 2, 1947

The Modern Thought In Tan Town

By "LA" T. PRINCE

ENTREPRENURS C. A.— The Sportsmen's Social Club, Inc., gave one fine boat ride. . . .It was really an affair which brought back memories of the past years. The ten year old-timers were aboard—meaning the era between 1937-Skateland opened—the Savoy, up 1947—remember? Just before on Springfield avenue, was the vogue. . .Kreuger's Auditorium was the center of the big main attractions. The Lincoln Civic Association was tops with Ernie Royal and Henry Graham as promoters. . .Well, they were on the boat and things were really gay. Bessie Baker, one time Queen of the Lindy Hoppers; Jasper Brown and Josephine Allen dancing lightly to Robbins's Nest. . . .Dapper Dan Gibson drumming Be-Bop mad. . . .Leroy Harriel eating and greeting many. . .Shirley Stevens and Brother Kelly going mad. . . Margaret Stevens, Elizabeth Jones, "Knocky", Clara Burgens looking sweet. . ."School Boy" great with J. Powell, chick, and many others . . .Of course, we should say hats off to the Newark Special Policemen—all-order. . . .

La T. PRINCE—Lamp this spiel from a mellow fellow in the field. If you're eating and drinking white potato vim—you're in. If you're not—you'll soon be forgot—dig pig? Haven't seen our gal Jean Clark since before the fourth—what's happening? Well, let's cool 'em and school them. Babs Gonzalez and his Three Bips and a Bop are off again—due for a frantic session at the Sherman Hotel, Chicago—the cool city. Watch for his late releases for Alladin Records: "Everything's Cool", "That's What I thought You Said", "Symphony Sid's Groove", "You Usta Be But You Ain't No More". 'Tis whispered among the hip flingents that teasing orange-brow Jean Campbell will wed soon—it's a bet. Smokey McAllister holding fort as host at Lloyd's Manor—makes you stay pleasant. . .P. S. The Monday nite jams are back again—torso twisting will be the thing. Stay home if you're not in Rome. Lamp the pins on Clara Burgens, cute and alroot. Pete Diggs, the vibe hot maestro of our town, will romp off to Washington, D. C., with a new group—piano, bass and guitar—Down Beat Club. The Rene Starks Fashion School will present its Fall Fashion Show. Our gal Sally down-town in the 42-18th avenue bus (squeeze me in) rush—looking as gay and fresh as ever. . . .The lads over at Lloyds will record on Coleman records with Jessie Perry, under the name of mood Esquires. . .Received that knock-me-out-card from Richmond, Virginia. Yeah, you dig from our gal Grace Sm who will be atured at the Pic. . . .

BEST DRESSED MANNERS—Mrs. Hazel Alves in a two pic white suit and the sweetness that still rates. . .Bob Alves, who is known throughout New Jersey as the Dark Count, looking great as ever in a blue single-breasted worsted with bow tie and cream colored shirt, tan shoes and Broadway felt hat. Spotted them at Dodgers watching the broadcast. . . George Leake, local artist, in a soft-finished lounge coat without a collar and pants to match, a black and red tie graced his shirt, a sport hat and shoes finished his attire. Counsellor Simon N. Hillman, of New York City, was the guest of L. C. Riley. Yours truly spotted them having a tasty dinner at the Alumni House. . . .It was the Sunday of all days—Mr. and Mrs. W Davis feted their many frie ds at the Alumni House . . .It als was the day you could dance to the music of Goode and his Manor Men, who are terriffic.. Margaret Hoffler did up the vocals super. The young couple were over-loaded with gifts and affectionate embraces and handshakes. The amazing James Melvin also took the House on the strength of his coolness. Miss Ma-

and Mrs. n-
other, Mrs. Besna Stevenson sat
lph McNeil, the
t who now man-
, the light heavy-
; the future. An-
ertrude Gibbons,
s. Bessie Smith,
am Howard and
mother; Cornell
Brown looking
ert Geddis, Cal-
great; Corrin
rooks, Raymon
. Thomas, Doro-
ray, Mrs. Eliza
s Hazel Middle
ner, Sarah Bray
s who journeye
e—all nite unti
—like Leonar
years of wed
l Mrs. Wa



TAN TOWN—'Twas real gawn —a thriller and a killer. 'Um nice with all the spice of life. Virginia Scott took first prize as Queen of Sheba at the Artist and Models Ball. Yes, everyone who was someone treked to Graham's, including Bill Chase of the Amsterdam News, Melonee Jones and radio's Hal Tunis. Gay socialites are tripping and tipping to Lloyd's on Monday nites to the jazz, bebop and conga sessions. Yes, and eye-perfume cuties such as Odessa McDonald, Martha Brown, are munching and cruching at the Manor's now look cafe. One the Avenue 'twas Joe (song bird) Alexander, with tall, teasing and pleasing Charlene Jones from Ohio. . . Bunker Hill Bob of the Hi De Ho Club knocking and rocking charming people like Hazel Middleton and golden boy Taylor.

YOUR FAVORITE MUSICIAN Bab "Brown" Gonzalez followed his card in from Chicago to make the WOV Saturday morning show. They are still raving about Grace Smith in Columbus, Ohio. . .Bea Tricks promised to send e whiffle when she won the case of White Horse Scotch sponsored by the Exclusive Arcadians. Johnny Williams is the proprietor and bartender of the week at Cafe Society. . . Did you know Mary Reid is a gone vocalist?

VOTE FOR HIM OR HER—William Flannagan, one of the voices of the Velvetones eased into town, looked good, loaded down with ou yeah, gold—loot. Girls—Tony Jenkins has just arrived back in the east. What has happened to Modena Boyd Davis—no see. The Piccadilly Club has not been bought or sold yet. . . Margaret Hoffler is still ill. Jimmy Lunceford's band will broadcast from Club Spot on March 9th. P. S. Chicks and chickadees East comes early this year. The stork is warming up his motor for Mr. and Mrs. Carlos James—delivery to be made in April.

TODAY—DON'T WAIT—Lance (Bob) Taylor, of the Lucasta cast, trekking into the nite club last Saturday. . . Sarah Smith, the Chesterfield Girl, lives in Cranford now. The Adams may turn down colored shows next season. Why? Because seats are destroyed, bottles are broken and thrown in the rest rooms —causing large plumbing bills. Dodger's Lounge is holding its own in these trying times. The Howdy, mad and messy like Aunt Bessie.

FASHION FLASH — Herbert Smith at the Eboney, New York, wearing a double-breasted cocoa-brown suit, grey-yellow soft wool suit, dark brown California overcoat, brown shoes and hat. . .Kitty Matthews in a black crepe dress, with silver spangled stars. Here shoes were in that modern cut style, brown Mouton coat, gloves, green scarf, sipping coffee at Thompson's Restaurant. Wish model Genevieve Weathers a speedy recovery. Seriously ill at her home in Belleville. It will be strictly formal attire for the Captivators affair, February 28th at Lloyd's Manor.

CLUB WORLD—This week—like last—clubs are jaming affairs, and somethings must be done. The Club World is viewing the tense situation with much alarm. This is poor business for all concerned. It splits the crowd and box office attraction. Each and every club must join this organization at once. . . It was a happy birthday to John Stoute, printer for Our Lady Queen of Angels Roman PlatonsCatholic Church. Giggling wiggling was the mood at the Platons affair last Friday nite, the 13th. Among the many spotted were Ada McDaniels and Jimmy Wicks. Yes, East Orange's club classmen, in person Slick McGee, tripping with an armful. Tripped past the table of the Ebonetts—J glamour girls. Um, the Pine twins just swept past. Norma Bland gaining weight—crazy about her hair-do. Emma and Frank Carroll surrounded by their wedding bliss. Flip my wig—about the Eight Orchids—ah-loot chicks. Jean Campbell, as ever, with skin that appeals. Fred Middleton dancing smooth and in the groove. Edmonds, our favorite florist, and Marie Whigham, in tea-bit chatt- at a setting. In all one charm-

—Catch the Bit

An Open Letter To Tiny Prince

Dear Tiny:

This letter will serve the purpose of revealing to you my thanks for the loyal support you and your fine group of young ladies and gentlemen have given me.

Beginning with the debut of the famous Monday night Jam Sessions which were first started by my band at the Dreamland Academy some three or four years ago, you danced your way into the very heart of every musician of North Jersey.

There has been quite a few fine orchestras in this part of the country producing some of the best young musicians. These men have become good in their profession which is to bring joy and happiness to thousands of people during these crucial times.

Your loyal and continued support have been a great factor in the lives of these men, causing them to go on and do their utmost to become better at their tasks in order that the world may have the best in the way of music and entertainment.

Now that we are engaged in a great war, which causes the people in our community to be heavy of heart, it is appropriate to point out that Newark is a little backward in music and entertainment. I am going to correct this situation by turning out one of the outstanding musical aggrevations in the country.

The full cooperation of you and your supporters will make it possible for me to realize this ambition. I am closing with the hope that you and the public will get behind me in this effort.

Thanks for your kind consideration and cooperation, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Pancho Diggs.

Tiny Prince Spiels

Your playing the game that "ain't" got no name. Just like a bear who needs air. I mean like one who just don't care. Received a groovey letter from that hep cat Social Club INNER CIRCLE to bear in mind their weekly matinee beginning Sunday, Feb. 8th, from 6 p.m. until 1 a.m., featuring one of the finest grooviest swing bands in town. Teddy Brannon's Heat Waves, plus a host of celebrities, including News Views Rose Carter and Two Debs, in person Ernie Ransome trio and George Rollins. Ladies will be admitted free until 8 p.m. So groom your hair and be there.

Haven't seen very much of our deb and yours, Lizzie Moon. Maybe that stud has clamped down on our bird. No? Egan dig the wiggin. Japs close their traps. Cooks strave the rooks. Miss date, don't be late. Jack, I'm straight. 'cause this jive is easy to take. Little Norma Gordon and Pee Wee Calvin Carter are really two of the smallest and finest little jitterbugs in Tan Town. They are really in there and give competition to the more experienced amateur teams. So sportery, cast your gleamers upon these wild little bugs and watch them cut some rug.

I do, do you? HORACE HENDERSON promises to be very fine from the preview I heard of his latest recording. Jimson and Kruegers will pack from doors to back. So skin your in, if you have bought your advance ticket from the Lincoln University Alumni Association for the righteous night, February 12. Minnie Range really looks like old times and finer than good wines. Looks like Uncle Sam is trying to nab every orphan in town. So Joe, I'd better take it slow.

Elizabeth Farrell of Davenport avenue, really grooves certain cats about these parts with her charming two cousins. Carrie Cawthorne and Leonard Hurd are very close these cold evening. Ruth Barlett of Orange is still carrying that flame in her heart for a bass player. Kiddies slapping the slammer on Katherine King's dommie better beware. Jack and Jill, who are up on the Social Hill, better open their Dream Castle and get some air, 'cause each and every fine cat that throws mud, is like a Puddy Fud.

Grady Travicks is still a dressy stud. Finest dressed young girl about these parts seems to be Larry West with Lealia Murphy batting honors for elders. Our finest recording, "I Love You Truly," Erskine Hawkins.

P. S. Join the D.A.S. Dance School and learn the newest sensation, the Sand and Lindy Hop. Sara Thompson is knocking everyone out with her sweet innocent look. That latest bit of slang is like this: Ikaroo, what is new? See you later floo floo.

69

Foot loose and fancy free, the Dancers' Appreciation Society believe they have the best girl lindi-hopped in the State in the person of Evelyn Jones Arnell of Jersey City. Ruth and Virginia from Hackensack, plus Annie West of Orange, the only rubber legs and Lillian Lynch and Cherry. These are a few of the girls yours truly will introduce at the Earl Hines affair with their partners in an exhibition on New Years Eve. The pic was gone with youth last week when Elizabeth Moon, number one Deb, Anita Williams, Peggy Roberts and Annie Ward, just part of the messy Aunt Pessie, personally who glamourized the last Sunday evening. Jannie Gillspie of Montclair really is one teasing brown lovely. At least certain studs think so. Lelia Horne and Leonard Hurd are quite close these colored evenings. 'Tis be-

Tiny Prince Spiels

DANCE COMMENTATOR:

"Look Out, baby, for I'm going to join the Navy. May Jack, get way back, cause I'm in the back." Saw Herbie Smith, president of D.A.S., purchasing one of those frantic pair of suspenders from Nobby's, who feature the wildest accessories for the heppiest cats. Each and every cat who missed the Modernistic Girls' second annual fall dance at the Plaza with the Heat Waves certainly missed the time of their lives, for it was move groovey like the bear — and some wild chicks were there. Now if my spiel is too hard, drop me a card, and I'll ease up and won't be so hard.

ing whispered that what about that mess is a popular recording by Doc Wheeler's Sunset Royals, the rug cutters eat it up.

Abe "Snakehips" Moore is seldom seen around Tan Town. Why? Because Abe is so busy knocking his patrons out at the 42nd Club in Orange, with a show for people who enjoy sporty entertainment. Everyone is talking about the modernistic place where Pancho Diggs and his 12 men, in the groove, send you the stuff, at the Lyceum, 188 Belmont avenue, Newark — plus those Adams pink hens who come up every week to play hostess.

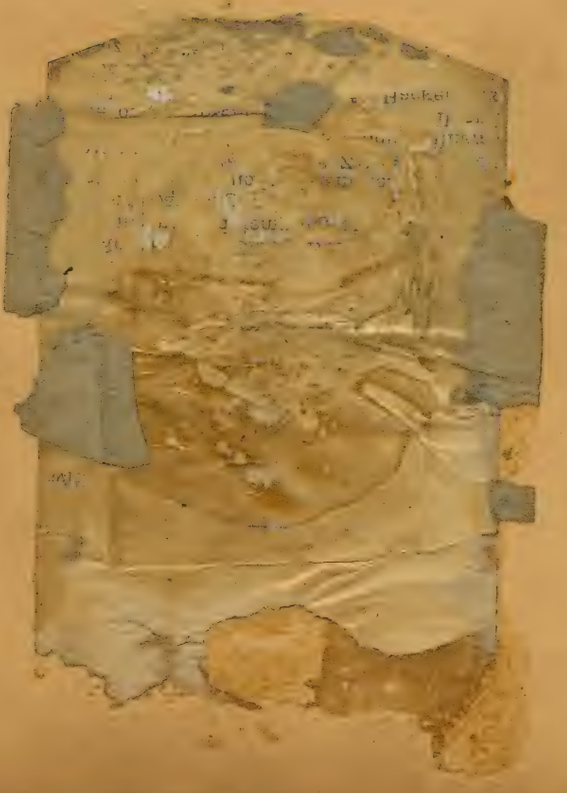
Benny Williams' jaw injury doesn't stop him from skolling (eating) and that boy can skoll. Lillian Gray is one chick who is still nice as ever. I'm going to warn all of you Christmas shoppers to dig your Herald News and dig the latest line, which will be groovey line.

Lillian Hamilton of Montclair seems to be filled with that happy-go-lucky carefree smile that she steals into the hearts of all her admirers. And just as a reminder that for 42 you can join the D.A.S. and get your membership card. P. S. Dig those panicky Savoy Dictators on December 23rd Skateland in a demand performance.





T10



...hese M... They Make Citizens

By BEN HENRY JONES

NEWARK — The music teachers of any community must be counted among the most important factors of the community as a whole — for in their work lie all the guidance and nourishment of the talents of youth, whether for success or failure. In any sizable city, with its powerful neon attraction to idleness, where families are often broken and parents too busy earning a living to give the children the attention needed, the role of the community music teacher becomes increasingly important. Indeed, the greatest names in the annals of music began with the community music teacher.

Profiled on this page are four such teachers, all of whom have earned high reputations in the community of Newark for the work they have done and are now doing in the field of music. The selection of these four is not to be construed as a choice of this paper, but rather a random, cross-section example of the type of work that these community eachers ar doing.

Emory Lucas

Emory Lucas, of Newark, has built a strong foundation for the position he now holds in the community as a music teacher. Newarkers find it difficult to believe that so many of his pupils have soared to some of the most famous spots in music.

Outstanding among the fruits of Mr. Lucas" work is the celebrated Ernie Myers. Myers stepped into the national spotlight as a bass instrumentalist with Duke Ellington and traveled in Europe with Willie Louis. Jack Butler, whose early musical training was guided by Mr. Lucas, became an outstanding trumpeter with Willie Louis, and, at one time, was an important feature in Willie Bryant's brass section.

Mr. Lucas specializes in piano and exclusive among his piano proteges are Teddy Branden and Clem Morman. Teddy became famous as a pianist with the world ...nowned Don Byas, and Clem and ... Piccadilly Pipers were once the ...k of the town. They still are playing to packed, satisfied audiences in Pennsylvania and acclaimed by home-towners as one of Newa...k's fine contributions to the world of entertainment.

Mr. Lucas is currently proud of his work in voice. Barbara Plater, whom he is about to launch as a concert singer, is echoing another ditto to his list of achievements.

With a deep emotional warmth and a clear, pure voice, Miss Plater promises to be a great American soprano, and her felicitous interpretations of a representative collection of operatic arias, including "Vesta La Juba" from Pagliacci, "Serenade" from the Student Prince, have brought her unstinted praise from music lovers in and around Newark.

Born in Washington, D. C., Mr. Lucas attended the Minnie Gordon School, studied under the late Manny Taylor, Clarence Miller, the late James Webster and Professor (Al) White.

"The teacher must first establish a good relationship with the student," Mr. Lucas says, "and continue to emphasize what he or she is about to do." While he recommends counting aloud, with or without the teacher, as an aid to concentration, he does not recom... end the metronome. "The teacher ho... uld devise some means of ... ching the student how to gain ... al sense of rhy...

do not make a teacher. Teachers are born."

Mr. Lucas has taught music in the public schols in Newark and was once head of the music department at Jack Lynch Schools, Broad St., Newark. He lives at 504½ Washington St., Newark.

Prof. Eugene A. Burkes

Professor Eugene Alexander Burkes, the musician artist, or artist musician, however Professor Burke chooses to put it, has been as great an asset to this teeming community as anyone in this field.

Currently heading the list of Professor Burke's' musical roll call is Miss Bernyce Robinson, pianist, who is now teaching music in the public schools of Newark, and featured pianist with North Jersey Philharmonic Glee Club. The Professor claims that Mrs. Frances Gregory, great pianist and accompanist, started under him when she was only eight and that he has been her only teacher The Misses Constance Williams Morris and Mable Rice, both pianists, were accepted in the All City Orchestra.

He taught and first presented Mrs. Johnnie B. Percel, vocalist, in concert, which was a tremendous success.

Professor Burke says, "Everyone, at one time or another, should be a student of music — if for no other reason than to enjoy it."

Born in Staunton, Virginia, he attended the New England Conservatory of Music, Columbia University and completed a seminar course in composition and conducting. "Behold," the first composition to have any success, according to the professor, was first sung by Roland Hayes. "Pupils differ widely," he says, "and the apprehension of these variations is necessary for self-control. Lacking this understanding," he continued, "a teacher may suddenly go mad because it is usually around the third grade before the teacher can relax."

Also, this short, balding man of quick, alert manners, is an artist in his own rights. His modestly furnished apartment at 51 Hillside place is beautifully decorated with his own oil creations. A known fact to most Newarkers because the public schools and libraries have constantly had them on exhibit. Elsewhere on this page is the professor's painting of James H. Beckett. It hangs in the prominent undertaker's main waiting room.

In 1932 the citizens of Oakland, California, purchased his "Slave Mother", and, with the usual unveiling ceremonies, presented it to the municipal art museum. This was followed by an applauding editorial in the Oakland Tribune which also stated that the painting had been removed to one of the largest down-town banks in Oakland and over a hundred thousand people had visited the bank to see it.

Albert Tillery

Albert Tillery, well-known for his work in music, was recently highlighted in a musical program in Branchbrook Park. Mr. Tillery specializes in the Organ and speaks cheerfully of such students as 18-year-old George White of New St., who is studying at Montclair State Teachers" College, and is organist and director at First Baptist Church in Cranford. Frank Walters, Jr., 16, South Side High School student, plays at Hopewell Baptist Church, Newark. Cha... Warr... is organist a...

NAACP convention in Atlantic City last year. Delegates were warned against complacency now that school integration is under way.

"As long as residential segregation remains," they were told, "we will have won a victory in theory but will have suffered a practical defeat."

TOMORROW: What about schools?

Dan Burley's BACK DOOR STUFF

And Jack, The Man Said, "Work or Fight!"

"You know, Dan," the Jodie said, a hunted look in his eye as he watered the liquor in his glass, "I haven't worked in the last 14 years, or not since I left the farm down in North Carolina to come to the Apple. I was put hip to what's what about living in New York City two days after I got off the bus, and man, I never forget. I've sold perfume and ladies' girdles; I've acted as guide for sight-seeing parties; I've had a lot of simple chicks to lend me gold during these 14 years, but not once during that time have I even thought about work or a job as the average square figures it with a pick or shovel or lifting something.

"When you live in the Apple, you've got to act like you know what it is all about. All you need is a couple of good suits, a classy lid, and a good conk on your head which you must keep spick and slick at all times. Then you must have a good line of talk, because if you haven't got the proper spiel, you're sunk. This is the town where you talk for a living, that is unless you believe you were born to do back-breaking work, and I don't believe that.

"You can talk people out of anything you want in this town, old man, and I have done my share of talking since I left that peanut farm down home. If your line of jive is correct, chicks will cook for you, wash your clothes, buy your liquor and give you gold. Guys who own stores and nightclubs will be glad to have you around and will pay you to be present by giving you all you can eat or drink on the cuff. You can even charm your landlady, if you know what to say, and she won't ask you for rent weeks upon weeks, unless she's about to get evicted, herself. It's a great town, if you know how to put it down right.

"But, Dan," he went on, talking a little louder to be heard above the sound of the jukebox grinding out, "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You," as people around the bar beat a tattoo on the mahogany, "I got me my first job yesterday! Man, I got one, working in the shipyards. I'd have taken any kind of job; yep, even one sweeping the streets. You see the man said, 'Work or Fight,' and Jack, I'm no fighting man and ain't mad at nobobdy in tihs whole, wide world. My draft board called me up and asked me what I was going to do because they had changed my status from 4-F to 1-A and said I could have 48 hours to decide whether I wanted to stay here or see the world on a tour conducted by Uncle Sam. And you know, Dan, I ain't interested in nothing having to do with travel further than South Ferry or 155th St. Yep! I'm putting down that play hustle for the duration, or at least, until the Man gets to feeling good again!"

And Jack, it's gonna be most mad if they go ahead and draft the chicks. One stud put it down like this: "Ole man, if they make all the chicks register and then draft 'em for war work, I'm gonna laugh my head off. You see, they'll get 60% of 'em from the bars and grills, and I'm gonna hip the draft boards to back up their wagons to the bars between 2 and 5:30 in the afternoons because that is when they'll catch most of the chicks. Now that they can't play horses with their husband's money, they'll be playing the numbers trying to keep busy while the old man is copping that heavy slave. They'll do that unless, Uncle puts the act on 'em just like he's putting it on the men. I'm hipped that most of these chicks are plain lazy and would rather play for their pay than crave for a slave. It would be really quite mad, old man, if they had to hire ten dozen extra buses to Picatinny to transfer these playchicks and glamour gals back and forth to a place where they can do everybody some good. Meanwhile, ole man, I'm getting out early in the morning myself and see if I can't beat that Work or Fight jive."

THE PHILIPPINE JIVE: "Dear Dan, I and the squares of this outfit from the Big Red With The Long Green Stem have been trigging our wigs and we would like the fine green bananas to know we are still the Tower of Pisa of their kites and through your righteous column, we want their flaps to flip and say hello to them all, the fat, the skinny and the tall.

"And to the banta issues, we want to say that in the future we will be stashed in the fillmills and we're gonna play the Defense Plant on Square's Dim jam up, and also, we want the fresh water trout to have more faith in us now than in the past, because we're for them 100% and they shouldn't worry about us and their ace lanes. The life is pretty tough here in the Philippines, Dan, but we're still holding our own, although a lot of cats have cut out for that cold meat party and changed our trill play. And we're also doing without the old wheelchair.

"The flickers and the broadslides have copped a breeze for intermission time, and Old Father Time has draped his frame on a rester and put his deuce of benders on a hurry tip, but you can bet we'll jump a slide and when we recap across the great dew and drop out pegs in the last free world for all times to come. About a deuce of joys ago, at half past a colored man, I ran into a bevy of blades having a gum session. The menu was the folly of this great drag, which is a force play from the word, 'Go'. There was some praise there and there was some raise here, therefore as far as the natural lick, most of the jive was way off 'Q'. So, if you could lay a few on us and let us focus our glimmers on them, it'll make my conk jump and freeze until we jump back on the main rail, and dig all those cats who were pat on the first spread and didn't have to collar a broom. Do that, old man, for that would twitter my topper.

"We have been away for a long time, Dan, and we have hit a long road and in our travels, we have knocked a gob of knowledge and picked up on many different and strange languages. We have clocked up the line for 44 moons and we're still pulling natural time. This old berg where we are stashed is just about the drag of all drags, which has just about turned my hard skull fry blond. And to you, Dan, in admiration of the splendid work you are doing and have done, the world of respects and many, many thanks." Signed: Pfc. George (Sonny) William Brown, Pfc. Ernest (Baby Boy) Ballort, Plus The Other Hipcats Down Here Somewhere in the Philippines.

(Most of this jive is in my book and Sonny and Baby Boy were laying a hype on me for my conk trigger which will be sent them on the double-click.—D.B.)

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BACK DOOR'S WEEKLY CLOTHESLINE: Danny Logan, trombonist with Cootie Williams' band who used to front his own fine combo, came through like mad on that recent Dixie tour of Cootie's. Eddie (Clean Head) Vinson, the blues shouting ace, had to return to NY to confer with You Know Who and Cootie had no one to sing the Vinson blues. He conducted a poll of his band to see who could sing and eventually, shy Danny Logan admitted he could. He memorized "Red Blues," "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," and brought the houes down. Cootie is expected to give Logan more such breaks. And, "What's Wrong, Ellsworth; why don't you write?" Joe. Rochester came on like a house afire in his first Jack Benny broadcast from the Apple this year. Outside the Astor Hotel was a line all the way from Eighth Avenue. Only a third of the folk got in, including Back Door. Don't worry, old man, Rochester has everything down, but right, and his P.A., LeRoy Collins, keeps the status quo. Maxine Vann, in charge of Luther (Red) Randolph's Shang-Gri-La kitchen up on Amsterdam Avenue and is thus responsible for all that fine food that's in such favor up that way.

Dr. H. Binga Dismond's book of poems is having a heavy sale. Bill Tolliver is perturbed over that work or fight proposition. George (75 St. Nich. Pl) Washington isn't. He got a job pronto! Maceo Birch announced he's leaving the Count Basie outfit to go into business out West on his own, presumably with the blessings of the Count with whom he has been associated for so long. Clark Monroe at the Spotlight on 52nd Street is busy rounding out his new band which hits there soon. Rose Morgan and Libby Clark are opening a five story "house of beauty" up on St. Nicholas Avenue and 148th Street in the next two months. It'll have everything, showers, steam baths, beauty parlors, etc., etc. It's costing $20,000, I hear.

Thelma Carpenter has resigned from Count Basie's great band now a riot at the Hotel Lincoln, for a long engagement at the Ruban Bleu. Basie may get Helen Humes again. Tommy Brookins called from Chicago to announce that he was wed November 11 to Katherine Quarles, pretty chief buyer for the Jones Brothers store. That mystery of the $1,000 chicken on 135th Street is still unsolved. Juanita Norwood is now with the NY OWI office. In town recently: Arna Bontemps, the author; and Mme. Sara Spencer Washington of Atlantic City. The erudite William Stanley Braithewaite, anthologist; talked literature and culture with Mrs. James W. Johnson while an audience listened respectfully in the lobby the other night. And at Station "J", my man, Brother Tate, has everything under control at this P. O. branch. And who cut all that rug at Gertie Gilbert's party the other night??? At Tondeleyos on 52nd Street, you dig a lot of things, among them the great blues singing of Rubberlegs Williams; the piano meanderings of talented Norine Tate; the incomparable crooning of Billy Daniels; the racy, toe-tickling rhythms of the classy Peter Rabbit Trio; the humor of Gladys Bentley's ditties, and most unusual of all, the singing of Tondeleya, herself!! Tiny Grimes is without a doubt, one of the day's truly guitar virtuosos. This lad, starring at the Spotlight with his own combination, gets better each night out. Jimmy Marshall has engineered a deal in which he becomes head man at that theatre in Newark. Up at the Heat Wave at 145th Street, Louis Metcalfe's experiment with a black and white show is bearing fruit.

Lieutenant Ted (cartoonist) Carroll, up from Tuskegee, got the fullest out of his holiday by wedding attractive little Regina Rothgaber of the Bronx. And Eddie (Rochester) Anderson is in town for a month minus (and, oh, but he is!) Burnt Cork and sundry nags who were banned by Jimmy (WMD) Byrnes. Raymond Hackney is in Florida to swim, since the hosses are in the barn. Fritz Pollard's Sun Tan Studios are being used as rehearsal hall for the new stage revue set for Jimmy Marshall's theatre over in Newark. And what happened to Maude Russell? Marian Mallory's fashion show set for next month will top all similar efforts. Which brings up the fact that there's so much money floating around that guys on 125th St. are selling shares in the Brooklyn Bridge for 50c each and coining a rich harvest. Henry (Red) Allen blew in from the Windy City where it is 10 below and this version of Hawkins blew him right back. Count Basie picked up 25 of my jive handbooks for members of his band. He wants 'em to get hip. The ink Spots vs. Moe Gale case was settled amicably last week with Gale continuing as manager and Kenny as head of the singers, but with Deek Watson going into retirement. Frank Lezama has everything under control at his Broadway Palace. G. Phil Williams at the Williams Tavern is planning to open a third as soon as he can find the location. Which brings up Lawson Bowman's 155th & Amsterdam Ave. location where the decorative motif is most much.

Fletcher Henderson's Bus Wrecked by Flame

Fletcher Henderson and his band escaped serious injuries last week when the touring bus that the outfit travels in caught on fire. None of the men were hurt, but several musical instruments were destroyed.

The bus was about to leave Detroit on its next stop of the Henderson nation-wide tour when fire destroyed the bus. Explanation as to the cause of the fire has not as yet been made. It is believed that the cause came from engine trouble.

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TAKE ALL MEASUREMENTS CAREFULLY AND BE SURE TO ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS BELOW

GARMENT DESIRED	Color of Cloth	Kind of Cloth	2nd Choice	TROUSERS Give the Width of PEG BOTTOM You Desire — Inches	Height / Age	Weight / Price of Garment

Take measurements from the REGULAR Suit YOU have on.



Measure from seam at middle of back to seam where sleeve ...

Measure along seam ... arm from A to B for ... leave length.

Measure around chest over ...

Measure from close up ... crotch down in... to length de...

Measure around waist-line with belt off. Hold ... but ...

Measure around hips, with pockets empty. Hold tape snugly but not tight.

Inches ... Fig. 6- Inches

FREE
Complete Portfolio

"Ideas for Meat Dealers" illustrates and explains the many features of this model shop—gives tips, also, for effective use of Armstrong's Linoleum in your store. Write Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 4503 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa. (Similar portfolios available for the following fields: grocery stores, beauty shops, drug stores, restaurants, florist shops, shoe stores.)

Burley's BACK DOOR STUFF

...at Solid GI Jive Tip, Ole Man:—

...A b... Greetings on the ace thirty of this new double-six. I've ...Pro...our column much, much, much so, and it lays me out in a ...Mo...eous way. As I way being hyped into these olive-drabs, I ...ven...-wren to lay the clippers to my prize column (B.D.S.), each ...ken, and fly them to me where ere I may be, (woe is me). I ...o pick up on the whole sheet, which I had the main pullet to ...e for, and now that plea has been in since the first double-trey ...f the past double-six, and we are now lamping the ace sheet of ...w double-six, and so Amster---Damn, Sam!! I'm really frosted ...awful; do sound the head kick of the sheet and boot him to the ...at there's a lad stashed away across the big drunk who is double- ..., and is much beat from rushing about grabbing your scribe-sheet ... fly.

"...e gasses men to pick up on your column and dig what's going down ...e old Apple, and feast my glims on the frantic gum-action some cats ...own. Me and my 'Rock-happy' jugs from the Big Red With the Long ...m Stem and the Big Wind often cop-a-stash and cap each other about ...e good old days spent in the big 'un and the lil' un and about the fine joy ... stomp joints and lush dens we all used to play in. We knock our... ...s out with flash-backs until old man 'Sandy Snoremuch' moves in with ... about rackin' back some nod,—then we dream the rest.

...We've just ...illed in from pulling a double-six hitch on the initial ...owned se...f rocks, of the head stud of the Land of Many Squints,— ...Jack, it was rugged! We dug that snatch play as a sort of historic act, ...e're the first of Dinah's brood to plant groundgrabbers on Brother ...s personal property. That rumble action down there was mighty ...on a cat's conkpiece; quite a few studs lammed for Bugville during ...ession, and it really beats me when I lamp a sheet where some slick ...has put down a gob of skunk action on the ace kitty who is some- ...across the Big Splash about to get picked up on by the Grim Reap- ...feel for those kind of chicks when this ruhmble issue is over, for ...e's gonna be much nubbin', frame-rockin' and neck-choppin' done. ...cuttin' out, Dan, and your column really does tricks to the morale of ...s down here. By the way, Dan, old man, hip me to the action on your ...andbook of Harlem Jive. I beefed to the main hen about picking up on ...one for me, but I was hipped later by the same that after treading many ...blocks, making many flank movements, till one's groundpads bucked the ...strain—no handbook, they sell out so fast. So, Jack, just hip me to the ...count on them dead Presidents needed (just one, ole man, just one!) to get ...that hip spread of many sheets kited to me out here and I'll send for same. All the cats from Chicago send one big 'greetins.' They are Willie (Guffle) Jones, Bob (Duggie) Douglas, Owen (Degee) McGee, Jack (Carnegie) Brown, and Ulysses (Curley) Richardson. The jugs from the Apple say 'a warm greeting to Dan.' also—namely, George (eat 'em up) Johnson, Willis James, George Julian, Raymond Jackson, Theophulus (Snafu) Rogers and Sutton Adams. So long, Dan, my man. Your Boy—PVT. JOHNNY (SHADOW) LYLES" SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

In Which Back Door Picks Up on the Beaux Arts:—

BACK DOOR'S WEEKLY CLOTHESLINE: Right along now I guess I oughta put you hep to the righteous hypes that went down at that annual Urban League Beaux Arts Ball at the Savoy Friday night where all that slow dragging, ducking & dodging went on, and where you damped all those queer combinations of folks who shouldn't've been in those kinds of combinations could be dug by the digger. In the first place, it was an all-out "Western Front" rugcut where you either "Accentuated the Positive" or got "Elminated with the Negative." And just about then, in fell Lt. Jay W. Clifford accentuating a 20-year-old little banana, just 40 years younger, old man. And at the same time, in fell Grace, minus the affirmative and the negative, but embracing Jay like she hadn't seen him since Turkey Day. And she said she hadn't!!

Binga Dismond popped in loaded down with enough photographic stuff to make pictures of the entire Red offensive on the Eastern Front, mostly toted by his femme secretary and a hired porter. Photographer Binga, whose book "We Who Must Die," is having a good sale, came to make color movies of the ball, but wound up cutting rug and refusing to produce that bottle of Black Label he bragged he had. Redheaded Ann (Bombshell) Lewis and Mode...ta Roquemore had everything members of the Bottle Gang could want and put it down with no strings, first come first drink. Where was Bill Chase on such a hype?? Pretty Viva (University of Texas) Hill wanted to know from Razz Fisher, "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't?" P. J. Sidney strutted with a lily sweet-smell. So did Canada (in form) Lee. Dr. Phil Brooks was looking for one. Soldier Sparrow Cowans and Sailor Frankie Bourne hunted all night in vain for one and the race question remained as is. Aubrey Pankey armed-in-armed it with Kay (Riverdale) Weatherly while Prince Nigeria stalked alone, or did he?

Geraldyn Dismond-Holland and Nora Holt had the right hats and a boxful of nice young men. Which brings up the Penguin Club or remnants of it, represented by the Ollie Harringtons, the Dan Jameses, the Roi Ottleys, the Emmett Mayes, the John Valescoes and the Tommy Patricks. Grant Reynolds came in with Judge and Mrs. Ellis Rivers. The Judge might be said to have been aiding and abetting! Assistant Atty. General Stanley Douglas explained many situations to certain situations, and Nell Becker wasn't there. Where the glasses clinked there are found Alan (WOV-for-Victory) Courtney, Babe Salters, Archie (NY Post) Winston, plus Sheila; Dr. Fred (chiropodist) Carter, Perry Watkins and Percy Payne. Kenneth Spencer stalked the hall all evening looking most worried!! Selma (the sculptor) Burke ran up from DeeCee just for the rugcut. Ollie (teacher) Porter came in from Bridgeport via the Harlem YWCA, and Etta Moten was highly glamorous in the Phyllis Oliver box where Wilhelmina Adams counted the bottles meticulously.

Eva Sharp made a sharp Indian Princess. But Louis came as is and went away as ain't!! Izzy (Pittsburgh Courier) Rowe and Bessie-Buchanan made a Cook's Tour of the place, while Jack (undertaker) Dabney of Newark bounced around as a big 133rd sheik, trying to keep up with Fannie Robinson. Ruth (Red Cross) Attaway, Spinky Alston, Ad & Judie Bates, but minus Bill (Blood on the Forge) Attaway, reminded us of old days at 306 W. 141st St. Ruth Ellington-James proudly produced her Daniel. Winnie Mason wore her own original jewelry. Eddie (Porgy-Bess) Matthews had his boots on since it was so lushy!! Muriel (Carmen Jones) Smith psychoanalyzed late comers while Luther (Joe) Saxon had his own ball. Ed (the lawyer) Dudley showed Rae Olley the sights. Hilda Simms was a mass of glamour. Murean Barbera, with dark glasses a la Hedy LaMarr, fell in with a handsome lieutenant. Bob (WHN) Howard acted lookout for the missus disguised as Uncle Sam. Baron Timme Rosen- floated in and later on, floated out. Roy (NAACP) Wilkins arrived ...e via the gradual approach. Pretty Helen Wormley came in ... on the arm of that tall, handsome refugee from a ...ip??? Blonde Marian Mallory asked Eddie if he ... a thousand times no! I'm a slow dragger, ... Williams proved his band to be tops among swing crews. Selma Day was elusive and seldom seen.

Fredi Washington saw everyone but who? P. J. Sidney, now program director for the new Salvation Army Servicemen's Club in W. 124th St., propositioned Fredi for a guest appearance. Buster and Juanita Lockhart had a boxful of folk you like to talk with. Billie Frenche, minus Lawson, was extra vivacious. And Dot and B. J. Barnett were there, but in different parts of the hall. The Ted (Enid Raphael) Yates had a whole case of the stuff. Assemblyman Bill Andrews & Regina shook hands all night. So did I. Carolyn Crosby was on hand. Bucklin (Darker Brother) Moon hunted for Mollie Moon's box, but settled for the first one that appeared damp. Nat (tennis pro) Slott, was everywhere with Babe Salters. So was Phillip (Tempest & Othello) Houston. Sgt. Bobby Evans and Al Moore saw the sights together. Toward the end, Ed Perry almost got "walked." Beryl Edelen, most active of the Urban League chicks, looked over each and every as it came in.

In the case of Dr. Charley Walberg, 'twas said that Maxine Sullivan left only a can of sardines and some toothpaste when she moved out. And some people insist 'twas similar to the Eddie Mallory-Ethel Waters situation a few summers ago in which Eddie's suits and a can of beans were reported to have been left. Was the coal taken from the cellar? Just why did Billy Rose close "Carmen Jones?" And Al Cooper's venture as a dance promoter, along with Babs Brown, clicked like mad with 4,500 heads counted in the Golden Gate for the King Cole—Benny Carter rugcut. The cops chased about 1500 away from the boxoffice at 11 p. m., thus preventing an all-time record for the hall. It's really something, Jack, when three boys —just three—can draw such a mob. 'Twas all-colored from box-office to the music. Alford Pierre and Milton Woods of "Carmen Jones" are now in "Ann Lucasta." All manner of funny biz, I hear, went on as that U. S. Signal Corps casted for the new documentary film. Friends first, it seems, which brings up the 52nd Street Story in which the Big Man finally located the Little Lady, but at a cost of 2-G's spent mostly on fine furs, & etc. He's agreed to be more agreed!!! Julian Black blew in from Chicago; talked to Mike Jacobs about Joe Louis; said, "I told you those kids are okay and have been okay all along," when asked about the champ's public appearances at fights, shows, etc., with wife, Marva, and then blew back to Chicago. Lawson Bowman & Bill Tolliver figuring out a checking system to pick up on any they've missed out on, are working on the block and trolley system. If Rita Costello hadn't dropped so many stitches, she might have had that fur coat for Xmas, and Willie Cohen's trips begin around 3 a. m. G. Phil Williams heads for Hot Springs, Feb. 19. Ray Scott is getting along great at the uptown Braddock. Happy Robinson was Back Door's bodyguard at the King Cole blowout. Sgt. George Pulliam of the 369th A. A. had his own ball here on furlough. Lts. Archie (all-America) Harris and Ralph (spring king) Metcalfe were great on the local front. Mary Elizabeth (Betty) Benton, 18-year-old daughter of Frankie, scored as an Apollo Amateur. Billy Kenny's version of the "Four Ink Spots" packed 'em in at the Apollo over the weekend and now the folks are waiting for Ivory (Deke) Watson's Four Brown Dots, Apollo-bound in three weeks. Maude Russell, absent from local stages for many moons, clicked heavily at the Apollo with Sandy Burns.



Maurice

Sheila Guys

In "Memphis Bound," Negro musical comedy, which will have its world premiere at the Colonial Theater in Boston, May 3.

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Cummiskey

The Color Line in Baseball: Part III . . .

They all said that the simple dignity of the plushy Yankee system would make a changed man out of Leland Stanford MacPhail, better known as Larry, once he settled comfortably in the president's chair. It changed him all right—he got out of his officer's pinks and climbed into subdued blues and browns. But that's all, brother.



Just when everyone was saying My, My, it's so different from the Old Days! what does he do but touch off what looked at first blush like a major league kidnap scandal, with everyone in on it but the U. S. horse marines.

It soon developed it was not a snatch, however, but the publicity and the linking of MacPhail's name with it all, plus the fact the War Department got into it too, would seem to indicate that L. S. hasn't lost his touch.

It was MacPhail himself who said to the baseball writers a few weeks ago that he was going to go quietly along, get his feet on the ground and generally learn the feel of things as president of the new Yankee empire. He spoke in a subdued voice and didn't punctuate a single sentence with feet-on-desk or finger-in-chest: the listener's chest.

I wasn't too much surprised when he jumped into the affirmative argument on Town Hall's question last week — "Should Organized Sports be abolished for the duration?" It struck me that L. S., who has only watched the last two wars from a front row seat, spoke quite effectively.

That would seem about to settle that and, in case you didn't catch the show, MacPhail also answered a question from the floor about the color line in major league baseball. He said again what he told me here that he is all against it and that a game which permits the line to be drawn on an athlete because of race, creed, or color can't pretend to anyone that it should exist in a Democracy.

"It's more than just saying it shouldn't be allowed. It's a real problem that will take ironing out from both sides. I'm sure it can be done and I'd jump at the chance to sit down with anyone to see what could be worked out."

It seems too bad that no one has as yet taken advantage of this offer and stormed the one major league portal that seems to be willing to swing open.

I have a letter, too, from S. W. Garlington, city editor of the Amsterdam News, who about says a mouthful. Listen:

"If we are to judge by America's favorite pastime, baseball, then we are not fighting the "super-race" (Nazis' claim), but have a "super-race" of whites in America . . . where a one-legged vet, a one-armed player and all forms of material for major leagues are welcomed for tryouts while Negroes, including those in excellent shape for big leagues, are given the old run-around."

"One wonders just what we are fighting for—especially when we notice the odious pussyfooting on the issue of "Negroes in the Majors." When we consider the obvious fact that Negroes are given their best breaks in the entertainment and sports field, the anti-Negro big league ban becomes an even greater disgrace to a nation calling itself a Democracy.

"I only wish Negro sports writers were as expressive in their interest to get Negroes in the majors. Seemingly, they are sabotaging the project with their silence. I wonder why?"

(Ed. Note: You have something there. I am not urging that the majors or organized baseball hire Negro players simply because they are Negroes. Naturally, they shouldn't. The real point is that they should use competent players, regardless of what their color. It seems passing strange that the papers are filled with stories about old guys and 'teen-aged kids playing ball this year because of the manpower shortage. I have nothing against them playing or getting a chance. I simply argue that the owners, who insist that talent is the only tell on what makes a big leaguer, should use the talent they know is there and disregard the fact that the fellow's skin is dark.)

And here's another one:

"May I, a southern white, add my encouragement and support in your campaign for democracy in baseball? I suspect that one of the most effective ways of bringing about racial democracy will be through the medium of play and sports.

"I am convinced (and ashamed) that the entrance of Negroes into organized baseball must come first in the North, but I believe that once it becomes an established custom it will gradually permeate through the south." (Gilbert A. Sanford, Montgomery, Ala.)

Odds & Endings: . . . Georg... (53) Mikan is a better than ordinary pitcher, may try the big show. His DePaul is a heavy favorite to whip Bowling Green in Monday's Invitation finals. . . . The officiating in the NCAA and the so-called Garden games is as different as the type of basketball played. Too quick on the blow in the NCAA.

¶ Nova and Baksi wind up the Winter heavy season at the Garden next Friday. After that the circus: write your own gag. . . . Mike Jacobs, by the way, will keep the Garden bright through the Summer again, holding only the real big shows at the Polo Grounds. I can't name you one big one right now, however.

¶ All the Park Dept. diamonds have been curried and combed and will be ready for baseball two weeks earlier than ever this year. No permits will be required until all are officially opened April 7.

—Joe Cummiskey

SCIENCE

Beginnings of the Mind

Arnold Gesell of Yale has studied baby behavior so long (since 1911) and so thoroughly that he is generally considered the world's best-informed expert on the child as father to the man. But Dr. Gesell has felt for some time that babyhood is much too late a point at which to begin the study of human behavior. Recently he has been studying the behavior of embryos and fetuses.* This week he published a fascinating report on "the beginnings of the human mind" (*The Embryology of Behavior;* Harper; $5).

Behavior in the Womb. Since Dr. Gesell's study method depends on constant observation and movies of his subjects, his attempt to investigate behavior in the womb presented difficulties. He solved the problem by using as subjects prematurely born babies and living embryos and fetuses surgically removed from the womb in emergency operations; at hand was an extensive collection of movies of fetuses by U.S. Anatomist Davenport Hooker. By examining closely their movements and physical make-up, Dr. Gesell got an almost continuous record of human development before normal birth.

¶ Four weeks: The embryo, though only a tenth of an inch long, already shows the ground plan of a human being. Blood vessels begin to form. The heart begins to beat.

¶ Eight weeks: Now an inch long, the fetus begins to acquire a face, mouth, eyes, ears, legs, arms, the specialized cerebral cortex cells which may mark the beginning of consciousness. At eight and one-half weeks the creature stirs for the first time, can be stimulated to reflex movement of its head and arms by tickling with a hair.

¶ Twelve weeks: It rotates its rump, flexes its trunk and neck, begins to develop an elaborate nervous system. At 14 weeks it raises its head and arches its back, rotates its trunk and opens its mouth when its back is tickled (*see cut*).

¶ 16 weeks: It blinks, moves first its upper lip, then its lower lip, swallows, moves its tongue, makes a clenched fist, begins to show individuality in facial features and profile.

¶ 20 weeks: It pouts, begins to straighten up, starts exercising its breathing muscles (it inhales liquid instead of air until it is born), becomes so active that its mother begins to feel a fluttering.

¶ 24 weeks: It hiccups, opens its eyes, is capable of a thin wail if born prematurely (but lives only a few hours).

¶ 28 weeks: If prematurely delivered now, it may live. Wrinkled as a crone, it drowses and yawns, never really wakes or sleeps soundly, sucks weakly, is capable of a faint squeak, grunt, bleat or wail.

¶ 36 weeks: It cries lustily when hungry, sleeps deeply, comes wide awake at intervals, takes notice of human faces, looks pleased when caressed, is soothed by handling, looks expectant when its bib is tucked in.

¶ 40 weeks: At this point, the birth date of a full-term baby, the new baby and a prematurely born baby conceived at the same time behave much alike, except that the latter, from practice, is slightly more efficient. After four weeks the normal and the premature babies are on a par.

Education or Just Growth? Dr. Gesell believes that all this throws a good deal of light on mental development. Much of what has been considered learning, he thinks, actually has nothing to do with education but is a natural, inevitable process of mental growth, progressing by predetermined stages independently of the environment. Thus, for an infant, he points out, banging invariably comes before poking, nouns before prepositions. And for a premature baby, the art of sleeping and waking, which is controlled by the brain, is developed not through experience but by the growing maturity of the mind.

As excited as a man standing on the threshold of a new world, Dr. Gesell thinks his pioneering study may lead to explanations of some of the "fundamental riddles of science"; *e.g.,* the nature of life, the meaning of genius, etc. Says he, quoting Samuel Coleridge: "This history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth would probably be far more interesting and contain events of far greater moment than all the three score and ten years that follow it."

* For eight weeks after conception, a human being is called an embryo; from then until birth, a fetus.



A 14-WEEK-OLD FETUS IS TICKLED (before & after)
Head up, back arched, mouth open.

Davenport Hooker

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YOUR HEALTH



DR. ALVAH R. JENKINS

By DR. ALVAH R. JENKINS

Man's great and never-ending problem is his struggle for survival. He must successfully meet his environment, his enemies, his food problems and the hazards to his young — or else he perishes.

As health is an essential factor in human welfare, its maintenance and protection are of the greatest importance.

A health problem becomes a public health responsibility whether it affects an individual or is a hazard to the general population. The field of public health includes the prevention and control of cummunicable diseases, the building of sewer systems, the inspection of dairies, public health nursing. The operation of tuberculosis and veneral disease clinics and maternal and child hygiene programs.

The Board of Health with its clinics, hospital, out patient department and all the other community health agencies carry on a continuous program of health education. Efforts are made to convey to the public an understanding of the prevention and cure of individual and community health problems.

During the past months of war many people have moved about — and in changing climate, environment, habits and contacts they have found many adjustments necessary. Added to this, we already have a shortage of physicians and nurses due to the needs of the armed forces. Not as much of the best medical care will be available and there may be greater need for it. The physical strain of production work, the nervous strain in the home and the changing of personal habits — all increase the risk of illness.

This situation is a challenge — to all Americans **to try to keep well!**

It is the responsibility of every person to be individually interested in his health and that of his neighbor. We must guard against the spreading of disease and must be constant in our efforts to keep our bodies strong.

The importance of food in keeping well cannot be over-estimated. Nutritional diseases constitute a great medical problem. With the shortage of certain foods and the need for more careful meal planning, many health and social agencies are expanding their programs to include classes in nutrition. Every person should take full advantage of every opportunity to aid in the fight **to keep well!**

Dr. Jenkins will answer questions on hygiene and health. Address Dr. Alvah R. Jenkins, The New Jersey Herald News, Newark, N. J.

BACK DOOR STUFF

This Is That Tip On Manpower Situation:

A whole lot of gum has been beat on the tip that there's a terrific manpower shortage, and most of it is on the hard issue put down by the chicks. If you fall in on the Mighty Dome (which is the right and hep action to lay on the place where the man picked 'em from a fishbowl), you'll hear the chicks and chippies and the fine young hens putting down a mad riff that Uncle took all their playmates and that it's so lonesome, they'd jump in the Potomac as quick as they'd drink a scotch and soda on the house or on that elderly man at the end of the bar who looks like he is alone. Then you fall back into the Big Red With The Long Stem where you pick up on a lot of hippy chicks spieling that "things ain't what they used to be" and that there ain't nothing in britches (except breath) for the fine green bananas and foxy browns to play with enty more. Out in Cleveland you hear 'em hollering the same chorus and in Detroit, it's most mad, the squawking, I mean.

Now the situation in the Mighty Dome is mostly a hard hype. Them chicks ain't putting it down straight. Around the Bengasi, the Caverns and the Bali are enough big, strong, strapping cats to launch the breakthrough on the Western Front all by themselves. And old man, there are swarms of 'em, most of whom haven't been identified with work since the early days when they "stomped" rice in the fields in South Carolina or picked peanuts on the pike 250 miles out of Winston-Salem in En See!!! Yet, the chicks still put down an unhip beef that there's a shortage of fellers and that they haven't got an escort, etc., etc., or somebody to buy them whiskey. In Harlem it's the same. The other night there were enough cats to form 22 separate battalions and on the sidewalk were enough to fill out a division. All big and husky lads with knotty legs, but with soft piano-player hands. Down Home the police put you in the house of countless slammers if your hands ain't bumpy and knotty on the inside as evidence that you work somewhere.

I'm convinced that the squealing of the chicks is a lot of jive. In the bar the other night, the cats outnumbered the chicks four to one and still more were coming in. It's really something to watch, too. How these lads mill around restlessly like a police haul from a Saturday night coon-can game in the bullpen Monday morning waiting for the man to call 'em before the judge Such another lookin' an' peepin' an' twistin' 'round No wonder Uncle said thumbs down on most of 'em! In the thick of front line fighting, cats like them would get everybody killed, looking around, shuffling and carrying on! And I must ask to be excused, old man. These cats ain't that unhipped as to be on that defense slave tip. A hard hustler don't go for that. No, indeed!! Let them studs who don't know no better, collar that early bright hype on the submarine route! These cats don't even wake up until 4 o'clock in the afternoon!

The chicks squawk, but nine out of every ten of 'em pick out the biggest, rustiest, and most shiftless of these cats as the "man in my life", banking of course, on the "life in my man!" In each case, the stud picked out is so well conked that he has headaches 18 hours out of the 24 and is building up for one during the six hours when he ain't got one. And these wartime conks that have the chicks jumping frantic are different from any on record. To begin with, the moss must grow long enough to curl at the ends. And the lye and ashes and bacon grease that goes into the "conk" can must be strong enough to turn locks of a nightclub red. These cats are so hard with it that they're conking their eyelashes and although there is more hair on bacon than on the upper chops of some of 'em, they're conking what they have there.

Now each of these aforementioned cats is long on the chirping tip and can either sing, carry a tune or look like somebody who can sing. And these studs are pegged down in cost cases and if not, they try to look athletic like retired prizefighters, and that is where that "my man must be big and strong" jive falls in. 'Tain't like that, home. Ain't no manpower shortage. They just ain't counted all these studs.

"DEAR DAN: Just a word or two from me to you. First of all, I want to thank you a million for all you have done for me since I came to the Apple. You have given me some mighty fine plugs in your column and I want you to know I think you are tops, not only to the boys and girls you know, but to a stranger. Well, Dan, I put the bars down for a while because I thought it best. I don't see no need to keep changing jobs, so that's why I've taken a job with the Bethlehem Steel Mills at Hoboken, N. J. I am working very hard, but I'll make it, I hope. But to my many, many friends, I'll be back behind the bar with some new cocktails that will really send you. As you know, Dan, I studied to be a lawyer, but instead of winding up at the bar, I wound up behind one. Way back as far as 1918 in Joplin, Mo., Connors Hotel wine cellar, I was mixin' 'em, so that is why I'll still say I'll be back because it's in my blood to be a barman and I mean, a damn good one. Thanks a million Your pal, Norvell H. (Minnesota) Johnson of Theresa, Jimmie Daniel Harris', and Broadway Palace."

BACK DOOR'S WEEKLY CLOTHESLINE: Sights of a Night-time:—The cab loads of chicks that are unloaded around 57th St., Broadway, 7th or 6th Ave., who "work" their way down to 42nd St. before they're ready for uptown and home again for good at 5 a. m. . . The chicks from downtown who come up one or two in a cab to 110th St., who "work" their way up to Washington Heights and catch the subway back to the Great White Way or to undefiled Brooklyn at 7:45 a. m. . . The increasing number of white GI's and officers who are finding Harlem isn't what its enemies claim it to be and that there is no ceiling nor penalty on a good time enjoyed in the right manner. . . And what's this about the ex-YMCA bigwig and the wife who is now living in Boston, leaving him here? Thus to Lt. John D. (ex-man-about-town) Silvera of the AAF who traveled many a mile to bring a gift to attractive Ida Page, junior USES WMC employment counselor? And is she still wearing the gold bar and Kappa pin? Duke Ellington bought a bathrobe for his man, Freddie Jenkins, now at Welfare Island, from the Duke's regular haberdasher, James up on 7th Ave. Thus to James (Sammy) Johnson it is on the right time more than ever, what with that ultra fine little hit song and the blue Lincoln Continental plus a roll minus bills under 50s!! William Franklin, Porgy in "Porgy and Bess", replaces Elwood Smith at Cafe Society, Uptown, next week. Ralph Metcalfe, now a lieutenant, in town. One of the greatest blues singers on a location job in NY is Rubberlegs Williams, chirping nightly at Tondelayos where Tiny (guitar) Grimes and his quartet with Joe Springer, piano, formerly of Gene Krupa's band; Eddie Nicholson, drums, and Jimmy (Bert Williams) Butts, bass, play that low, low music. Gladys Bentley continues as one of 52nd Street's biggest draws. Billy (Diane) Daniels, Norine (plenty piano) Tate, Tiny

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...De-O-Dee) Th... ...Jukebox must. Slim ... ...e Parisian Dance Palace on the main... swing quintet had em... ...t army captain from the islands got his stem. And reports are th... ...at 555. And the musical comedy singe... divorce from his wife who lived at 555. And the musical comedy singe... wasn't one of the two she was supposed to have been running ... with. G. Phil Williams can still brag that he has a bigger sup... Scotch than Sandy Burns, himself!! Ask George Seaborn. "A. J." at Bowman's along with Frency are starting a "Counselors Bureau" to tell lonesome chicks what should be done. And Willie Lewis at the LaMar Cheri is starting such a bureau in two weeks. Johnny (721 head man) Strickland and his boy, Arthur Johnson, have had theirs going for two months. They're giving instructions on how it operates. One of the top lads on the lush front is the Braddock's perpetual Louie The Mixer. He knows as many cats by full name as the Congressional sergeant at arms. And they all go for him, too. Is Mary Haymes out of the hospital? Phil Gomez, baritone singing sensation at Smalls', is a good bet for a musical comedy and might land such a spot, but soon. Dorothy Donegan at the Three Deuces in 52nd Street is a piano bombshell. She's mad.

AND NOW TO THE THIN MAN WHO SPIELS: "This is the mess you've got to light your pipe with and smoke. Jack, I smelled the mess and tipped up on this trash. Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson quit it for the GI zoot this past black and bossman Cootie Williams did the shove off honors. Our loss is Uncle's gain. Flowers to the ailing: Too bad, Dollar Bill, likeable host at Paddy's, is on the sick list. Myra Johnson, queen of chirpers, looking stunning and chic as usual. Hep Studs and Chicks and Stuff—What's the story behind Billy (Cash Life) Hill, Mary and the ex-GI Jive? The $64 Question: Whose getting the poke? Thelma (Miss Braddock) Simmons says her heart belongs to daddy, which might mean T. W. He's not for Pleasure Isle but for Treaure Isle. "Goody" Johnson says this time it's real. She and a salt water lad are most much. Harry L... and Bobbie are singing 'Love in Bloom'. A Good Deal. Connie Haze... one of Harlem's ace players, has the Braddock leaping nightly with He...y, holding down Dominic's old spot with the juice and the girls. Brother Boxhead had a minor operation. Tellin' It Like It Was —Little Jimmy Nicholas hits like Joe Louis, according to Mattie. And Shoebrush is the head man in many places. I wonder if Sy knows Juanita is at Frazier's and Mimi and Gertie are playing dead in the Bronx. Jack Boyd and Flap are on like mad at Minton's. Sh, sh, a slip of the lip and a square gets hip! The corner misses Pork Chops. Sippio and Joe Baker are playing the game along with New York Charley. Ditto Little Knox. Dug Harlem's ex-playboy Johnny Mack sharp in GI drape plus MP bands still playing. Heard Jeff Mumford is in Chicago and rich ain't the word. Ralph Smith and Dewitt are down with the grey action. AND THUS THE THIN MAN TIPS OFF."

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Many other foremost practitioners have had organized training. They have gone to acting schools, taken college playwright courses, learned in a formal way the many arts of stagecraft. In the theatre, as in music, painting or engineering, planned learning is much more efficient than the school of hard knocks.

Were Baker's Pupils.

Just one teacher alone—the late George Pierce Baker—had among his students Eugene O'Neill, the late Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, Edward Sheldon, Theresa Helburn, Robert Edmond Jones, George Abbott, John Mason Brown, H. C. Potter and many others of top rank in various fields.

Just one acting school alone, the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, numbers among its graduates Spencer Tracy, Edward G. Robinson, Joseph Schildkraut, Ruth Gordon, Betty Field, Margaret Linddon, Margalo Gillmore, Pat O'Brien say, Margalo Gillmore, Pat O'Brien and Rosalind Russell.

It is not just the Yales and Harvards and the New York acting schools which are turning out finished material. The community theatres have developed much material, some of which has come to the commercial stage, and almost any college, freshwater or highly endowed, has its drama courses.

One state university alone—Iowa—has helped train Tennessee Williams, who wrote "The Glass Menagerie," and Howard Richardson and William Berney, who did "Dark of the Moon" for Iowa first.

Money for training, whether it be for the National Theatre Conference or a Negro theatre, is

Rockefeller Cash Helps Expand Two Theatre Projects

By JOHN CHAPMAN

Two financial projects in connection with the theatre—one money-giving and the other money-hunting—merit attention. The gift is $155,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation to the National Theatre Conference; the hunt is for $300,000 for the American Negro Theatre in Harlem.

The National Theatre Conference is composed of directors of community and university theatres. The new Rockefeller money, which is to be spent over five years, will make possible an expansion of activity after the war. It will enable the Conference to give fellowships for the training of playwrights, directors and stage technicians, and to help college and community directors now in the service to find new work in their field.

This gift is an admirable one, for the stage, despite all its glitter and glamor, is a trade—and trades must be taught and learned.

There are few Cinderellas in the theatre. Many of its foremost practitioners—playwrights and stars—have had to learn their trade in the school of hard knocks. They have been born in dressing-room trunks, have run away from home to join medicine shows, have slugged hard but often alone, fought hard but often alone, and fought many successes are few, and many of the

...out j... ...ia ...e try- ...here the ...and the n... ...t in v... camp, al- ...gh she still fixe... ...:30 suppe... and duti- ...fully turns the gold over to him, sits ... with a vacant smile when some of the old gang ...r a short visit. Seems that she showed up at hon... too often and the jive about the door didn't sco... ...vear-old marriage, however, may still be salvag... ...aying it

...e Louis is due for two more str... ...e Army. Gertrude ell- and that designer of floral novelt...s are romancing most mad..., ... with a new bar he made for her home. Which brings up the ex... Ruth King and her venture into the life of song. Lillyn Ford ...gner, had a surprise cocktail party for her new son-in-law, the ...le Alfred (Al) Monroe of Chicago and the Chicago Defenders l... ...nday. Al married her petite young daughter. And what's this about ...e Pretty Little Thing quitting the big song and dance merchant sud- denly, declaring that the barbecue pit is that much better, after all, what with the Big Man From The South still in control with keys to pent- houses and plenty glamour all around!

Gilbert P. (Phil) Williams had a birthday party Friday night that took place simultaneously in both his swank taverns, the one at 2011 7th Ave. and the one at 2175 8th Ave. And since G. Phil is a getting around man, he shuttled back and forth all night, taking the rain in stride. All the good boys were on hand, too, to help Phil get one year older in one night. Ann Walton goes to Mexic... in November for six months. Maxine Sullivan is cracking records again at the Blue Angel. And what daughter of what socially prominent family was eased out of what high governmental agency job when an official of the agency saw her coming out of a midtown hostelry at 4 a. m. with a Naval bigwig? Seems that the official whose pigmentation is slightly discolored, making him a you-know-what, had been putting down a light, but no dice, hype on the chick himself, and when told that "I never go out with men unless my mother is along," beat it back to his office the next day to personally see that the pretty got the gate! Geraldine Over- street from Chicago has returned after a week or two as guest of Marian Ellis in the Bronx. And 'twas reported that much playing took place.

Eddie Mallory is polishing up his trumpet again. A prominent civil service socialite will shortly announce she is going to take an important job in Africa. The Palm Cafe, 125th Street's newest eatery, opened Wed- nesday night with a swarm of celebs at the bar and in the booths. Ralph (Braddock) Bastone and Ann of the Bronx Red Rose are the operators. Charlie (Rhumboogie Cafe) Glenn of Chicago made it a short one at the Theresa over the week-end. But Detectives Joseph Geeter, one-time Joe Louis bodyguard, and Bill Ewing, ex-Windy City athlete, decided Harlem was the answer to all their prayers. Babe Salters may take that Detroit job at the 88s. Eleanor Archer is coming back from D. C. to live here. She was once a Harlem Hospital secretary. Seems a shame that as good an actor as Louis Sharpe' isn't busy in the theatre, what with all these new Broadway breaks coming into being. And for that matter, what's wrong with Percy Verwayne and Jack Carter?

Thanks to Tondelayo and Johnny Levy, the party at Tonde- layo's famous 52nd St. playroom was most foxy. The place was loaded most of the morning, what with Mrs. Hattie Silverman of Variety Magazine; Mr. and Mrs. Andy Kirk, Galen (NBC-Blue net- work) Drake and his wife, Pauline, sister of the Chesterfield pro- ram singing sensation, Jo Stafford; Sgt. Joe Louis, Marlene Velasco, Constance Curtis, Dorothy Sullivan, Harold Belden, my secretary, Blanche Lawyer, Ernestine Jordan, Earl Best, Clark Monroe, and flocks of others about. The piano of Kenny Watts is little short of sensational and the lovely Norma Shepherd, boogie-woogie artist; sweet singing Billy Daniels, Svelte Ann Cornell and Gladys Bent- ley, clever comedienne, putting down some righteous entertain- ment. 'Twas truly great, Tondy and Johnny!!!

And when the G-Man caught the T-Man he also grabbed the Queen!!! And the unhappy chick who was sapped up so thoroughly by that tall, dark gent with the broad accent at the corner of 146th and 8th the other morning, had taken the gold he had given her to pay the rent to ball in all the holes-in-the-wall along the stroll, spending it on a girl friend!!! Which stimulates the observation that atop Sugar Hill in the afternoon many housewives spend a goodly portion of the afternoon in the hard ale halls sitting on the tall ones with four legs spending papa's hard-hustled Dead Presidents on the nose of this mudder and that 1,000- ... shot. After getting tricked thusly, they're usually ripe for hypes ...pped by sundry gentry of wolfish inclinations to retrieve a portion at ...least, of the Dead Presidents that went the way of all gold on the ...nags!!! Jean Jamison, wife of Wilmington, Delaware's famed Dr. "Juice" Jamison, was in town last week. Dotty Rhodes and Pearl Baines, the nightclub rosebuds, have a swank apartment on Central Park West. Luther (Plenty $$$$) White of Cleveland played quietly and politely on a short stop at Glamour Inn.

Una Mae Carlisle, darling of the keyboard, is a musical show stopper nightly at La Ruban Bleu on the East Side where she is currently appearing. Floyd Snelson is press agent for Tondelayo's. That crack GI swing orchestra at Camp Shanks headed by Sy Oliver and featuring such topnotchers as Buck Clayton, etc., has been split up because of Army transfers. Ruth Gleason, the Queen of Diamonds, fell in 52nd St. but right the other dark. Frank Godfrey has the right watch detail at Bowman's on St. Nicholas Pl. and is pulling in the crowds with that magnetic personality. Louis Jordan says he's trying to catch up with his wife whom he ...eased of getting into towns where the "Outskirts of Town" and ...u Is" genius is booked to play and giving sensational stories ... marital setup to the gazettes and then fading out of town ... next just before the band pulls in. Still one of the town's ...elies is schoolmarm Enid Jervis.

...any Burns at the Elks Rendezvous says that the opinion of him ...n a letter by Pvt. John L. (Little Johnnie) Smith was the most ...g thing he's ever read. Johnny wants Pvt. Smith to know that he's ... for him and is proud to know that the soldier has become a man. ...own at Smalls played hard at Yan...e Stadium all Summer. Now ...go to work. Lloyd Mitchell, the cr...ning cop, may start a police ...t. Count (YYY) Basie is headed this way which means that ...thing should be tagged and labeled for prompt identification as ...ial property. Dr. Freddy Carter is playing two-somes. So is Morgan ...g) Smith. Charley Greene wants his young. John Doles, the law- ...nay ask the real estate folks who manage 209 to put an awning in ... of the door so his clients won't get wet standing in the doorway or ...for...orn and resigned to fate when cloudbursts come this way. Evelyn

...for Chicago. Doris ... ...den illness necessitating trans- ...showered with telegrams, flowers, cards and ...rs and had countless visits from friends. She's an okay per- ...n, anyhow and deserves all she has received. Big Time Crip is still down with it. And Bill (Jock's Place) Garrett is taking care of all small begs as they should be taken care of. Which brings up Norvell (Minnesota) Johnson and the way he is putting it down for the boys on the stroll.

Robert L. (Uncle Bob) Douglas of the Rens likes those dinners especially if the check goes the other way as in the case of the lucky per- son who caught one of those 100-to-1 shots at the track and decided Bob needed a free feed. Freddy Jenkins is out of the hospital. S.-Sgt. Jack Oglesby, the arranger, is in Halloran Hospital. Phyllis Oliver is in Cali- fornia visiting her new grandchild. And long time no see Lt. Jay W. Clifford!!! Zeta Beale is mighty quiet, and when she's quiet, there's a good reason, or isn't there a good reason??? My Handbook on Harlem Jive is almost completely subscribed to before it comes out around the last of this month. Such an unprecedented demand!!! The first 1200 will be ...utographed. Soldiers are sending for it by complete companies; my GI ...uddies in the Aleutians, in New Guinea, in Australia, in Italy and in ...rmy posts in the Pacific swamping me with orders. Better get in, ole man, on this ace bundle of hypes!

Theatricals

Dunham's Creative Dance Ability Impresses Writer

By GWENDOLYN HALE

Returning to New York after thrilling the entire country and Canada with her breath-taking "Tropical Revue," Katherine Dunham captured the Century theatre recently. The great brainy ballerina deserves high praise for injecting an aesthetic quality to the jazz dance movements so popular to- day in America. Her archeologi- cal study in the West Indies veri- fied the fact that the various cul- tures of the New World have been enriched to no small degree by the native rites and dance rhythms of ancient Africa.

Miss Dunham is to be congratu- lated for maintaining a dance com- pany that works on a year 'round basis—something entirely new for the serious theatrical world. This is no mean accomplishment. The technique of the dancers is contin- ually being improved. There are daily classes covering primitive, modern and ballet movements, and the finest of all, the new funda- mental Dunham technique, which she believes challenges the dancer and integrates the audience through its projecting, pantomimic and creative quality.

The highlight of the evening was the three-part ballet, "L'Ag'ya," with its setting on Martinique dur- ing the 18th century. The ballet opens at Vauclin, a fishing village where the townspeople gather in the market place to barter their fish and fruits. Julot, the villian, upon being slighted by Alcide, the idol of the village and sweetheart of Loulouse, proceeds to intimidate the beautiful village porteresses. There follows a charming scene between the two sweethearts, Lou- louse and Alcide. Julot, jealous of the felicity shared by the two lov- ers, puts an end to their wooing by courting the attention of Lou- louse, who only exhibits disdain. Loulouse implores the impetuous Alcide to leave with her. Julot remains to ponder over an evil plan of revenge.

The next scene finds Julot wan- dering through the Zombie forest. The audience gradually becomes as frightened as Julot, for the eerie cries and the nightmarish shufflings and gyrations of the zombies are maddening. King Zombie does a bewitching dance composed of primitive movements brought from Africa to the New World. If one watches closely, one will detect a step or two popular in our American jazz world. The second act is climaxed by King Zombie presenting Julot with a "cambois," a voodoo love charm.

The last act begins with a scene of gaiety and festivity. Dashing village folk clad in colorful cos- tumes dance the Creole Mazurka or "Mazouk," and the dynamic Beguine. At the height of the ex- citement, Julot enters with his "cambois," which casts a spell on everyone, causing them to dance the "Majumba," a love dance of ancient Africa. As Loulouse falls more and more under its hypnotic power, Alcide impetuously breaks loose from its spell and challenges Julot to the Ag'ya, a fighting dance of Martinique. This is the most breath-taking moment of the ballet. The dance is composed of elaborate prancing, falling on both hands and kicking of feet in the air. It is fast and furious! Alcide, for a second, remains the victor. Attracted by some strange bars of music, he slowly turns and walks away from Julot and toward Lou- louse. Julot stealthily creeps to- ward Alcide and springs madly onto his back, breaking his neck as he carries him to the floor. In awe, the villagers shudder. Lou- louse slowly dies beside her sweet- heart of a broken heart. Loulouse is beautifully portrayed by Miss Dunham

Ag'ya was probably an outgrowth of the French Savatte, a dance done by kicking, or it might have been influenced by the Nigerian wrestling matches which were ac- companied by rhythm—rhythm ac- companiment being uniquely used in every native endeavor. Miss Dunham, during her study in Mar- tinique, made motion pictures of the native dances and folk art, and collected the main themes heard in the musical compositions writ- ten especially for this ballet by Robert Sanders and orchestrated by Martin Gabowitz, the conductor- pianist.

Miss Dunham shows her genius as a story teller not only in "L'Ag ya," but in "Flaming Youth, 1927." Helen Dowdy is a blues singer worthy of note.

"Rare Tonga," a Polynesian folk tale, can be appreciated from the orchestra for its lovely, subtle fa- cial and arm movements and from the far balcony for its artistic floor patterns. Beside being a swift - moving, exciting dance, "Choro," a 19th century Brazilian Quadrille, is marvelous from the standpoint of chorography. Syvil- la Fort, Lawaune Ingram, Len- wood Morris and Talley Beatty display their virtuosity as ballet dancers. "Tropics," better known as "the woman with the cigar," and "Bahiana" are two of Miss Dunham's most successful num- bers in which she ingeniously casts her coquettish eyes and gracefully moves to Latin Ameri- can music. "Promenade—Havana 1910" is gay and full of surprises. The Helen Dowdy quartet made to live again the once-popular "Strut- ters Ball."

Deserving special mention are Claude Marchant as the villainous Julot; Vanoye Aikens, the amiable Alcide; Roger O'Hardiena, Roi Zombie and for his performance

(Red Cross) Vaughan has seen everything from Baltimore to New Rochelle and is about ready for overseas again. And Ellen Binn, another goodlooker, but from Chicago, is back from India where she did a Red Cross stint for the past two years. Maxine Vann may open a chicken shack. Willie (LaMar-Cheri) Lewis plans to establish an "international house" to take care of his refugee friends, mostly femme.

Frank Lezama's Broadway Palace, first Negro-owned bistro on

210

CREATIVE VARITYPING SERVICE

200 Market St., Newark, N.J. MA 3-9437

Type font samples on our DSJ Varitypers

620-12A THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF twelve point Garamond style. This face was first designed in the middle of the 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

620-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE ten point Garamond style, leaded one point. This face was first designed in the middle 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾£¢*?,./

620-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE eight point Garamond style, leaded one point. This face was first designed in the middle of the 16th century. It still remains a popular face to- 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

620-7D THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE SEVEN point Garamond style, leaded one and half points. This face was first designed in the middle of the 16th century. Claude Garamond, a Frenchman, gave the printed 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

625-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE ten point Garamond Italic style, leaded one point. This face was first designed in the 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢?,./*

625-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE EIGHT point Garamond Italic style, leaded one point. It still remains a popular face today. This face was first designed in the middle of the 16th cen- 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢?,./*

600-12A THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF twelve point Bodoni Book Style set solid. Giambattista Bodoni, King of 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

600-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE ten point Bodoni Book Style leaded at one point. Giambattista Bodoni, King of Printers 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾£¢*?,./

600-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE EIGHT point Bodoni Book Style leaded one point. He was born at Saluzzo, Italy, in 1740. After spending his childhood in his father's print shop, he 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

840-12B THE NEW DSJ MONASTERY type has been designed by Director of Typography, Mr. Bently Raak. A type suitable for 1234567890 '#$%–&'()½@†£¢*?,./

690-10D THIS IS A SAMPLE OF TEN POINT NEWS Gothic Condensed style, leaded one point. The new census gives us a new sense of proportion. We are a 1234567890 '$%–&'()½†¼¾◆*?,./

740-8D THIS IS A SAMPLE OF EIGHT POINT Sans-Serif Style, leaded one point. The clean vigorous quality of this type face is the delight of the advertising lay-out man. Where he wants to convey a feel- 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

720-10B THIS IS SAMPLE OF TEN POINT SAN-SERIF Style, leaded one point. This type, with its clear strong characters is a 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾£¢*?,./

650-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Alexandria Light Style, leaded one point. This is an ideal catalog type, easy 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

650-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF EIGHT point Alexandria Light Style, leaded one point. This is an ideal catalog type, easy to read and attractive to the page layout. Catalogs are the 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

650-6D THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF SIX POINT Alexandria Light Style, leaded two points. This is an ideal catalog type, easy to read and attractive to the page layout. Catalogs are salesmen, and like salesmen, must adequately present the product and descri 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

680-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Garamond Bold Style. This face was first designed in the middle of the 16th 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

685-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Garamond Bold Style Italic. This was first designed in the middle of the 16th 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢?,./*

630-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Bookman Style. Typography is architecture and the typographer is the architect 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

630-6D THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF SIX POINT Bookman Style, leaded two points. Typography is the architect and typographer is the builder who uses the type faces and composes his works of art. He is versatile for he is both artist and technician. This truly 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

635-10 THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Bookman Italic Style, leaded one point. His blueprints are called layouts, a 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾£¢?,./*

We also have on hand for your convenience, Foto-Type and Art Type for larger headings and display. Complete layout ready for camera. Varityping, ruling and paste-up.

660-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point Sans-Serif Medium Style, leaded one point. Where the advertising man wants a 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

660-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF EIGHT point Sans-Serif Medium Style, leaded one point The clean vigorous quality of the Sans-Serif is the delight of the advertising lay-out man. On 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

660-7D THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF SEVEN POINT Sans-Serif Medium Style, leaded two points. The clean vigorous quality of the Sans-Serif is the delight of the advertising lay-out man. Where the advertising 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½ fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

665-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF EIGHT Sans-Serif Medium Italic Style, leaded one point. The clear, strong characters are easily deciphered and produce a well-balanced con- 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢?,./*

670-12A THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE twelve point San-Serif Bold Style. The clean vigorous quality of this letter is 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

670-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF TEN point San-Serif Bold Style. The clean vigorous quality of this letter is the delight of 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

670-8C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE EIGHT point San-Serif Bold Style. Where the advertising man wants to convey a feeling of strength and simplicity the Sans-Serif type is employed in the 1234567890 'fl¾D$–&'()½fi¼ff¢*?,./

675-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE ten point Sans-Serif Bold Italic. Where the advertising man wants to convey a feeling 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

800-10B THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE TEN POINT COPPERPLATE STYLE. ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET PLUS 1234567890 '#$%–&'() ½ @¼ ¾£¢*?,./±+–=

800-5C THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE SIX POINT COPPERPLATE STYLE. ALL THE ▲◯◗'□■◻†‡÷§★"♦●⊕◆^;±+–=×"◻ˆˆ-

1234567890 '#$%–&'() ½ @¼ ¾£¢*?,./

800-2D THIS IS A SPECIMEN OF THE SIX POINT COPPERPLATE STYLE, LEADED TWO POINTS. ALL THE LETTERS OF THE APLPABET PLUS ▲◯◗'□■◻†‡÷§★"♦●⊕◆^;±+–=×"◻ˆˆ-

1234567890 '#$%–&'() ½ @¼ ¾£¢*?,./

640-9B THIS IS A SAMPLE OF NINE point Tribune News Bold Style. The type styles shown on this sheet are indicated by 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

640-7½C THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE Seven and one-half point Tribune News Bold style. The type styles shown on this sheet are indicated by a style name and number. 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

610-9B THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE NINE point Tribune News Style. This type combined with the Tribune News Bold style will 1234567890 'fl$%–&'()½fi¼¾ff¢*?,./

760-8C FRACTIONS

¼ ¾ ½ ⅓ ⅔ ⅛ ⅜ ⅝⅞ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 ⅛ ½ ⅓ ¼ ⅕ ⅙ ⅐ ⅛ ⅑

1/16 3/32 7/64 9/16 23/64

Samples of standard types.

229 This is a sample of the type

270 This is a specimen of the type

226 This is a sample of the type

380-10 This is a sample of the type

361-7½ This is a sample of the type

260-9 Standard elite on vari-typer

225 This is a sample of the type

180L This is a sample of the type

James Melvin Entertains Guest From British Guiana

NEWARK--The beautiful and palatial home of James Melvin, of First street, was the gala scene of a party, last Monday night, Labor Day, in honor of Miss Doris Bowling, of British Guiana. During her two week's stay in Jersey the visitor was the guest of Mrs. Lovey Hatcher of Jersey City. This marked Miss Bowling a first trip to the good ole U.S.A.

A beautiful bouquet of fresh cut flowers was presented to the honoree by charming and petite young Jeanne Melvin. 'Herman," proprietor of the Piccadilly Club and his entire show provided the guests with an enjoyable program.

Among the guests present were Miss Martha Quill, Mrs. Louise Hatcher, Miss Dorothy Miller, Mrs. Mary Smith, al lof Jersey City; Mrs. Mae Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Whittaker, Howard Walker, of Newark; iss Othilla Brown, of Montclair; Miss Mabel Burke, of Newark; and Mrs. Leila Ali, of Jersey City. The party was given by Oliver Porter.



Friends from all over North Jersey gather around lovely Miss Doris Bowling of British Guiana who was feted at a party last Monday night. This was the visitor's first trip to the United States.

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KODACHROMES BY HOWARD S. REDELL



sun and sand . . . It is a coincidence that summer begins on Father's Day this year. But why not take a cue from the date? Beach life begins with a pair of swim trunks and it goes on with colorful apparel like the portrayed: Cross-striped lisle sport shirt or jacket shirt; corduroy slacks; ribbon belt; beach hat and sun glasses; anklet socks and moccasins. Remember, Uncle Sam wants everyone in good physical condition.

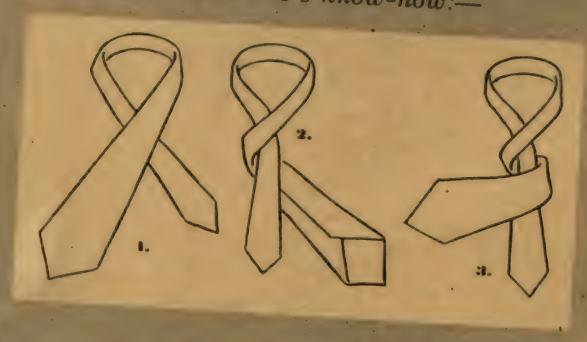
Knotty Problems

Is That Cravat On Straight? Just Try These Simple Instructions and Those Puzzling Loops Will Be Easier For You

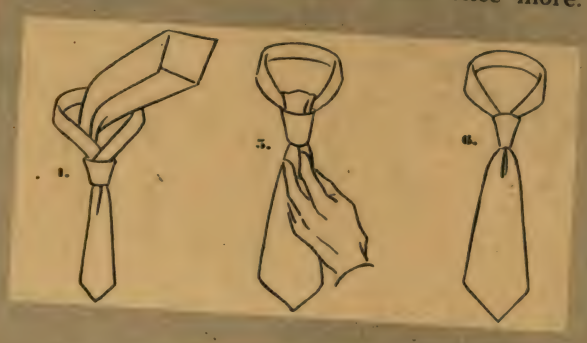
From time immemorial, men have had trouble with their neckties. And—though most of us have mastered the job of tying a simple four-in-hand—we now have some new problems!

There's the trick of putting a perfect *dimple* in your tie—if you're really careful about your attire. There's the comparatively-new, and extremely popular, Windsor Knot—which takes a lot of tieing! And then, the Bow Tie!

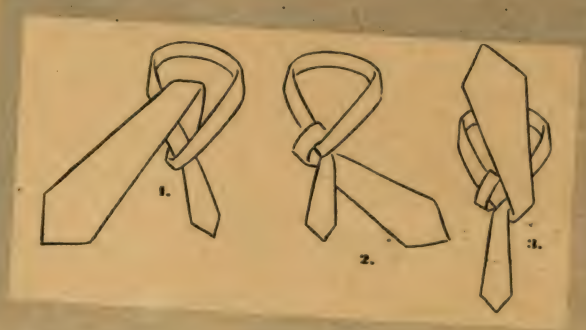
Actually, they're all simple—if you know how. And here's PIC's *know-how*:—



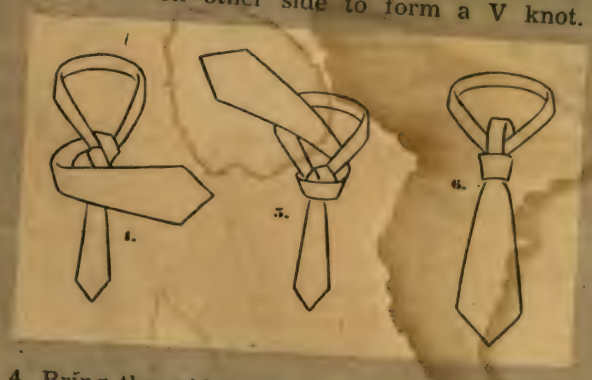
THE FOUR-IN-HAND. This is a simple one! 1. Cross long wide end over short end . . . 2. Bring wide end around and in back of short end . . . 3. Then bring it over once more.



Now for the final touches. 4. Bring wide end up through the center—forming the preliminary knot . . . 5. Pull long end down through loop, forming groove under knot *(the dimple)* with index finger . . . 6. Pull long end tight—and you'll have a perfect tie.



THE WINDSOR KNOT. This is a bit more involved—but simple, once you've learned it. 1. Start with the wide end about 12 inches longer than the narrow end. Loop wide end over as shown . . . 2. Bring wide end around and in back of short end . . . 3. Then up and over on other side to form a V knot.



4. Bring the wide end around and over front in normal manner . . . 5. Then up again through center . . . 6. Pull down through outer loop forming dimple with the index finger—and there you are!

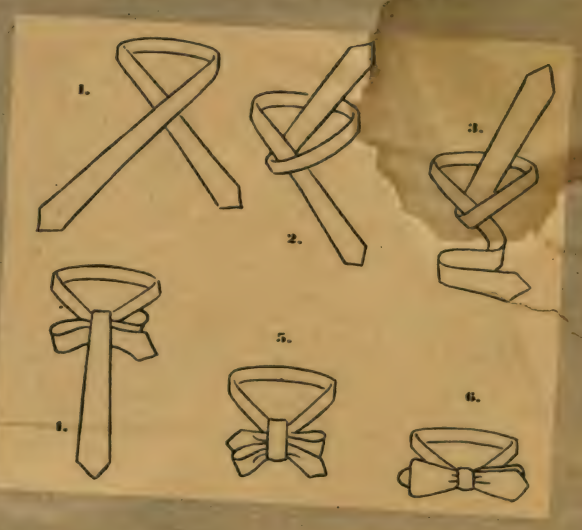
* * * *

That takes care of the four-in-hands—and we now come to the bow ties!

If you can believe the cartoonists, the gag men and the movies—it's a rarity when a man knows how to tie a bow.

Yet it's no more difficult than any other kind—once you've gotten the knack of it.

Herewith—the "knack":—



THE BOW TIE. 1. Have one end of the tie 1½ inches longer than the other—with longer end crossed over the shorter . . . 2. Then—under and over to form a knot at the collar . . . 3. Form a loop from short end and hold firmly between thumb and index finger . . . 4. Drop long end down and over previously-formed loop. Slide long end under index finger to hold in place . . . 5. Work long end through opening at back of thumb to form rear loop, holding front loop snug in the meantime . . . 6. Put fingers through loops and tighten, adjusting until ends are even. Voila!

Saturday, December 20, 1947

Dizzy Gillespie To Play At Graham Bldg. Xmas Nite

All the world of Be-Bop will be at the Graham Building on Christmas Night to hail the King of Be-Bop, Dizzy Gillepsie, when he brings his sensational band here for a one night stand.

Dizzy has always been a strong favorite in Newark and his famous Be-Bop rhythm has an appeal that seems irrestible to all those who have been Dizzy Gillepsie fans over the years.

It will be a glorius puletide affair with Dizzy and his antics giving out with Christmas cheer in their best style. About 2,000 of his subjects are expected to be on hand to pay honor to their King when King Dizzy and his boys come into town Xmas night.

Success Story Of Two Bro



The above photo shows the fine sets of trucks owned and operated by the Greater New Jersey Newsdealers Company readying to deliver the leading colored weeklies and magazines to anxious readers throughout the state. Thisis only one of the several successful business ventures of the Lowther brothers shown in inset. Left, Avant Lowther and, right, Augustus Lowther.

The attention of many people of New Jersey has been attracted by the recent appearance of three new delivery trucks bearing the name of the "Greater New Jersey Newsdealers". These trucks, a Chevrolet, Dodge and International are owned by the Lowther brothers who operate a newspaper and magazine distributing business which has grown into the largest of its kind in the State.

A chance meal in a local restaurant started the Lowther brothers in business. They dropped into a restaurant at 228 Charlton street one day for lunch and became impressed with large patronage the place enjoyed but the lack of food the proprietor had in his place. Their keen judgment told them that here was a place that could be made into a paying proposition under the right management and so they made an offer to buy the restaurant which was accepted.

The G & A Eat Shop became their first business venture and it immediately began paying dividends. The profits were used to buy a building at 131 Bergen street and they took the bottom floor to open their second enterprise the G & A Confectionery Store. Both businesses are thriving investments and are operated upon a highly efficient and successful basis.

Th brothers were handling about 150 colored newspapers in their two places and began seeing the possibilities in the sale of Negro newspapers as their sales increased to over 600 in a few weeks.

Mrs. Moses Hall, who took over her late husband's distributing business upon his death, was approached by the brothers and agreed to sell them the business. They organized the "Greater New Jersey Newsdealers" and began a business that seems destined to develop into the biggest of its kind in the East.

The Lowther brothers, Avant and Augustus, then purchased three trucks and instituted the system of having their drivers distribute the papers and magazines and they followed up to make the collections. In this way they were able to speed up the distribution of papers by as much as 36 hours in some cases. From a beginning of handling 150 papers they now distribute 28,000 weekly besides eight leading colored magazines.

The Lowthers hail from Edentown, N. C. Avant and Augustus both graduated from Edenton High High School and then Avant attended A & T College in Greensboro, N. C. from which he graduated in 1942. In the meantime the family moved to Newark in 1938 and upon graduation Avant came here and was employed in the Bart Laboratory in Belleville until he started upon his successful business career.

Avant is married to Doris Smith of Norfolk, Va., while Augustus is wedded to Pearline Richardson of Orange, Va. The wives work hand in hand with their husbands with Avant's wife operating the restaurantw hile Augustus' wife handles the confectionery store. They are fine business women whose charming personalities have won them hundreds of friends and customers.

When asked their formula for success the brothers modestly replied, "hard work, the efficient guidance of our mother, Mrs. Maggie Lowther and the splendid cooperation of our wives". It certainly has worked wonders with two fellows who started in business two years ago.

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Letter From Paris

By Corporal Eugene Levine

PARIS (Special) — A visit to Paris is incomplete unless you have seen the Montmartre — that beautiful section of Paris, with its exciting atmosphere, its colorful cafes, the Follies Bergere, the Moulin Rouge — is the jazz center of Europe. In the Montmartre gather the best jazz musicians in Europe: Alex Combelle, Django Rheinhardt, Jerry Mengo. It was there that I discovered Henry Watson.

I found Mr. Watson at the Cafe known as "Le Bon Jazz," a delightful place off the avenue de Montmartre. I was attracted to this place by a large billboard that stood at the entrance and bore a photograph of Watson's lively face beneath which were the words, "Nou presentons ici M. Henry Watson et son Blues Americans." (We are now featuring Mr. Henry Watson and his American Blues.)

"Le Bon Jazz"

Entering "Le Bon Jazz" I was greeted by the rythmic strumming of a guitar. A full rythm section picked up the beat, followed by a rich sounding trumpet and a full toned sax. They were playing the late Fats Waller's "Honeysuckle Rose."

"Le Bon Jazz" is a cozy place — tastily furnished, it is very similar in appearance to the many night clubs that can be found along New York's 52nd street. It was quite crowded; the patrons were eager and they were enjoying each note of music that was being produced by the polished six piece aggregation. I found a table that was favorably located near the stage. The band was now playing Basie's "One O'clock Jump." When they concluded this number, the guitarist, the only colored member of the outfit, stepped up to the microphone. This was Henry Watson.

Singing the Blues

"Sent for you yesterday and here you come today," he sang forcefully in English. "Yes, I sent for you yesterday and here you come today." His voice was mellow and clear. The Parisian audience enthusiastically received him; they demonstrated their approval with cheers, whistles and hand claps.

"I hate to see the evenin' sun go down"—Henry did justice to Will Handy's immortal "St. Louis Blues.'" I especially enjoyed the manner in which he phrased his singing. His vocal style is definitely unique: It contains the exuberance of Jimmy Rushing, the humor of Eddie Vinson, the profundity of Josh hWite. His guitar playing is accomplished and is similar to that of the incomparable Al Ca

The Blues Abr

For his finale Henry an original composition "The Champs d' Elys The lyrics of this novel and refreshing; is a clear variation o ard blues. When He stage the Parisian cr ed and screamed, "Vi bon chanter!"

During the intermi vited Mr. Watson to troduced myself to found him eager to born on Lenox ave York City," he sa to play the twelve and at a job aboard a tran atlanti ury liner and in 137 foun self in Paris. I've been here ever since — worki various cafes, playing occas ly with the Quintet of th Club of France."

The War and Jazz

He told me that during t cupation, Paris was not dis very much by the Germans tolerated the playing of can jazz to a certain they considered it a mea and degenerate form of Most of the jazz aggregatio banded during these yea Henry, for fear of bein cuted by the Nazis, wen ing, aided by several friends. As soon liberated, jazz b lar than ever. its America beca

'S CHATTERINGS

S O. OPINION S ay night June 16th e loneliest night in . . . From all indica- one approached is ac- our gal Sally's invite to Chapter Lambda Mu's f Surprises" . . . Invita- w in the mail . . . If you receive yours . . . please Ma 2-9799 . . . Altho limit- nber of guests have been . . we still want as many riends to enjoy this affair le . . . You are promised long to remember . . . rises galore . . . Good espite rationing) . . . and ng but the best entertain- for the folks who assist Sally in making this a super gala ffair.

CONCENSUS OF OPINION IS . . . our town should know about . . . The successful operation at Medical Center which now finds lovely "Buddy" VanBlake Kenton etly recuperating at home (did u send a postal?) . . . The tons, So Munn ave. (pret- proud parents of an- . . . Pretty Zeno- oodlooking Ollie the family ad- nair Dr. Bruce ed will take one ettiest lassies a necking for the Delores Jones Ray nice setting for lame (likewise her r hubby) . . . hmm . . . nice going m'friends e "fer" it all the way . . . lbur Armstead (Merchant back from seven seas . . . g notes with our beloved ark Hanna home on 30 ough from Fletcher Genl. (slightly limping . . . but e worse for European war nces) . . . Our charming d guest Sgt. Alyce John- Philly (stationed at Dix) over spontaneous con- y of our friends . . . Af- Dr. William A. Kellar be- in good business enter- has taken over the well drug store of the late Dr. ohnn (Spruce & Somer- st) . . . and pretty Mrs. other Sat assisted by ous son were ably e customers . . . while oc carried on at his shed West Kinney st.

CONCENSUS OF OPINION IS . . . the lassies of our town will ne'er grow tired of Fashion shows (oh well what lass doesn't love a good clothes show) . . . So Mt. Zion Bapt Church t'other night thro auspices of Usherettes . . . with charming Mrs. Brown (becomingly attired in lovely canary yellow cotton suit . . . which she didn't model) as Presider . . . and pretty Ruth Walker chairlady of arrangements . . . had your gal Sally down to do a job of emcee-ing some very fine frocks and models.

AMAZING ASPECT OF MT. ZION . . . is 10 p. m. considered good time to get under way with any sort of entertainment . . . However weren't too many models . . . so we didn't tarry too late . . . All the lassies were prettily gowned . . . Little Audrey Mason opened the show . . . modelling elaborate 1875 creation (great, great grandmom's frock) . . .followed by cutiest little lass in many a month by baby Lana Brewer(double white pique pinafore) . . . Frances Sims suite femme fatale in exquisite pale blue satin house coat interwoven with pale pink folwers . . . Anna Mitchell stole part of the show in snazzy victory garden overalls and accessories . . . Asie frodm modelling pretty frocks Margee McClammy . . Betty Johnson and Mrs. Givens displayed beautiful veiling and flowers (hats created pastel colored hats with scads of by Sadie VeNey ... Ruth Johnson's black dressy topper something to rave about . . . Pearl Ingram's gray sport suit a honey . . . Pretty dimpled cheeked Ernestine Galloway exquisite canary yellow tulle eve gown . . . Little Dolores Reed white tulle eve gown . . . Voluptuous Janie Walker pink taffeta gown topped with exotic raspberry shoulder cape . . . Climaxing the show lovely Rosey Green (peaches and cream complexion . . . erect carriage . . . with her 59 years resting so easily on her shoulders) . . . stole the promenade in scintillating cocoa brown bouffant skirted tulle eve gown held with fuschia colored velvet shoulder straps . . . topped with chinese hip length jacket.

Twin's Restaurant, Duncan Cleaners, m, Cut-Rate Cleaners, L. D. Flippins s Cleaners, Raveneau's Tailoring, John Estate Brokers, Elm Pharmacy, Walker's tta Kemp School of Dance, The Crown & Jones Luncheonette, Glenclair Cleaners, Cole's Express;

ton C. Clark;

Beauty Shoppe, St. George's Tavern, Bar & Grill;

arnegie Hall;

Tavern;

lub, Jimmy Copeland;

Tom Neal;

& Shaw Agency, Pee Wee's Shoe Cleaners, Jimmy Simmons Cleaners, Third Ward Mr. Prosper Brewer, J & M Rotisserie Cleaners, Boyd Casino, ElMorocco Dining & Grill, The Owl Club, Durham's Alcazar, t's Tensorial Shop, American Shops, The nkie Young, The Greater N. J. News Ia Fashion Shop, Dodgers Grill and the ld News.

W. B. Chambe

Deacon N.

Mail sent out?

Dr. Andrew V. Morris Lauds Voters

DR. ANDREW V. MORRIS, A CANDIDATE for the City Commission extends his felicitations and admirations to the 9,289 voters, heralded and unheralded, both colored and white, who believed that Negro representation was essential to bring about a real democracy in Newark. Congratulations, Third Ward, because of being race-conscious, I led the other 22 candidates. Out of 4,895 votes casted in the Ward I received 2,606. In 1941 received 3,143 and the high man, Mr. Franklin (white), received 5,103 votes. This shows a procrastination in registrations and transfers on the part of the colored citizens. There should be 10,000 votes in the Third Ward at every election. As a minority group we owe this to our children and the unborn generation if we are to keep abreast with the other groups. This will mean a "Block Campaign" having zealous key workers in every colored section of the city to just check and re-check on the voter.



I take this opportune time to express my special appreciation to Charles Matthew Democratic Third Ward chairman, who, because h d the courage of his conviction and because of his racial integrity, had the fortitude to belt the party demands to stand firm behind his race candidate and issues that he thought would benefit the minority groups. Mr. Matthew, you may be criticized by some but your stand was courageous and will be lauded by the majority. For Prosper Brewer, Republican Third Ward chairman, it is most pathetic that he lost the vision and a golden opportunity to glorify the colored citizens of Newark by supporting the only Negro candidate. Mr. Brewer was not big enough to let racism override a personal petty difference of past years. The fallacy of Mr. Brewer, to support a Negro candidate who is not solely interested in their own political aspiration but the race, puts me in a quandary or state of perplexity as I from a retrospective view see nothing tangible that Mr. Brewer has achieved in Newark, especially the Third Ward, for the colored citizens for the betterment of their economic and social conditions. Doesn't he realize that no individual can rise any higher than his race regardless to his own economic or social standing? Mr. Brewer, in his snap judgment, must be patterning other candidates after his own political rise. Therefore he should realize that not being the criterion for the Negro citizens, he should emerge from the canyon of ignorance, selfishness and ablivion, ascend the Hesperian hills, imbibe of the morning fresh dew drops of experience, progress and integrity after which he may take a prospective gaze at the new light on the horizon—"Racial Faith."

To the Colored citizens. You can't afford to try and put all the candidates in office at the expense of your own. The Italians out of 5,396 votes in the First Ward gave the Italian candidate over 4,000 votes, other non-racial candidate highest 2,497. The Irish in the 13th Ward out of 16,798 votes gave the Irish candidate 10,000 votes, other non-racial candidate highest 4,065 votes. The Jewish vote in the 9th Ward gave the Jewish candidate 12,506 out of 19,680 votes, other candidate the highest Mayor Murphy 9,716 votes. Negro votes of the Third Ward 4,805 votes gave colored candidate 2,605 votes, other candidate highest 2,357 votes. Note the ratio of solidarity for racial candidates of the other groups. We can and we must elect a Negro candidate, but as Mr. Brewer stated in one of his seven-point program two weeks ago, we must register, transfer and educate the Negro the importance of the ballot as to his economic and social status in the community.

To the Clergy. I wish to commend you for the zealous and charitable spirit exhibited as you so graciously invited to your pulpits or who so ardently kept my candidacy constantly on your lips entreating your congregations every Sunday to give first thought to Negro candidate. Thanks to your good members who kept me well informed of your conscious teachings on racial unity.

To the Professionals and Business Men who so generously donated from $100 to $400 into the coffers of the white candidates and nothing to your own and those whose brains are so drafted to think a Negro commissioner is 50 years premature. The laymen feels that you should, because of your education, guide their destiny. You earn your just reward an ignominious defeat with the candidate and colored citizens as no individual can rise any higher than his race regardless to how high his immediate station is in life.

The book is closed. Let us look upward because true success only come through a series of failures.

Mr. Howard L. Jones, campaign manager, thanks his many friends and co-workers for their never-firing support.

Campaign Expenses ....$1,483.25 Contributions $1,400.00

Crispus Attucks Assn., $200; Howard L. Jones, $150; Churchmen's Funeral Home, $150; Mr. and Mrs. A. Augustus, $75; Miss Lucille Augustus, $25; Mr. Enright (white), $25; Beckett's Funeral Home, $50; Civil Liberties Assn. of Newark, $75; Morris Boosters Club, $200; Nathan Rubin (white), $25; Atty. Mercer Burrell, $25; Atty. Anthony Giuliano (white) ,0; Mr. Ellenworth Goldsborough, $25; Mr. Robert Goldston, $25; Mr. R. J. Plowden, $25 Jr. Samuel Percely (white), $50; Mr. Jas. Faulks $5; Mr. Sonny Banks, $5; Mr. Sylvester Stuard, $15; Mrs. Rita Cornell, $5; Dr. T. L. Delany, $25; Dr. J. O. Hill, $10; Mr. Dannie Douglas and friends, $25; Mrs. Blanch Payton $5; Mr. Matthews Williams, $5; New Jersey Record, $75; Afro-American (N. J. office group), $25; Mr. MacCullon (N. J. Afro. manager), $10; Mr. Lee (N. J. Telegram), $25; New Jersey Choir Union, $5; Mrs. Rosemond Marrow, $10; Mrs. E. Cook, $5; Mrs. Geneiver Syles, $5; Mr. Jas. Lindsey, $5; Mr. Carlton Brewer, $5; St. John's Baptist Church, Rev. Flemmings, pastor, $5; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lockett, $25; Mr. L. J. Lawrence, $10; Mrs. Mitty Curry $5; Mrs. Ella Moncur, $25; Rev. Daniel Smith, $5; Mr. M. Johnson, $10; Mr. R. F. Lewis, $5.

...ss Men Move ...prove Harlem

...ed for postwar planning even down to the lowest ...fficers of the Uptown Chamber of Commerce, have ...cout the task of developing a program designed to ...unemployment in the Harlem area.

Chamber officers see it, is divided into two phases:

...for qualified ... business esta... ...ut the city.

...y industries to ... give employ... ...groes.

...se ... the problem ...been getting attention from ...Chamber's Committee for the ...vement of Race Relations.

...s was revealed by Col. Leo... ...Philipp, president of the ...mber, in disclosing that a ...ommittee on employment, ...ed jointly by William Sachs, ...achs Quality Furniture Co., ...Frank N. Grosswaith chair... ...of the Negro Labor Commit... ...have be...n "sounding out large ...town employers with the view ...d getting them to adopt a ...y of employing colored work...

Fights Jim Crow

...he Anti-Discrimination Com... ...will help Negroes get jobs ...over the state," Colonel Philipp ..., "but we like to feel th...t quali... ...colored workers will ...e hired ...a matter of policy ...nd not ...ed on unwilling pathology by a ...e Agency.

...ontinuing, Colonel Philipp said, ...r informal discussions so far lead ...o believe that we shall be able ...make substantial headway by ...ing this policy. It is aston... ...how many large employers ...sympathetic to the pleas ...achs for fair play for ...kers."

Prepare Pamphlet

...Philipp also disclosed ...phlet on Negro employ... ...distributed to down... town manufacturers, wholesalers and distributors by Harlem retailers, is in preparation. It is believed this pamphlet will open many additional avenues of employment for Negroes.

The SECOND PHASE of the problem, that of inducing large industries to locate in Harlem, has been engaging the attention of the Chamber for the past year; Colonel Philipp declared.

He said that he and other officers of the organization had discussed the matter with Benjamin H. Gordon, with representatives of the U. S. Department of Commerce and others. He seemed confident that concreter results would be obtained as soon as large industries are given the green light to reconvert.

To Encourage Industry

The colonel mentioned specifically the garment industry as one which could have advantageously locate in Harlem. The needle trades have outgrown the available space in the Midtown section, and since they already employ thousands of Negroes, it would be logical for them to expand in Harlem, he pointed out. Such a move would also help relieve the terrible congestion in the present Garment Center, he added.

George W. Harris, president of the Association of Trade and Commerce, said his organization is working on similar plans.

• MUSIC •

By Nora Holt

Songs Of The Nations

The memorable words of President Truman on V-E Day, dedicating the nation to pray for our fallen heroes and rejoicing with our allies in the defeat of Nazidom and liberation of the oppressed peoples of Europe, together with his proclamation making May 13 the Day of Prayer, was followed by the National Anthem—The Star Spangled Banner. It is hoped no one heard this solemn declaration of peace and the resolve to conquer the enemy in the Pacific, without standing as the marital strains of our national song came over the air. Surely it was a soul-stirring moment and typifies how closely related to music are the human emotions expressed in war, peace, triumph or defeat.



Nora Holt

Patriots sing their national songs under all conditions. They strengthen the spirit to withstand adversities or commemorate victories. They serve in normal times as a reminder of allegiance to the country of one's birth, fill the heart with a feeling of service to mankind and contribute to the festivities of conviviality necessary to bind and hold a nation together.

Our National Anthem

The Star Spangled Banner goes back to 1814 when Hon. Francis Scott Key wrote the poem during an attack and bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. Every school child knows the full story. Although the music is claimed as French, it was known in England and America as, To Anacreon in Heaven, a song of the Anecreontic Society of London whose patron saint was the Greek poet Anacreon—a gay old dog who wrote of wine, women and song and finally choked to death on a grape stone. Mr. Key is tabulated in music history as a distinguished citizen who not only wrote this fine poem, but many others before he died in 1846. Admiral Dewey declared it our national anthem at the time of the Spanish War, officially confirmed later.

Song of Liberty

The Song of Liberty was written by Mrs. Mary Warren, wife of General James Warren of Plymouth, Mass., and is cited as the first native composition set to music and published, according to Moore's Encyclopedia of Music dated 1850. It was popular throughout the colonies and the chorus read: "In Freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live; Our purses are ready, Steady friends, steady; Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we'll give." It was published in an almanac at Boston, 1769. In 1770 a new version was given in Bickerstaff's Almanac with changed verse and the title, "The Massachusett's Son of Liberty."

The British Anthem

Of all national anthems, God Save The King, is the most widely known and used in the British Empire; in Germany as Heil dir in Siegerkranz; and in this country as America. Concerning the author and composer, opinions differ. It is generally assumed that Dr. John Bull, born about 1563, was the composer. But Henry Carey, writer of poems and songs, who wrote Sally in Our Alley, was credited with creating it, according to his own admission. Beethoven used the melody in his Battle Symphony and Weber introduced it in his cantata and Jubel Overture. The music of God Save the King first appeared in a book published in Philadelphia, 1761, by James Lyons, A. M., entitled Urania, containing 216 pages of Psalm Tunes, Anthems and Hymns. Later the words of America were written to the English music by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith in 1832. The same year Lowell Mason gave it the first public performance.

National Hymns

One of the most inspiring of national anthems is the French Marseillaise, words and music by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. The original title was: Song of War for the Armies of the Rhine. It was later heard at a civic banquet at Marseillaise and sung by troops as they entered Paris in 1792. Thus it received the name of La Marseillaise. Among our allies we hear the stirring marching song of Russia, Meadowland, and Chi Li, as sung by the Chinese, a song of the people. From Canada we hear, The Maple Leaf Forever; Hawaii, Aloha Oe; Mexico, La Golandrina; the Hebrew song, Elli, Elli; from Ireland, The Wearing of the Green; and others that take on the nature of folk songs.

Other Songs

Germany's national anthem is Die Wacht am Rhein, also Deutschland uber Alles; from Japan, Kimygayo, quoted in Puccini's Madame Butterfly; ..from Italy, Garibaldi's Hymn, and the former Fascist Hymn, Giovinezza. These national anthems and folk songs of the people are but a few representative of the 46 delegates from all over the world in attendance at the San Francisco Conference. Whether they are nationalistic or social in feeling, each country has a song which emanates from the heart of the people, inspired by their victories, their sorrows, their legends.

• MUSIC •

By Nora Holt

Animated Criticisms Of A Critic

THE MUSICAL SCENE. By Virgil Thompson. Music critic of the New York Herald Tribune . . . 301 pp . . . New York: Alfred Knopf . . . $3.

The collection of essays and reviews on music and musicians by Virgil Thompson, composer and music critic of the Herald Tribune depicting the New York musical scene as he views it, is a book not only minute and revealing in its evaluation of recitalists who have passed in parade during the last four years, but it contains a wealth of animated information on music not found generally in patterned dictionaries and other definite records. The publication of "The Musical Scene" is an invaluable boon to me and no doubt will be to many others who have been prodigiously clipping his copy for a period of years. He has selected, in his judgment, the best of the lot which appeared in the journal, comprising a sheaf of diverse headings—orchestras, conductors, composers, operas, recitalists, choral works, processed music, (gramaphones, cinema and radio) and general ideas, divided into 129 sub-heads; each a complete picture as vivid as the reds and yellows of the Chinese Imperial Palace. He pulls no punches, spares no tree, and in true Thompsonian style, shaves the chips to fall where they may. On deep observation, it is not a ruthless gesture, but an appraisal flecked with a dominance of selective opinions, sympathetic, yet pungent and critical.



Nora Holt

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Mr. Thompson is a Harvard graduate who first saw the light of day in Kansas City, Mo., that rip-roaring town on the banks of the "Kaw" river famous for its stock market, boss Prendergast, and now boasting the first president from that state. He lived in Paris for many years and is the composer of a long list of works including symphonies, string quartets, masses, chamber music of all kinds and 150 "musical portraits" drawn from life. He also wrote musical scores for "Four Saints in Three Acts," the much discussed libretto by Gertrude Stein, and "The Plough That Broke the Plains." His earlier book, "The State of Music" was published in 1939. In a case of mistaken identity, Maud Cuney Hare, who wrote "Negro Musicians and Their Music," enrolls Mr. Thompson under the listing of Negro "Torch Bearers" as she recounts the first performance of the Four Saints opus. Sorry, our loss.

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The headings embracing orchestras, conductors, and composers, delineate a section of music set aside for initiates who have worked in, or followed the higher forms. It is a department the Negro has been slow to explore and develop, and though the material is couched in musical knowledge, melody, rhythm, harmony, counterpoint, vertical and horizontal insight into orchestral balance, the lay or professional reader cannot escape the fascinating sketches of each concert designed to quicken the interest and spur the individual to further acquaintance with these subjects. Beyond this is the rare skill of a reconteur who mingles the story with the professionalism of the business at hand, and before one is aware, he is digging in for more information—as in the essay on "Strauss and Wagner", re Strauu's three operas, "Salome," "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier."

• • • •

In this essay he says, "Their musical style has long been called by the vague term of 'post-Wagnerian.' . . . The German aesthetic most current in poetry, painting, and the theatre arts during the epoch of their composition has always been known as expressionism or , in German, 'Expressionismus'." Then Mr. Thompson supports the concepts of Strauss's dramatic composition and deposes, "Because expressionism represents a rebirth rather than a mere survival of the Wagnerian music drama . . . I see no reason for not admitting that the whole expressionist movement which was larger than any one man's contribution to it, came into existence spiritually as well as temporally, after Wagner."

• • • •

Concurrent with his ability to write in an authoritative and skillful manner, one recognizes his editorial dexterity, wherein he whets the imagination with heads and captions designed to stimulate attention. Once it is caught, he follows with robust and meaty material. A legitimate and justifiable trick. Under his deft treatment we find such headings as—"Our Musical Tom Sawyer", (George Antheil); "Silk Underwear Music", (Jascha Heifetz); "Free Love, Socialism, and Why Girls Leave Home", (the opera Louise). Mr. Thompson can be depended upon to tabulate what he thinks important, and to his mind, historic. In this category he includes, "Negro Traviata"; "Glamour and Loyalty", (Marian Anderson); "Sacred Swing"; "Some Beautiful Songs and the Sad Story of Dorothy Maynor." If he dissects these artists with the finesse of a surgeon, he uses the same scalpel and precision on everyone. His may not be the "last word", but it has intellectual substance.





European

The Duke steps out: Today and when he was 10—always a sharp dresser

The Double Duke

From where most of music sits, it would be tough to write a biography of Duke Ellington. Foreign critics have called him the American Bach, with comparisons to Claude Debussy and Frederick Delius thrown in for admiring measure. To some American critics he is the genius of his time, born to glorify Negro music. But to others, equally articulate, he is a figure grown fat with commercial success, a great jazzman who sold his music out to rehearsed arrangements and concert-hall pretensions.

To this artistic conflict, add a man who never seems to come alive—not even face to face in an interview. At one moment he is a composer who declaims: "The characteristic melancholy music of my race has been forged from the white heat of our sorrows, and from our gropings after something tangible in the primitiveness of our lives in the early days of our American occupation." Match this in the same man who also says: "Now this is sad. It's about one guy sitting alone in his room in Harlem. He's waiting for his chick, but she doesn't show."

Despite all this and other occupational eccentricities evolved by shrewd management and aggressive publicity, Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome magazine, has written "Duke Ellington,"* a biography which is sincere, interesting, and painstakingly conscientious—down to an index and a complete diskography of Ellington's more than 1,100 records. As a jazz critic who had long admired the Duke and who also stands for the good in "commercial" bands, Ulanov represents the affirmative in the Ellington debate. His conclusions can be argued, but his hero's right to a permanent place in American music cannot be ignored.

*322 pages. Creative Age Press. $3.

The Duke started his first real band 23 years ago. Since then, his indigo harmonics and trick effects have undoubtedly influenced American popular music. Beginning with his first Carnegie Hall concert three years ago (NEWSWEEK, Feb. 1, 1943), however, he made himself fair game for critics who accused him of overreaching himself and going "arty."

His longer, more ambitious compositions like "Black, Brown, and Beige" (soon to be released by Victor in shortened form) have neither the structure of a symphonic work, the punch of an "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo," nor the effectiveness of a "Solitude." But today, at 46, he is still high in the top bracket and, for the second year in succession, he and his band have been chosen at the top of the Esquire All-American Jazz Selections.

Peace . . .: As for Ellington himself, Ulanov freely admits that he has an ambivalent personality—but he ascribes it to the "violently crossed influences of his mother and father." Daisy Kennedy was a woman of uncompromising morals. James Edward Ellington, on the other hand, was a pleasure-lovin' man who began as a Washington, D. C., butler, became a Navy blueprint maker, and then, at 52, retired to live in New York with his famous son.

These conflicting influences make Duke appear to some "a reticent man, completely shy and willfully inarticulate." To others, he seems "a shameless extrovert."

The net result is a man who doesn't think he was "meant to be that happy," but who openly admires every slick chick, gorges on incredible quantities of food, and lavishly spreads himself on the sharpest of clothes. He is also a man who naïvely confesses that "I have talent, if I would only apply myself." But, like Father Divine, he has an all-consuming passion for peace. "Peace," he often says as he finishes his third steak, "is what I want."

Although serious musicians detect in Ellington the influences of Debussy, Ravel, and Delius, the master touched him only secondhand. The young Duke learned avidly from Will Vodery, a famous Ziegfeld arranger and a schooled musician who reflected the trend of modern music.

The Ellington of today has found the perfect collaborator in little "Weely" Strayhorn, also called "Swee' Pea" because of his resemblance to Popeye's crawling wonder. "Swee' Pea" had a classical background and didn't take to jazz until he was about 20. Now, 30, he knows Duke's style so well that it is getting harder by the day to tell their music apart.

Ulanov's portrait of "Weely," as a matter of fact, is the finest characterization in the book. A hedonistic pixie by nature, Strayhorn has no complicated worries about finding "peace." He knows what he wants in his music and he knows what he wants out of life. Although the Ducal mantle, by inheritance, belongs to Ellington's 26-year-old son Mercer* (who really preferred aeronautics to music), by right of affinity and talent, its voluminous folds will probably fall around the small but sturdy shoulders of "Swee' Pea."

Dan Burley's BACK DOOR STUFF

Here's The Stuff You Gotta Watch, Jack!

John Kirby's already spending some of that 5-G's he pulled down via that legal action. Allegra Childs was married to Jimmy Chance Saturday night. Which brings up all those out of town doctors in town such as Harmon Edwards and Dr. White of Detroit, being squired by the man-about-town, Oscar Hammerstein. And it seems that Dr. Hugh H. (Plenty $$$) Key of Dallas, Texas, a big oil man, and his wife, motored all the way up North without incident until they hit Cleveland where the car was robbed of her clothes. They're doing a bit of shopping on the Harlem front. Meanwhile, Drs. Leonard Lewis of Jacksonville, Fla., and W. George Tyson of Savannah, Ga., are looking over the local setup. Maj. Charley (Buck) West of the Surgeon General's office in D. C., was around, it seems, showing nightclub lovely, Lillian Fitzgerald, the familiar sights. Thus to Chicago's George (five and dime store) Jones alternating with Ivy Madden and Muriel Kellogg around the glad spots. Of Ivy, George said: "She's single and so am I." It seems that the Divorcee, the Great One and the 8-To-The-Bar huddle was mellow at 11 a. m., and at 1 a. m. The Great One and the 8-To-The-Bar jive was collaring a brisk drill up 5th Ave.!! Thus we move to 52nd St. where Eddie Heywood's righteous little outfit pulled out of the 3 Deuces and Baby Hines fell in on the Spotlight. And 'tis reported that one big writing man keeps a year 'round apartment in the Hotel Commodore as did his predecessor!!! And the boys are talking about Charley Settle losing that 15-G at Baltimore where 'tis reported he was taken by some slick lads who said they knew what was going down with the nags, no lie! But Charley may get it back, what with the good lads on the turf looking out for him!

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JIVING ON A G NOTE: Since Nov. 18 when my handbook of jive popped in, we've been swamped with orders. Never knew the cats were for the issue that much! First edition nearly gone and I've writer's cramps from autographing so many books. The "Legend of the Seven Skulls," they say, is a classic and the book trick[illegible] of 'em who figured it would be the size of one of those books ins[illegible] you how to take liver pills. When it came on with 160 pages an[illegible] those pictures, the cats went wild. Thanks, ole man. Hope you'll t[illegible]e and Brother Bill.

COOL STUDS, INC., COME ON: Dear Dan: Our grounds we must stand. In reference to the New Guinea version of Cool Studs, Inc., we are back on the scene with lot more green and we don't mean cabbage, ole man! Now we're going to holler loud on our hour, as there's a mad shortage of manpower, and anyway, one can't tell the difference after dark. As for your chicks, some are best, some are sweet, some are fine and they don't have to listen to our line; but they do 'cause they think we're truly fine! Be cool, you GI Misters, for all you know, we could be your sisters! When you jump back in port and sip that righteous tea, won't take you long to dig things ain't what they used to be! We know you'll be frantic, but there's no need for panic, for a fact that is known is your chicks have a mind of their own! Now be it weak or be it strong, we know it's not for long, for squares ain't ready cause their cash ain't steady. When it comes to a test, we know the chicks that are best. (Oh, but we DO!)

When the toss-up comes between some one's going to be fat, some ones going to be lean, we can say we don't care if we're lean for we got our fat when we copped that green. When you get back from Berlin, Japan and Rome, instead of looking for Cool heads to comb, you better check up first on your sweet chick's purse, and see if it's been blessed or has it been cursed. Now if you find it's been badly damaged and beyond repair, look us up, you Salty Papas, we may have a few to spare. You say, GI daddies, the day of reckoning is near? Well, we'll be glad too, cause we have no fear Just like the March of Dimes, we'll carry on with the March of Times. As we said before, we're down with it and your Salty Papa spiel ain't gonna make us quit it. So now we say, bye, bye, and daddies, don't you cry, for we're looking forward to seeing your faces in all the old familiar places. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!!—COOL STUDS, INC.

* * * *

NOW WE'LL MODULATE TO CLEVELAND: This is the town, Jack, where the boys and girls play in style and LIVE like we ought to! It's done with class and form, the playing and the living, I mean. Such gracious people, white and colored! Take a trip and be convinced, but see that Glenna Powell, (Lena Horne's double) shows you around! I dug the Ohio State-Illinois football game and then hung out with Frank Handy, publisher of the Cleveland Gazette. His party that Saturday night in his new mansion was most much. There I dug such folk as Doug Henry and his wife up from Cincinnati—he used to manage Noble Sissle, remember? Annestine Haines, Atty Lyman of Columbus, the Eddie Hilliards, the Foleys from Columbus; Dr. and Mrs. Ben Brownley of Detroit; Rowina Gordon, Bessie Brown, famed singer of yesteryear; Mrs. Katherine Cecil, daughter of the Handys; Roberta Bassinette, blessed with a glorious voice and looks; Mrs. Laura Pearson, June Williams, the [illegible]azette columnist; Mrs. Ruth King, wife of the city editor of the Cleveland Press; Aurelia Powell, sister of Glenna, and Mary Louise [illegible], both of Columbus; Wini Johnson, late of Duke Ellington's band; and the party honoree, the inimitable Billy (Diamond Horseshoe) Banks and the wife, back home in Cleveland for a vacation. Such a party. It takes Cleveland folk to come on like that!

At the Kappa dance following the game, one saw Rey L. Gillespie, Atty. Jesse S. Heslip of Toledo, Dr. Farrow Allen of New York, Ruth Banks of Tucson, Ariz., and Cleveland; Marvin Cox, Fay Young of Chicago, Billy Young, Gazette scribe; Carroll Ellis of Chicago; Samuel C. McAllister, only Negro member of the boxing commission; Valena E. (Call-Post) Minor and Bob Williams, ace scribe of the Call-Post.

At the Metropolitan theatre: Earl (Fatha) Hines and band and revue coming on like mad with the Four Mellow-Tones, a new singing outfit, his own discoveries; Arthur Walker, another Billy Eckstein, if I miss my guess—he chirps like mad and plays a lotta cornet; Kermit Scott on tenor; Essix Scott, a balladier from Frisco; and petite Janie Moses of Philly who Earl expects to be another Ida James. At the Blue Grass Club was Chicago's piano-marvel, Tommy Rigsby, and the Mike McKendricks Trio. Visited with Irene Wilson who is really on time these days and nights! Jack, that's the town! Even the street cars have heat!

* * * *

BACK DOOR'S WEEKLY CLOTHESLINE: Seems that Sol Johnson gave the wife, Dana, a pair of silver foxes, critically judged as costing not a cent less than $380. And did Shirley Fletcher make that trip to Chi to be chained to the newly appointed Ensign, Kenneth Robinson? Cpl. James H. Strickland, brother of the Bugs Club's Marjorie Strickland Greene, was with an amphibian outfit in the Philippine invasion and was in the thick of things. George (Florsheim Shoes) Brown and gang haven't missed a Sunday pro grid game in three years. How he can make 'em after those big Saturday night sprees is too much for me!! Frank Humphries is building his band library with original tunes. And did handsome Jimmie (not theatre man) Marshall put down that police academy appointment because "Hawkins" is just around the corner or because Virginia (Davis' Rest) Talley thought it too dangerous? [illegible]gt. Johnny Yarborough writes from France to say it's what they sa[illegible] Paris was!! And what happened to Blumstein's glamour girl, Ruth W[illegible]nington?

Jenny Lou of restaurant fame celebrated her 2nd [illegible]versary last week and also her birthday on Nov. 21. Selma Day's cam[illegible] on Nov. 18; Congressman Adam C. Powell's was on Nov. 29; Gustava McCurdy's was Nov. 14; Constance Curtis came in on Nov. 11; Nora Holt's was on the 9th, and mine was on the 7th, all of which adds up to the fact that November is a heluva month!! And at the Apollo Theatre, the usher staff is fine with Johnny Smith as head man; Blease Walker as ticket man; and Henry Hill as doorman. Thus to one of our more popular young artists who more than surprised the crowd at Smalls when he was carried out on the arm of a Jacksonville medico's son and placed in a cab completely ossified Turkey Day night!! Wherein LaValla Cooke reports that this year's Xmas Cheer Show was the greatest with such talent as Ella Fitzgerald, Dorothy Donegan, and others on hand.

Lt. and Mrs. Fritz Pollard, Jr., were in town last week visiting Fritz, Sr. And George Gordon and Kenneth Harris at the Heatwave make everything equal. Barney Bigard, clarinet wizard; Lips Page, Tiny Grimes, Lucky Thompson, and Billie Holiday locked it up on the jam session. The King Cole Trio with Bennie Carter's orchestra set an all time record for the Apollo! Frank Schiffman scored a natural that time. After Nat Cole & Co. went off, it would have been hard for Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey to follow. In fact, Timmie Rogers, doing a single, made it hard for King Cole, and of course, the Bennie Carter band was groovy down the line! Thus to the glamour gal who beat that overseas hero with the Purple Heart for a package of spearmint he was taking home to his baby! Tisk! Tisk! Tisk! Such a hype!!! Which brings up the playboy who was really drugged when that mink-coated banana-skinned lovely he took in Frank's started eating peas with her knife!!! Mary Cachemaille and daughter had Joe Louis as Thanksgiving dinner guest. Also devouring drumsticks and cranberry sauce were Margie Joynes, Katherine (Eddie) South and Eddie, Jr.; Lawyer John Doles and Miss Roxie Joynes, plus Floyd Snelson. Which means the turkey disappeared!!

And what kind of play was Jamaica's pretty Dorothy Kelly putting down over the weekend, especially Saturday night at the Palm Cafe with Mary Aiken and that undertaker and that lawyer. Sunday night they were at Murrain's on Amsterdam Ave., with popular Bruce Fountain. Jack and Billy are the lads with it at the Palm along with Dominic. Prof. Moses Mims turned down that movie newsreel offer—not enough gold. And Bill Tolliver swears he saw Mom Turner with a flashlight at the racetrack looking for that horse to come in. And it is related that Bobby Greenwood was out there with a candle looking for the same nag while Raymond Hackney had a coal oil lamp! Jimmy Pemberton's Hollywood Cafe opening Wednesday on 116th St. came on. The seventh annual Bar and Grill Owners Assn. breakfast dance and benefit show is due at the Renaissance Dec. 11 with a name band set to play. Walter M. Ensley's Waitresses and Waiters dance comes off Dec. 4 at Danceland. Lem Johnson, tenor saxman, is that wild at the Place in the Village. ..



GHT: James H. Fultz, special investigator in the office of
er Brady, and William "Sonnie" Banks, well-known fraternal
directing community activities in Brady's campaign for

Cash Unavailable For Shows Uptown

By ABE HILL

Anyone with the slightest knowledge of show business is acquainted with the fact that the theatre involves the joint participation of actors, directors, designers, producers, press agents and technicians whose individual contribution to stage craft at some time or the other become well known to the public at which time credit or discredit may reflect upon them.



Abe Hill

Behind the scenes, there are individuals or groups of individuals in show business whom the public seldom knows or hears anything about. These people do not have their names to appear on programs. When some wise reporter does find out their names and takes the liberty of publicizing them, these unknown people don't give two hoots. They are not interested in prestige. They are interested only in profits. Who are these individuals whose eyes constantly keep tabs on box office instead of big time? They are the backers—the people who finance productions.

Usually when a show is a smash hit, rumors begin to get around that Jim or Joe has a piece of such and such a show—which means he owns a share of the Broadway hit the same as a stockholder owns a share of U. S. Steel. Occasionally, the producer of the hit show will release for publication the list of backers. The list also states exactly how much each backer owns. It may seem to be somewhat appalling that seldom if ever are there any names of Negroes on the list of backers in view of the fact that Broadway in the last two decades has never had a season when there wasn't at least one Negro show or a show with Negroes in the cast.

Show business is the greatest gamble in the world. If a show flops, the performer, producer, etc., loses prestige and stature, a thing which he or she may regain by trying their luck in a new show. But the backer, the fellow with thousands of dollars invested in the show, loses his money—a thing which may take him a life time to regain—if ever. The risk for the performer in comparison to the financial backer is about 100 to one in favor of the performer.

Broadway shows represent financial investments amounting to between $20,000 to $250,000 by the time a show opens. Whether or not a show has a successful run or not, this money is spent. If the public and press dislike the show, all this money is lost. Obviously, the reason why Negroes have not invested in shows is because few have that kind of money to risk on the whims of the press and public.

In view of the fast that several producers have contacted this writer asking for the names of wealthy Negroes who might be interested in backing shows, this writer has been surveying the local scene and inquiring among some of the money people of the community about such prospects. The reactions are interesting if not too hopeful.

None of the prospective investors denied the fact that they would love to make money in show business. They admit that the risk is perhaps the greatest that there is in industry, but when asked if the risk wasn't the same for Negro investment as it is for white, agreement and replies varied. They are as follows:

Show business is comparatively a new enterprise among the Negroes. Less than three per cent of the Negro population of New York even attend the theatre. It isn't an easy proposition to invest in a business which has as the bulk of its clients a white patronage. This, the big income bracket maintains, would be an unsound business venture which the white investor doesn't have to contend with.

Along in this same category, there are financially able Negroes who have amassed fortunes in enterprises in fields where they have had no competition with whites. As a result of segregation and discrimination, they have operated business concerns strictly for Negro patronage. The legitimate theatre does not fall into this category. Though there are Negro shows, the money behind them may come from non Negro sources—from which so far it has.

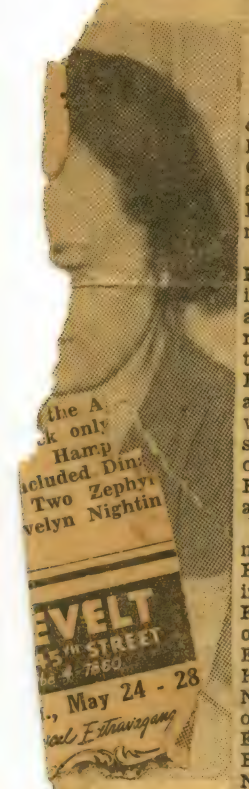
Summing up the third reaction, wealthy sepia New Yorkers state that the workings of the theatre from a business point of view is a very involved process which they have not bothered to study with an eye towards investments. Now that there appears to be a boom in the business, some of them are beginning to look into this phase of the theatre and find out why they can't invest and make some of the thousands of dollars being made by others.

These varied reactions seems to have very little semblance of logic that doesn't fit neatly under the heading of risk, and under this heading the gamble cannot be earmarked Negro or white. Those concerned with the fact that fortunes are being made off Negro actors, etc., will just have to join the bandwagon of backers if they want to share in such profiteering. And there is no reason why they shouldn't invest in non Negro shows. "Abie's Irish Rose" made five million smackers. "Life With Father" is cleaning up the same. "Anna Lucasta" will probably end up with a gross of seven or eight million.

BILLY HOLIDAY dropped into the Amsterdam News office Monday morning emphatically stating the following: She was not ill and taken off a train in Baltimore; that she has been on the Pacific coast until her return to New York; that she hasn't been in Baltimore in two years; that her health is fine; that she resents the statement made about her health in these columns last week—for which I sincerely apologize.

BILL ROBINSON celebrates his 64th birthday on Friday, May 25, the day after his stellar opening in "Memphis Bound." Forward message to the Broadway Theatre, 53 Street and B'way . . . WILLIE BRYANT, who opened in "Blue Holiday" Monday will probably double as emcee at MURRAIN's. Incidentally Willie's daughter graduates from Cornwell Heights (Pa.) Holy Academy next Sunday. Little MISS BRYANT will continue her studies at Rockcastle, Pa., and will major in medicine. FIFTY SECOND STREET's latest name is Ego Street since every bistro on the street boosts a number one Esquire winner. SIDNEY CATLETT, drummer at DOWNTOWN is the latest guy to gain a royal title. . . . .

Piece



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out Negro base-
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Named Member of Jersey's Anti-Job Bias Commission

NEWARK—The appointment of Dr. Thomas Bell, prominent physician of this city, as a member of the Division of Discrimination, State Department of Education, was announced this week by the office of Governor Walter E. Edge. Dr. Bell is one of seven members who will serve in the administration of the New Jersey Fair Employment Practice Law, which was recently enacted and forbids discrimination in employment because of race, creed, color or national origin.

Dr. Bell was graduated from Knoxville College and the University of Michigan. He came to Newark in 1923, after having served as resident physician for five years in the New York City Department of Hospitals, and as clinical assistant at Vanderbilt Clinic, Columbia University. Since 1925, Dr. Bell has served in the Tuberculosis Division of the Newark Department of Health, of which he is now assistant physician-in-charge.

In addition to the practice of medicine and related activities, Dr. Bell has been an active participant in civic affairs in New Jersey. From 1939 to 1945 he was chairman of the advisory committee of the Essex County Tuberculosis League. He is now vice-president of the New Jersey Urban League, treasurer of the Newark Interracial Council, Examining Physician, Selective Board 22, and a trustee of Fuld Neighborhood House.

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...g SUNDAY, NOV. 30th a... SUNDAY Afte...

Inner Circle S. C.

WILL PRESENT

3 BANDS

PANCHO DIGGS

The Band They're Talking About

PLUS

GUS YOUNG

and HIS BAND

...Y BRANNON'S

HEAT WAVES

THE LYCEUM

...MONT AVE. NEWARK, N.

...tween Spruce & Waverly Ave.

FEATURING

...TINY" PRINCE

S. Lindy Hoppers Exhibition

CONTINUOUS DANCING

4 P. M. to 2 A. M.

PRICE .40 ...Y

THESE APPARENTLY BEHEADED LADIES DEMONSTRATE THE THREE BASIC TYPES OF TOPKNOT HAIRDOS: WITH A BRAID (LE… …), SOFT CURLS (CE…

THE TOPKNOT HAIRDO

After nine years of trying, women get all their hair up

It took nine years for women's hair to move up off the neck and very top of the head in the current fashion variously called the do or topknot hairdo. In 1936, at the first show held by the American H stitute, a few mildly upswept hairdos were demonstrated. Shortly after, els, actresses and women who make fashion their business timorously bega up their hair. They started at the back, brushing the hair slightly forwar ways. Gradually the brush strokes took in more and more of the hair and



To make a topknot, first brush hair down. This takes out snarls and makes it shine.



Hold the ends start brushing



Brush up the sides and front and keep brushing until all hair tends to stay up.



Tie hair close to the head wi… Avoid rubber bands which spli…



Comb down the portion of hai… (*above*). Small comb… Ra…

TWIS… …ATES FRONT

CONTINU…

Sandra Powell's Beauty Question Box



SANDRA POWELL, *Celebrated Beauty Consultant, will regularly discuss problems on charm and beauty in this column.*

Dear Sandra Powell: *My favorite wool sports dress has become badly stained under the arms. Yet it's still a good dress, and I wonder whether there's anything I can do to make it wearable.* N.B.

N.B. Have you thought of cutting out the sleeves (leaving deep, wide armholes) and wearing it as a jumper dress? This is one of today's most popular fashions, as you know. If you're handy with the needle, you can set in new sleeves of a contrasting color. And if sewing isn't in your line, you



can get plenty of variety by wearing different blouses.

And next time, don't forget to put on Snow White Deodorant Cream before you put on your dress. It doesn't harm fabrics, so you'll save your clothes (not to mention your charm) if you're careful to use it regularly. You get double protection from Snow White Deodorant Cream, because it checks perspiration and deodorizes too. In fact, at 25¢ a jar (plus tax), it's just about the best "popularity insurance" you can possibly get!

* * *

Dear Sandra Powell: *Why is it that most perfumes are either much too strong, or else so light they don't last at all? I'd certainly like to find a scent that's lasting without being too noticeable.* Irene.

Irene: For you Snow White Sachet Powder should be a "natural." It's really a dry perfume, and you can get it for only 35¢ (plus tax) at your own drug store. There are different ways of using this versatile sachet, too. You can, of course, apply it just like liquid perfume—dotting it lightly on your body after bathing. But if you like a faint perfume that lingers, you can borrow a Victorian glamour trick and bring it up to date this way:

Make little sachet bags or "pillows"—put the powder between layers of cotton, and cover with some of those scraps of material you've been saving. Any dainty crepe or satin fabric will do; or wide satin ribbon in pastel shades is fine, if you have it. Scatter the sachet bags in your bureau drawers; and hang one by a narrow ribbon from each dress hanger. In this way, the delicate scent clings to all your clothing, leaving a fragrance about you wherever you go.

* * *

SIDE-LINES . . . The fashion grapevine has it that neutral colors will be tops for spring suits and dresses; pale gray, sand, beige and rosy tan, to name just a few . . . And (good news for all!) by that time we'll probably have with us again colored leathers—red, green, blue and russet—for shoes and handbags . . . In the meantime, remember that a bright dress gives the light touch to your winter wardrobe; try one in turquoise, royal blue, lime-green or gold to alternate with your dark clothes, to wear under a dark coat . . . Right at the head of the fashion parade are the new tight-belted coats; if you're in the market (and if your figure can take it) you might make one of these your choice.

Sandra Powell

Celebrated B… …y Consulta…

BOB WALLACE



HARRY GRANAS, Los Angeles business man, typifies the sartorial excellence of average West Coasters



RANDOLPH SCOTT adds an ascot scarf to a handsome ensemble of plaid shirt, jacket, flannel slacks.

THE THING WE NEVER TALK ABOUT * * *

Most of the people I know will read to the end of Paragraph Three hereinafter, indignantly exclaim, "What a dismal idea! I don't even want to *think* about it!" and promptly turn to other pages. Could be you'll feel that way too.

On the other hand, if you persevere to the finish you may, momentarily inspired, mumble, "That's right! I'll do something about it!" You won't, of course—at least not until that inevitable and unhappy day when it jumps up and bites you. And don't think it won't, brother! Tomorrow or ten years from tomorrow—but bite you it will. That you can bank on.

This is about funerals, the men who sell and conduct them, and stuff like that. It's terribly important—to you and everyone. Because one of these days you're going to fall heir to a funeral, or somebody else will fall heir to *your* funeral—oh, you're leaving? That's okay—I understand. Too morbid. You just do not wish to know about funerals. (But someday you'll have to; a little head start wouldn't hurt.)

Now, if those of you who have remained will move in closer and fill up these empty chairs—that's fine—we'll get right down to cases on this business of funerals, a business which is widely misunderstood, frequently misrepresented and occasionally discreditable. I speak from painstaking study and multiple, recent and still poignant experience.

People are funny. No man in his right mind denies the certainty of death. To protect the little family group he loves, he buys life insurance. He knows—but positively—that sooner or later someone near and dear to him, including himself, will be headin' for that Last Roundup. Yet he stubbornly and deliberately ignores the whole funeral question as morbid and depressing. He sits like a goop until it happens, which crisis finds him:

1. Ignorant of the numerous problems involved.
2. Forced to make hasty and irrevocable decisions.
3. In an emotional dither.

He must immediately arrange obsequies which, from the depths of his being, he wants to be appropriate, heartwarming, memorable, for this is the last farewell. He must also spend a sizable sum of money he may not have or know where to get.

A babe in the woods? Boy, you said it!

He summons a funeral director—a total stranger, perhaps—who is suave, sympathetic and engaged in an unusual business enterprise. This suavity and unction is not just an act but a necessary component of a highly essential occupation. There *have* to be undertakers. The man is there to sell and conduct a funeral—to the satisfaction of the bereaved and, if possible, to his own profit. The job demands numerous technical qualifications, a benign manner, tact and finesse.

You—let's pretend it's you—don't know what you want or should have or do. You're caught a mile off base—which is your own fault, of course. You are too shocked and grief-stricken to think clearly.

The funeral director adroitly steers you through the maze. If he is honest and ethical, as are the majority, he advises you wisely. If he's a louse, and such there be in every profession, he may take advantage of your grief and ignorance and with your own invaluable assistance give you an awful trimming.

Which brings us to that oft-repeated question: Does the funeral industry profiteer in grief?

Let's take a look.

The funeral industry's maximum number of sales is limited by the annual death rate—about 1,400,000 in recent years. The only possible way for the country's 27,000 funeral directors, 700 casket manufacturers and innumerable accessory gentlemen to make a reasonable profit is by "merchandising upwards." They must persuade the public to buy more expensive caskets, containers and accessories; to hold more and more elaborate funerals.

Now, any way you slice it, the funeral director's profit comes from the sale of what the trade calls "merchandise." It is quite true that he is paid—as well he should be—for his skill and knowledge, his personal services, and the overhead and other expenses of his establishment. But it is also true that the more expensive the casket purchased, the greater his profit. It costs him just about the same to place the occupant in a cheap wooden coffin as in a $13,000 ($6,500 wholesale, except you can't buy it wholesale or even find out the wholesale price) solid bronze sarcophagus.

The casket with the $284 retail price tag—which price includes "complete funeral service," which is not complete at all so far as you who pay the bills are concerned—costs $77.90 wholesale, leaving a margin of $206.10 to cover other expenses. The $582 model allows a margin of $377 to cover the same expenses. Get the idea? Other merchandise, such as "outside boxes," generally retails at double its wholesale cost. The profession maintains that services of less than $200, of which there are many, are conducted at a loss—which is balanced off by profits from more ostentatious rites.

Under the circumstances you can hardly blame even the most honest and conscientious funeral director for trying to sell the fanciest possible casket and services. There is no law or canon of ethics against a merchant's trying to sell his best bill of goods.

Few people question the genuine and lasting spiritual comfort to the bereaved of what the profession calls a "beautiful memory picture." Nor should it be anybody's business how much somebody else spends in the final tribute to loved ones—provided it works no hardship on others. There are a thousand worse ways to spend money. The disturbing point is this:

There is convincing evidence of a steadily growing tendency in this fairly sensible nation to accept ostentation and cost as the true measure of love and devotion. A fancy metal job with pretty silver handles is considered proof positive that you dearly loved the elderly relative who has just passed on. A simple, inexpensive casket—even if that's what he or she requested—somehow stamps you, even in your own mind, as an ingrate and a cheap skate.

An additional danger of rising costs and standards is the temptation they present to those who can't afford, but too often buy, expensive funerals—to the detriment of the living.

Behind this state of affairs are the industry's well-organized and vigorous promotional efforts to merchandise upwards—backed up by exploitation and advertising. And *such* advertising! Read a few bales of these booklets about luxury caskets or scientific jobs that will outlast eternity—a little expensive but worth it—and you are slapped in the face with the unpleasant conclusion that, in our wonderful mechanical age, much more attention is being given to the material future of the deceased than the spiritual.

While the funeral director usually takes the rap for overselling, the customer, as often as not, is equally to blame. Unhappily, it is not always entirely great love and reverence for the deceased that inspires extravagant services. Quite frequently there is a fair-sized order of vanity and remorse—and fear of what other people will think.

Grandpa Brown dies. His progeny realize that maybe they treated him a bit shabbily in his crotchety old age. So they compensate for their neglect with a mahogany creation completely out of character for the old gentleman.

Pete's wife Mamie answers the final summons. Pete recalls, with sharp pangs of self-reproach, the hundreds of heartaches he caused her. Too late now—but he'll give her a funeral she'd be proud of!

Who would be proud of? Funerals, except among certain religious seots, are for the living, not for the dead.

What to do about it?

The answer isn't difficult: you just go ahead and do it—*but in aavance*.

First talk things over with a funeral director. Most of them are pretty regular guys, efficient businessmen. If you pin them down, they'll give you whatever sort of funeral you demand—for as little as $75, in some localities, in a case of dire necessity. Whatever you decide you want and can afford, make it definite. Put it in writing. If you want to pay in advance, a bank will impound the money, issue it as you instruct. If you wish to be cremated, as an increasing but still small percentage of people do, that preference should be stated, in writing if possible. Of course there's a slight extra charge for that—one of the numerous extra charges not included in the cost of a "complete funeral service." The funeral director doesn't profit from these extra charges but you have to pay for them just the same—unless you want services without a minister, flowers, music and so on. Incidentally, if you aren't a churchgoer it would do no harm to brush up on your ecclesiastical connections, the lack of which becomes most unhappily apparent in the hours of bereavement.

That's simple, isn't it? Practical, foresighted and not too terribly morbid. You dispose of and pay for an unpleasant job while everyone's in a sane and pleasant humor. "Prearrangement," funeral directors call it. They're for it. But the percentage of people who make such simple arrangements is infinitesimal.

The "price advertisers" are no cheaper than the non-advertisers. Beware of the guy who solicits business immediately after a death.

Cemetery arrangements are equally painless and even more essential. Funeral directors will arrange credit if necessary. In fact, they never turn down a case, including charity jobs which cost them money. But cemeteries do not permit interment until the grave space is paid for.

If you're lucky, you may have access to a family plot that some prudent forebear long since selected and paid for. Otherwise, there are 8,000 active cemeteries and some 52,000,000 available grave plots to choose from. You can look around and pick out a spot, and buy it on time payments. As with any real estate, prices vary—the smaller the community, the less expensive, generally. This is definitely true of funeral costs.

How do you tell a good cemetery from a bad? Start now and you'll have time to find out. Look around, ask questions—investigate. Better make sure of the new ones. Some are okay; some are rank promotions. Beware of the high-pressure boys who promise resale at a profit. Beware of *any* high-pressure tactics.

Generally speaking, avoid the so-called "burial associations." Many states have outlawed them, particularly those which paid off only on condition that you patronized one particular funeral director and burial ground. These are not to be confused with industrial groups which permit the beneficiaries to patronize whom they choose.

As to monuments, which used to be called tombstones, you'll have plenty of time to make up your mind on that subject—or somebody else will, afterwards.

So there you have it—at least the essentials. And nothing very difficult or complicated about it—if you do it *now*. Which, if you follow the old American custom, you won't. Wanna make a little bet on it, just for fun . . . ?

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Tiny Prince Spiels

Wild as Rabbit and smooth as skimmed milk, and each and every fine cat is figgering on draping in their much most hard-hitting togs and donning their up-to-date sky-pieces and trillying up to Kreugers on the early blackout of Friday, May 1st, to dig that new sensation, JAY McSHANN, the sender-bender of loose rhythm. Dig you there.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES—Gus Dawson, one of the (speak softly) Magnificent Wacks, has not been seen around since Dolores Lincoln of New Brunswick calls his name with so much passion. The Kra-Wen Debs are really looking glamorous these days and colored nights. Jack, I would like to have dug Bobby Alves taking it off with Arlene Charles to a $1.10 movie. Katherine King, number one glamour girl of New Jersey, and Jean Campbell, setting a mad pace for young ladies in fashion. Little Colin Charles of the boys "Y" holding down the fort.

Jean Johnson of Roselle, grooving things at the Girls "Y" on Jones street. Also coped a nod to lovely brown Irene Griggs. The Pic Trio returned Friday nite to the Picadilly and did an American Job, featuring that toughie from Tuskee, Jackie Mabely, a Broadway attraction. From left to right let me tell you who I buckled and chuckled with—Lottie, Jimmy Nelson's deb, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Pitts, Willa Mae Owens, Eulace Richardson, Sis Jones of Bloomfield, accompanied by David Burns, Perth Amboy, Ben Williams, panicky Don Linton and his lovely wife; "Yellow Mellow" Sally Carroll, Babs Brown, playboy Hal and Laura Mitchell, trumpeter; Chancey Talbot, frantic as King Louie Eulalie Ferguson and the tough lad, Conrad Alexander, plus Frank Gaylaird. 'Twas fruitty place.

Down at the Mosque Saturday nite Alvin Hayes, protege of Count Basie, knocked out the chalks, cocoanut greys when Ernie Krickett, maestro, demanded he set in at the piano. 'Tis told by studs in the know that things were mad. I am very sorry to hear of the illness of Larry West, the sweet Miss, and Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James Newman, a baby boy; also Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jones who are also the proud parents of a baby boy.

Rose Kelly's and Catherine's wild session and Dodgers Grill last Monday was like gold in your cage. Messy like Aunt Bessie Eldbow Sam and Lois Fenney were placed tie with two of the most unusual bugs from Brooklyn. Tony and Constance Royster, Jane Thornton, Walter Gatchett of London, guest artist bands like Joe Crump, fine as wine, romping and stomping with his band. Little Willie Dan Gibson, number one drummer with Teddy Brannon, sent the house with their specials. The Mercury Social Club, Modernistic Girls, Grace Smith, Mattie Alston, Carl McIntyre and a crew from the Swing School, Myrtle Hutchinson, Anna Mae Hall and Mrs. Dixon, turned out.

The Pro-To-Club came on Jimson with those home-town boys. The Savoy Sultans. The big wigs from the twigs trilled forth including Ralph Smith, international dark Gable and many others. Lips new band of 15 pieces features Link Mill, Harvey Davis, Carl (trumpet) Dam, Mino "Slim Man," Vick Dickerslo, trombones; Ike Quebec, one of our boys is replacing Butch, your horn blowing cat, who recently left Don Redman and at present is grooving some fine recordings with Henderson, the up and coming band in the School of Swig. Strictly Solid Oscar Daniels back from army maneuvers in Arizona, looking like a dusty ho-po.

Tiny Prince Spiels

"GAS!" Say Glamour dig my grammar. And dig your messy scribe, 'cause he is high and ready to ride, dig pig. The Daddy of "Big Fat Mama" will send Tan Town, May 28, Lucky Millinder. Chicks to look your best, dig this mess. I am going to ask you hair-grooved cats to pay a tribute to the genius of Ida McDaniels of the Exclusive Beauty Noow. Skin, soon's my wig grows longer, I am going to let groove me with waves like the Atlantic Ocean.

Annie (Rubberlegs) West still one of the best girl lindy-hoppers of North Jersey and that is no soap. Cute too. Dig her do the popular Sand. "T. T. Society." Miss Bertha Cann, Regina Mitchner and George Smith, man about town, including William Rollins headlining a social moment. Another nite to remember was given by Mae and Lelia Murphy Saturday.

"Gold and Silver" should be given to the new staff at the Court Street YMCA. They have improved the place more in six months than anyone else in five years. The Athletic Banquet Saturday nite was really grand and nice people punching between snacks were Ralph McNeal, Bunny Deans, Morris Park, shots on the heavyweight crown from Dempsey and Firpo to Louis and Galento. High school representatives stated their ambitions. Dr. Lee, Robert Yancey, Leonard C. Wright and Rev. C. C. Weathers were honored notables. Jesse Owens, John Borican, Elace Peacock of the track world. Dr. Parks, along with Butts Brown, the Herald News sports writer, were master of ceremonies.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES — Clem, Ernie and Al, Pic trio, sending Jersey Bounce out over the mike to their groovey guests. Attractive out of towners, Maude Cole of Morristown, escorted by Dapper Dan Talmadge Dillingham of Summit — Nellie Littlebits looking as groovey. Walden Smith, a smoothy. Miss Tillman and Eleanor Sapp, Margaret Thomas, celebrating her birthday. I learned from Gaylord Galchett that Put Thompson of Howard University is sponsoring an Alumni Dance in Paterson.

Jay McShann is now my boy, "after digging the jive riffs he sent everybody into a mellow tone." Bernice Grant, taffy yellow and Howard Kline of 20th Century Club were really coming on with too much good time. Ruth and Dorothy Tucker, two frantic cream colored look like two lumps of sugar messy in tea. Julia Ryan foremost dressmaker, sporting brown slacks. Leonard Hurd, New Jersey No. 1 playboy spieled about the frantic wench he met. 'Twas gassie Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Royal looking dignified in their box. Babs Brown did not gass about the Savoy Sultans, who he is sponsoring with the Naki Saki boys at the Elks Ballroom in New Brunswick.

Remember this date: May 12th, 'tis Yours Truly's birthday and Grace and Albennie, two fine entertainers at Dodgers Grill are sponsoring a tough, tough session. Music by Pete Diggs and a wild floor show. Dig the April issue of Readers Digest and read "Negroes In The American Army."

Rolletta Smith styled in ultra sandy colored suit with tan accessories at ball game where I dug so many. Wallace Woodson. Regina Stewart and husband. James Wilson. The Eagles laid an egg, but everyone knocked themselves out. Charles Baldwin only purchased $24 worth of tickets for his many friends. Lil Lynch really is coming on like mad Herbie Wright proving that he is still one of the hep poppas of our time. Speedy recovery to Connie Wallace and Teeny Bumpass and our boy, Harold Ray. Louise Robertson didn't I fool you? Pick up fro mthe rear cause the front is too strong.

Tiny Prince Spiels

CORRECTION:— Last week Frantic Interlude, a feature of this column, appeared under the heading of Amateurs Corner. If you missed the article, then let me state 'twas on page 12.

GAS . . . Grab a spade and dig. I'm Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, straight from hippsters college and always got my jive. Pops May 29th will be the nite of nites, and I know everyone will be in a wiggle and giggle mood, 'cause Popa Stopper Mr. Ernest Royal will not only present Lucky Millinder, but also the Sunset Royals. 'Twill be a battle of the century. Place—Kruegers.

Herbie Smith, president of the Dancers Appreciation Society, mashed this issue on me that Jack Arnold Press, the popular fay celeb, representing Mayor Murphy, had engaged six lindy hop teams for a monster benefit at the Mosque on May 18th. Have you dug Blue Richard Singleton's new Boogie "Sand" Woogie?

T. T. SOCIETY: — I know that there will be very few people to [illegible] Carlton Moss' stirring "Sa[illegible]

day, May 1, at 8:30 p.m., at the Mosque. Ella Wright celebrating her birthday at the Pic, Tuesday nite, looking as youthful as ever. Julia Ryan, one of Jersey's modern dressmakers, should be sewing for the blue bloods, and you should dig her needle work. The president of the Magnificent (Speak Softy) Wacks is really a college boy from Orange. Ultra, ultra, terrific Rene Starks of the Ladies Hat World, seen taking in the spots with spots with Lou Blackmon, her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bowles.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES: — 'Tis said, Why doesn't Ralph Jacobs stop fooling himself about Betty? Nobby, the home of rantic modern accessories for men, is one store that really features the Negro and should be patronized. Colored salesmen wait upon you. Good like Robin Hood.

Last Sunday the Barons of Rhythm came on with music that rocked the soul with a steady roll. Jimson, this reed section was in plus the brass, featuring little Willie. Sitting in would have made maestro Ellington take note with a Basie. Rhytam section, Duke on piano, Earl on drums Clarence Mack jumping the bass fiddle. Mary Pitts, gorgeous [illegible]

is determined to make big time, laid it down with a variety of fine tunes, dung his mellow-yellow stashed. "Sorry pops, no harm done." Marion Perkins home from school looking lovely and petite. David Williams of Red Bank in like a mad dog. Harold William "ollier giving D. W. more attention than ever. Connie Alexander, golden boy. Myrtle Hayes, gay as ever. Rose Carter and Evelyn Boyden, who are no doubt always sweet to me. Ollie Moore and Butts Brown, Jr. as close as butter on bread. Perllar and sister, Dorothy Morris, Geneva Davis looking fine in red candy stripped outfit. Jewel Kuntz there. Queenell Williams pleasing Eva Fitchette, plus Frances Foster and her sister Alice, an example of modern sweetness teasing brown. Doug Lett and Wallace Taylor doing a light boogie. Kathryn "Kitty" King irrisistible, flirting. Bevery Benton, one Townsman gliding with a bundle of joy.

Yes cats, cream crop just forced itself to hop, and yours truly couldn't dig everyone, but couldn't miss Lillian Lambert or Loretta Kyles of Orange, mild in wild nite.

Congratulations to Brownie Mae McKnight—"Happy Birthday". Wishing James Murray a speedy recovery suffered from injuries.

FRANTIC INTERLUDES:— Drips still the tips. Guy Moorehead, impressive fellow in the talent world, preparing to take off to Officers Training School, where he will be followed by our one and only Albert Tillery, who is our professional musical genius. Nettie Smith so exclusive.

Man, pin back your cymbals and collar word for word. Alfred Harrell and his tough, tough, little combination will grove the Court Street YMCA for the lads R-Y Friday nite, May 15th. The head chick spiels its going to be Izzy Wild and Dizzy. Leon Gibbons, that lad with those wistful eyes, still popular, though he has been out of circulation due to a recent auto accident.

Pee Wee's Shoe Shine Parlor is really the glammour boys' rendezvous these days. Greetings to Gus Young, who is still number one mymbal sock beater and his luminary senders of swing and all of the frantic stars like you and you. P. S. He is back in the Kinney Club. Myrtle Hayes looked X-Ray cuban at the dance in green and yellow. Oscar Poindexter, Joe Lockhart and Louis Blake, fine cats, discussing Uncle's Orphans (colored draftees), Thelma Bowers and Bernita Flanagan, classiest ivory brown deuce of hens looking in the pink, all alone Charlie Lawson looking fine at time, hiding behind smoked glasses. Anna Moe of Bloomfield, aiming her appearance, after being absent from many a wild session The finest bit of slang revived by Moms Mabely is "Give it up girls," especially K. K.

I know you've trilled to the East and West, but I hope you like this mess. Count Basie washed Lionel Hampton white as snow Sunday and Jersey turned out Margaret Rollins, George Leake, Irene Kennedy, Gus Dawson, Lila Murphy, best dressed hen of the day, plus Katherine King.

Tiny Prince Spiels

"Stlutations, Geese, I've come back East to spread my grease." So latch on bees, because I'm like the breeze. The trill of March 26th, time 9 o'clock, back will be one of the grooviest swing bands of the season. These cats grooved a number that has been the talk of the swing world. "Yes," it's only one band and that is Doc Wheeler's Sunset Royal, in What About That Mess. Gate remember that date at Kreugers. It's solid righteousness for the dusty or the hoi poloi!

Well, I've been looking around me at the many sporty O do places from the way things goes, the chick's wigs or hair are getting longer. What's new? George Rollins, that stud who is gifted with the winged feet, has at last collared the one and only chick who was formerly his partner. And Jack do they lay down some iron. So don't forget to dig them. I don't think its too early, but if it is I'm going to blab any how. The Dancer's Appreciation Society Dance School will start soon, so if you would like to learn to do any of the modern dances send your name and address to "Yours truly." Have you dug Pete Diggs? Mary Davis looked very stunning in red. While Pearl Davis and her friend. Jean, looked as fresh as a daisy these colored nights around to the Zoo. Mattie Alston, the sing sender bender the one and only M. C. Bob Taylor, former singer in there like mad. Hattie the chick who is a lady. Gertrude Jackson one lovely little brown seen about town. Ollie Lanier really was sending herself in the Savoy in Harlem last Sunday. Max Gilcrist with cocoa tan Katherine Cooper and Max's gorgeous sisters, Clothile and Timmie Gilcrist, plus Savoy Shorty and his frantic bird. I wonder what has happened to Edith Gibbson's Esquire Social Club will give its cocktail party next Sunday. Naki Saki Jackie is giving one of those Nitelifer Jams Wednesday the 4th at Boston Plaza beginning at 9 o'clock.

Skin Beater vs. Skin Beater

When one skin beater turns his old lady out to swindle and beat another skin beater that's news. Seems as if the stud who owned the lady couldn't afford a coat for his bird, so he calmly showed her where it could be had if she played a certain hep cat, who fell, hook, line and sinker. Then the bird flew back home. Next week we'll have a guest writer until yours truly returns. I'm going to sway like the trees after being rocked by the breeze.

Tiny Prince Spiels

Dig the wild opening of "The Exclusive Roost" at 185 Newton street, next Sunday, April 19th. Matinee time—3 p. m. Music by the Barons of Rhythm.

Jeepers-Creepers, come on you cats and open up your peepers, and pull the cotton out of your cymbals (ears). Let me whang and clang, dang and rang, caus if you miss this jive, you should be tanned on your hide. This band that I am going to mention is smooth and fine and really ha that rhythmic drive that mak cats bug-rup caper when you a lame as a hen from Spain. Jim son, this band is no the way up, and Yours Truly wants you to dig them May 1st at the Kreuger Auditorium, early blackout, Friday. Advance tickets are six bits (75c). Your scribe will be selling them.

Monday nite, April 6th, will never be forgotten, although I was pushed and shoved until I felt like a worn-out glove. Jimmy Lunceford was at his best, and ole man, things were righteous. Elene Morris, tempting brown, and Annette Williams gave off that designing hep look. Rudolph Stokes and little Miss Alberta Sizer are really holding hands in earnest, 'twas said at the hop. Morris Parker, well known pug, looking frantic and snappy, escorted by his Misses. Edith Anderson, one of those girls who tantalize the wolves from East Orange, was really lead out from head to foot.

Now don't let me blow your tops, but gala romance was in the air that night. Schoolboy, Scar and many more of the big wigs of Tan Town Town made their presence known by a Royal Reception. Minnie Willlams drew eyes in her direction with that red Military suit. Too bad her friend, the lovely Ruby Beackom was ill. Minnie Grundy and Sammie Lew Griffin were in and out like mad. Plus Evelyn Gramby from Morristown, who decided to give the burg a glimpse. Montclair was also well represented by Jannie Gillespie.

Did you get a gap at Blitzkrieg Mama Rose Carter, who really knocked herself out in keyy green accessories with beige grey outfit. Some Peep if I am a Sheep. Lillian Watkins, too much, in light blue and navy. Her friend Hennie sported lace edged pink and black gown and gave Bloomfield that mad array.

Dodgers Grill also had a frantic session given by those groovey ladies of production, The Modernistic Girls. Whispers knocked my noggin, saying it was gassie and fine as wine. Designed for people with good taste.

Roselle Reid, I know that bomb will not have a chance with Albert Brown, as long as you continue to be his air raid warden in blackouts. Also happy birthday from March 21st. Just dug the card. Lucious Winifred, one of the glamour girls, comes on like a Lincoln Zeph and is really hep. Samson Ellerbee, the love thief, has stolen Claudia's heart and soul and that is stealing. Coped a gander at Gloria Byrd, foreable yellow-mellow chick in from Elizabeth doing her shopping.

Slade, grab a spade and let me bury this dirt that every son and gun was ragging about. Late by a year, the popular musician, our Mr. So and So, puts up sneaky squawk to the vocalist wife that her solid senders have been prage fruiting with his Misses, which in turn almost caused the musicians old lady a sapping. Now cats, I ask you, is that right?

Hy-Po-Fee-Low, Evelyn Borden, the Deb of our Social Column, looked sharp "Rabbit Day" with white casual coat, D. B. red dress, shoes and bag trimmed in red and navy blue[illegible] white

Tiny Prince Spiels

Easter Sunday, one of the most frantic holidays of the year, "was in like mad." Cinderella gals and hep poppa-stepper royalty edged and bumped along the main stem. Yours truly looked on at the chicadees' egg rolling day and gasped at the lots-a-people who really did themselves proud on the raiment tab. From the Queen of Angels Roman Catholic Church there were Ollie Lerner, Leroy and Connie Adams, James Thomas, sporting Uncle Sammy's finest brown with stripes, plus teasing topper-tan Annette Turk, home from college, looking kissy in grey.

Gene Brown, navy blue and white, escorted by that upstanding magnificent (speak softly) Wack Hank Henry Powell. Among the missing were Mildred Riddley, who with Laura Brown, are visiting in Baltimore. What a morning.

Afer cutting home and eating some of my Mom's fine culinery eorts, I trilly up in Orange, a strictly invite shindig, where by chance I happened to learn that Florence Powell and Thomas Swangin, that all powerful couple, had been married in Washington several months ago, leaving me stunned, for it is a scope. Clarence Hayes really knocked everyone out when they learned he was the sole proprietor of that candy store on Morris Avenue near 13th avenue. This is not any spiffing, Jack, when I dug your boy and mine, Douglas Jackson, Sunday bright. He was straight like a Cadillac Eight, layed out in a pull-me-out plaid, His bird, Cherry Emma Scudder, looked like a page from Vogue, wearing cream yellow suit, shoes, hat, bag and Africonga milk shake plaid spring coat. Her sister, Bertha Bearfield, sported kelly green and beige.

Helen Dixon of New York and Willie May Taylor were in. Canaries ate the berries. When I dug Henderson high classing with Grace Banks from Paterson, while in the night Brownie Mae McKnight whirls and twirls. Julia Ryan can really make those hot poker mellow chicks look fine when she makes those Fifth Avenue dresses, [illegible]ch only she can give that certain touch.

Ralph McNeal completed the day with his N. Y. C. sweater from Golden Glove Fray. Some cat from down in spades whispered that Alice Murphy was gone with that wind and Minnie Range layed it on stripes.

Watch for "Deb Night", something new and different. Lillie Murphy still enjoys the com[illegible] of her dance. For Gosh sakes, get a gapper and don't forget this cat. He will undoubtedly be one of the ace great bands in the country, name, Jay McShann. Remember he is a roovey and wild as Yuba, when he played the Tuba. Dig next week.

Tiny Prince Spiels

Salutations and greetings you frantic Dusty Pink Mellow and The Bouncing Barons of Rhythem and Shady Rest gave their best Sunday. Seen faces from my town like Peggy Robinson with that too toughr escort, "Piano Man Duke", formerly of Pancho's Band heat the ivories like thunder in a storm, with graceful movement messy chicks gassed and passed like trolley cars. Beautician Bert Douglas, sweet as fancy Yellows of Babylonian Tan Town. Stash your trash and collar this messy guessie spiel. May 1st Yours Truly is inviting you and you to help me celebrate on real swing nite. My table will be at your service, drinks hot or cold will be served and you can knock yourselves out. Don't you dare forget, because Jay McShann is one colored band on its way to high sailing with a punch. The place is Krueger's Auditorium. candy and Hortense Pendleton, fan-me-while -I -dig it friend, were gay as priorities of 1942. Stanley VanButler and diplomat Pete Tillery, two Dapper Dans of Nite Life say Pete Diggs will rise and shine.

Cats give your peepers a treat and let them feast their eyes upon lovely, teasing tan Elizabeth Moon, for I hear it will not be long. Your boy, Claude Hopkins. will blast Tan Town wide open on May 8th in the early bright of the dusty nite. Cats, here is an issue fine as tissue. Remember Sam, the watermellon man, who married the cooper tan on the installment plan? Pay while you can? Dig me and get a gander. The Court Street Y.M.C.A., which I am proud to say, I will soon be a member, came on like mad Friday. Zuttys and Sputtys were strictly on the kindling like hound on the fox. Sending like Edith ibbons and hubby. Jerry Bland cooking with oil out to boil. Blitzkrieg Mama Rose Carter and Evelyn Boyden, the main Deb, is there like two Orchids very rare. Carrie Cawthorne, Margaret Johnson, nice as ever. Love Thief Frank Carroll and Billy Edwards, the two solid sending Tweedsmen.

Mrs. Starks Stages Show in Newark

NEWARK, N.J. — Femininity was the keynote in styles shown at the third annual fashion show sponsored by Mrs. Rene Starks, Sunday afternoon, at the Ambassador Hall, here.

The clothes were exhibited by modistes, Janet Beadle, Mabel Lee, Effie Reid and Mabel Hunnicut. Mrs. Rose Lee, an artist with the crochet and knitting needles, displayed a number of hats and dresses, both for sport and afternoon. Miss Sallye Cooke was narrator.

Hats matching the costumes were designed and made by Mrs. Starks.

Dances Shown

The fashion show was interspersed with numbers by the Carlotta Kemp Dancing Kiddies. Tiny Prince's jitterbugs and night club entertainers. Johnnie Jackson's orchestra and Pete Diggs's orchestra provided the music.

Among the models were:

Jimmy Lee Gory, Katherine Cooper, Mabel B. Jones, Carolyn and Yvonne Ingram, Lucretia Anthony, Selma Smith;

Emma Ellsworth, Albertha Reid, Carlotta Kemp, Evelyn Postella, Juanita Wilson, Mabel McNair;

Anna Randolph, Alice Wilson, Ruth W. Lee, Evelyn Boyden, Jean Johnson, Dorothy Crane;

Mary Wilkie, Jacqueline Mosley, Mildred Harrollson, Mary Etta Love, Lorretta Lake, Mattie Dockery and Lillian B. Huff.

Modeling the men's wear were Leonard Hurd, Buster Jamison, Tiny Prince and Clifford Balkman.

The proceeds of this affair will go towards buying cigarettes for the soldiers.



CORPORAL HAROLD SPENCE

NEWARK—From somewhere in France writes Corporal Harold Spence that he and all of his buddies are doing well.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spence of 275 Springfield avenue, young Spence is a graduate of Central Commercial and Clerical High School, and was widely known among the younger Jersey social set for his artistic ability.

Tiny Prince Spiels

Sh, sh, shiss, Kitties, lanes and sprians, and also Frenchy squees from a grape, if you're hep you'il dig this mad issue that I'm putting on tissue, and get covered with honey bunny with giggles This jive is strictly for Queens and Long Pants wearers who have escaped their 18th birthday.

Swinging off the main stem Sunday evening I really fell into a new pleasure, not mad and wild, but a Cocktail Sip given by the Esquires, mild and in style. The members, Robert Preston, Walter Gorman, Rufus Jones, William Thompson, Fred Green and Henry Powell. Popa, you could shoot or boot me, 'cause the chicks were sweet. Willie Mae Dixon from New York, Marcella Fair, Dora Sheffield, William Smith, that tough, tough man, Marjorie McWhorter, Mabel Glover, plus Simon Barry, that forceable hep stud from downtown.

Lovely Margie McClannon, with her glamorous club members, Ernestine Bennett and Hannabell Anderson. I gapped and gandered at Marion Martin and Gladys Martin. Willis Williams, the Dapper Dan, also coped attention from a certain Lady X. 'Tis said by Yours Truly the cats who were not there really missed an enP. S. Did you get your ticket joyable evening.
for the "What About That Mess" Affair for the 26th featurning Doc Wheeler and his Sunset Royals at "Kruegers?" Jimson, here is some stuff that is late, but its straight. February 13th—Think back. There were rumors going around with gobs of truth in them that a certain very super fine entertainer, Yolanda "Satan" Major, well-known in the local spots and popular among the elite of New York for her fine renditions of sweet songs, had caught herself one of the sax hounds in Les Hites Band.

What are these love birds doing today?

I don't think its too early, but if it is, I'm going to gas anyhow. Eddie Mosby, the manager of the "Pic", who I must say is a grand guy, is sponsoring for, maybe, your cousin, brother or mine, a Cigarette Benefit for the colored soldiers in Camp Dix. Every dance band in Jersey will be there. Names such as Gus Young, Teddy Brannon, Pancho Diggs, Barons of Rhythm, Don iLnton, Pete Diggs and favorite celebs like Ernie Ransom, Abe Moore, George Rollins. The place will be Skateland, the date, Tuesday evening, March 24th and the admission is two packs of smokes.

Well keeds, I've just about blown my top, but let's give out with the Nightlifers Jam given by Jackie and George Rollins. Here is where everyone cuts. On the black out of March 11th Boston Plaza lights were dim and everyone was drinking sweet potato gin. Cabbage was flying high. Tall yallers were spry. Inez Jennings, that sender bender, Ivory beaters wife was there. Count Hastings, Tiny Bradshaw's ace tenor man, just in off the road, Sadie Matthews, Joe Waters Runt, the Sand King, Bea Davis, cute like a chippie, Helen Price, chirping canary; Meril Worthington, Roberta Calloway of the Beauty Shop; Doc Lomac, ballroom ace, glammah and windy's from the big lindys were well represented. Joe Crump and his boys played too much music and Brother Kelly developed a new wiggle and waggle on "I Got Rhythm." It was one solid Jam.

Here is a toast with luck for the most that Morris Parker will return to the ring again. Here is also wishing James Diggs a speedy recovery and to Leonard Hurd, "Happy Birthday."

Tiny Prince Spiels

Lovey, Jo, just sag along slow. He is a hep bunny and in the know. Dig me Jack, cause I'm out of the sack. What's stirring on the main stem Dug Papa Tree Top Tall and he was standing by the wall. Said he didn't want to tell all his jive cause we might fall. It's told to me just like it will be ,sociable dancing heppies.

A few Yanky studs ,like Herbie Smith and I, have bought quite a bit of corn plaster remedies. We're booted that on March 26th when Doc Wheeler's Sunset Royals spray the kittens at Kreugers that many a hog will bust his corns on the high polished kindeling, so be gay and come our way.

"Sand Sand here comes that man. Can you Sand? If not get yourself a fan." Pete Diggs is the band if you can't fan. "Can't fan, what you need is Alturner Brannon, Lillian Cox two teasing teans, Darn man, can't use those tans, let me take them off your hands." Dug a couple of Uncle Sams stepchildren hacing one mad fling. Wine women ,song, in style, our own boys, Charlie Schaffers, Sgt. Henry Simmons, Sgt. William Footer and Capt. Aaron Biddle.

Debs may come and they may go, but the one with the renovated voice I konw is glamorous Love Finley. Earl Baker and Alvin Hayes, two southern gents, with musical ability are soothing the ears of many a person who wishes them success in that particular field. Fred Toler, the modern King Midas, looking smart in a blue robin's egg sport jacket, white shirt, wine colored tie, grey trousers, and brown suede kicks (shoes). Lealia Murphy, charming member of the oMdernistic Girls, who gave the Wine-Sip last Saturday nite, has dropped the dancer for a musician. Roselle Reid and Albert Brown were sending themselves last Wednesday eyeballing at Buschs Jewelry. Fishead said the time was 3:20.

Calling all the panicky dressing messy lads. There is a show that should not be missed, "The Rene Starks Fashion Show" at the Ambasador Hall on March 22. Dig the gib, but don't wear no wig. Japs are due for slaps, meanwhile G. Rollins give the taps for you at an ultra-ultra Nightlifer's Jam with Naki Saki Jackon on March 11th at Boston Plaza.

If the fires continue to burn, Chauncey Talbot will be a human bonfire. "Whisey Bill", Leroy Barrett, has given up drinking since swallowing came in style. Grady "Love Thief" Travicks will soon become a stepson to Uncle Sam. He is a member of the Magnificent Wacks, one of the most talked off clubs in North Jersey, who will have their coming out party soon. Strictly confidential, Lillian Watkins and the Modern Eight of Bloomfield were very disappointed in a few cousins, who were boxing in the amateur bouts last Wednesday and did not throw not one teeny-weeny punch, but were certainly on the defensive.

This roach had a taste of Jimmy Lunceford's "Posing Jimson." He certainly was laying it. Be like a goose, let loose. Gene Suggs seems to be competing these days with Gene Johnson, an out-of-towner, who devotes her time to his lordship, B. A. Jeannette Campbell, the shrawberry brown good-looker, has a fellow yammerin gabout her daily. What grey car has license number F-J 44X — that Minnie Range glides to and fro in.

What's this I hear about Miss S. L. making so many calls to Newark. The number I thin is BI. 2-9606. "How do my shoulders fit. Collar my riff."

Tell me what happened Saturday nite little Scudder, you and Naomi came home for the first time without having a minunderstanding.

M. H. of 145 Monmouth street, I think it's about time you changed your suits from 32 bottoms to pegs.

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PROSPECTUS

Progressive action is both the motive and objective of democracy. If not "Truth," then the SPIRIT OF TRUTH will make men free and creative. They serve RACE or GROUP or SELF best who, like Rogers Williams, would claim for themselves no right or privilege which is not granted to all men equally.

Vol. XVIII Newark 3, N. J., May 19, 1945 No. 20

TINY PRINCE SPIELS
DANCE COMMENTATOR

GAS:—When you dig this jive in ink, here's hoping you think like hep kitties think. Hodge Podge, it's on the quain. So dig, pig, and dig deep, or else you will be lost like a little stray sheep. Strictly to you—Boston beans and scenes for screams. Wednesday nite the 15th marks that frantic nite when your boy and mine, Satch Robinson, the emcee, who has been a sensation-al up and down the eastern coast, makes his first appearance in a long time in Tan Town at the Nest Club, where Pete Diggs, the groovest band in the land is rocking them in their seats. So let's turn out, cause its a date.

AN OPEN LETTER TO TINY

Dear Tiny:—This letter will serve the purpose of revealing you our thanks for the loyal support you have given us in your column. Speaking in behalf of the organization, we feel very happy about Social Club World North Jersey and congratulate ops like the Alpha Kappa Delta ority, Magnificent Wacks, denias, Tweedsmen, Univer-Hi-Y, Phalanx Fraternity, toons, Modernistic Girls and er Spurs Riding Club, who e set an example on what to

Advt.

T. T. SOCIETY—Miss Bless it Glamour in its baby stage. At the Boy's Y on Court street, birds flew high. It was the smart set in the form of the Alpha Kappa Delta Girls plus the Phalanx Fraternity lads. Things were messy and in style chicks grooved. Arnell Bivans came on like a movie star gone too far when in the arms of Leonard Hurd, our ballroom sender bender. Dapper Dan Gradv Travicks charm and alarmed the hues. Lindsey Wright, our very congenial maestro, who takes all honors as the keed who

So to everyone we offer something new. A South American Fiesta, featuring a real bull fight from old Spain. The D.A.S. smoothies doing a new Conga called La Macchee Kick, which is so easy that you will be doing it before the evening is over. Of course, we request the South American trend in your wardrobe that nite. Ladies in gay skirts of yellow, red, white, green, and blouses, plus their hair studded with flowers, straw shoes and large straw hats will be the play. The gents will be in demand with dark pants, gay bolero sport shirts, with sashes around the waist. A prize will be offered to the most impressive looking couple. Latin American music will be provided by the Piccadilly Pipers. For torrid swing, your sensational Pete Diggs and band will be on hand. We know there are quite a few people who are not on our mailing list, due to some reason, and we don't wish to slight anyone, so we are asking all to send their names on a penny post card to our secretary, Annie West of 328 Amherst street, East Orange, as soon as possible.

Thanks for your cooperation, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Dancers Appreciation Society
Herbie Smith, President.

For the Best in Publicity Promotions and Advertising, Consult

Tiny Prince

HERALD NEWS COLUMNIST

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NEWARK, N. J.

...y Prince ...iels

...o are the Tweedsmen? ...'s going to give it up though, ...e I've had it long enough. ...ve peeped at the Sun and ...t under the moon, but if you ... dig this spiel on the field, ...re crazy as a loon.

...e Cigarette Dance for the ...ent of our colored brethren ...ly was a sender. New faces ... the Oranges like Theresa, ... Sallery, Ruth Barlett, Ann ...man, looking for D. C., her ...eo all through the night, and ... frantic bass player of the ...s of Rhythm, Clarence ... Rheta Chapman, chirping ...ry, formerly of Boston Plaza; ...ohn Hunter, Don Juan of Mont...lair, plus hard hitting Butts ...rown, Jr., who lays down too ...uch gas or gum with Banna, ...eller original hometown boy making good. "Salad, Salad" with a little lettuce and mayonnaise. Midge looking messy, followed by Helen Fox, her companion.

Frank Carroll, that yah, yah Golden Boy looking in the glow. Pete Diggs nearly causing a riot when his band made their appearance and gave forth with too much swing. Debs and Celebrities came on with hopping that has never been witnessed by Yours Truly. Herbie Smith, president, even took on a few solos. Joe Briggs, top artist and Sugar Payne, frantic little entertainer, just in from the Coast, grooved themselves to nutty frappe. 'Twas righteous, Cats.

Jimson, let me knock, knock, but don't let this jive be forgot.

This couple that ...about to mention are really. ...there like a 52 stratoliner, an ...lo come on wi htoo much ...lroom. The chippies and ickies ...on't think so, but I know and really think they deserve more respect from the jitterbugs. They really need no intro, Rudolph Jackson and wife, as his partner, do dancing that more colored youth should try, because it's definitely in for the county.

Sunset Royals dance was not ... crowded as expected, but those who were present, really came with surprised looks for Doc Wheeler and the boys not only played "What About That Mess", but gave out with windy lindy music for the soul, and everybody was happy. Myrtle Wright and sweet Daddy Wah Wah, Joe Lockhart were nestling very close.

Josephine Young sported yellow coat, brown pants and caught many an eye with Nina Franklin, Mamie Rice, Virginia Stokes, Marie Baker, gassed the Universe also, with Maxine Danula, featuring red.

Here's some news told to me by a sweet chick who is not as sweet as Larry West or running for position as Golden Girl wi... Emma Kay, or who dresses as frantic as Senior Rolletta Smith or Lillian Murphy, , Mary Davis or junior deb Katherine King with Elizabeth Jackson. The bird of the gilded cage spied to me that the finest bunch of fellows she ever met were the Magnificent Wacks, seven of the most upstanding ...

leading young ladies in the ... William Hutchins, Grady Travicks, are just two of the members who are known to Yours Truly at present. I'll be diggin you next Sunday on the turf where I know you mad hens and hard hitting toughs will parade your togs and togas.

Tiny Prince Spiels

What's buzzing, cousin? How have you been? Give me some skin. My, but you're looking thin, but your in.

Here is the latest from across the pond. Doc Wheeler and his Sunset Royal Band will appear at Kruegers on March 26th. Promise to make it hotter than Hades. So cats, you can be sue it will be a messy session. Yours truly will dig you at the mad spread, at the early blackout.

Don't be a lane from Spain. Snow, sleet or rain can't stop these cats for ther hep insane.

Pops last Sunday Shady Rest was at its best. The dappers, debs and dames were prancing and dancing with antcing in their pantzen. The Barons of Rhythm, unique style and effervescent swing tempos, have won from them a high spot in the band polls, and for the finest in high class dancing entertainment, chicks like mad beautiful Edna Hill, Mrs. Charlie Davis, plus frantic Genevieve Stanford Walker, who was knocking herself out in a mad array of blue. Roy Holt, one of those fine fellows, with friends like Anna Walker of Scotch Plains speild with Foster Alexander a mellow stud. Mabel Jackson in plaid est and skirt to match gay persons around that gapping look. Harriet Scott escorted by George Pratt, Naomi Clayton jumping like young bugs with Wadell Ganner.

Thanks to those readers who sent in those ne bits of jive and your Dance Commentator really appreciates your efforts. Thanks also to the grand people from those invitations, to their affairs in the night.

He is a siller and killer jack and for a funny man he is in like Gabriel in Green Pastures. Gators around this town he is really putting it down like a hound. If you're hep you will take a tip and snag a pag at crack, shot, hole in one comic at Dodgers Grill.

With The Younger Jersey Socialites

By TWO DEBS

Dear Younger Jersey Socialites:

Here it is another week and soon we will be extending Easter Greetings to all Younger Jersey Socialites. . . . In order to be well informed on what Younger Jersey Socialites will wear . . . we attended the Fashion and Hat Parade presented by Madame Rene Starks on Sunday at the Ambassador Hall in Newark, N. J. There we met Lulu Smith, Peggy Roberts, Evelyn Walker, Elizabeth Morton, Gloria Crocker, Margaret Johnson, Salley Carroll, Eulalie Ferguson, Harold Collier, Larry Ray, Harry Banks, Franklyn Banks, Bill Stewart, Geraldine Watson, Lettie Watson . . . and a host of Younger Jersey Socialites, who had come so that they might know what the fashion trends are for this spring.

Exotic were the satin lounging pajamas which Katheryn Cooper of East Orange modeled. . . . Jimmie Lee Gory appeared very appealing in a printed morning Mattie Dockery wore were breat dress. . . . the evening gowns which Mattie Dockery wore were breath-taking. . . . seen in the hat parade was Evelyn Boyden in a hand-crocheted maroon straw pill-box. . . . it was styled and made by Mrs. Rose Lee. . . . Carl Brinson presented the latest in fashion wear for young men about town. . . . Leonard Hurd also modeled several suits. . . . it was a grand show. . . . if you missed it you should be sorry.

Entertainers for the affair included Carlotta Kemp's Dancing kiddies. . . . and the Philharmonic Glee Club Trio of Newark. . . .

Informal Bits Of This And That

On your date calendar should be some reminder of the basketball game and dance this Saturday evening at the YWCA, 53 Washington St., Newark, N. J. . . . Kappa Beta Gamma presents the R-Y Club in a game and dance. Don't miss it!

Jean Johnson from Roselle, has been currently seen in the company of Bobby Alves of Newark. . . . we wish you could have seen Harold Ray, Shirley Davis, Carl Trainor and Emma Kaye, down town last Friday evening. . . .

At The Adams Theatre

Bill Stewart, Carl Trainor, Richard Bland, Alice Copeland, Gertrude Monroe, Virginia Murphy and many others. . . .

A Competitive Contest

Recently we have been presented the names of two Golden Boys. In order that all Younger Jersey Socialites should be able to pick their own choices we have decided to hold a competitive contest so that other young men might have a chance to claim this title; therefore we invite you to write in to the Herald News, 130 West Kinney St., Newark, N. J., and submit your entries. . . . from week to week we shall print a list of such names for your approval.

Thank you.

Wedding Bells To Come

Congratulations to Mary Bailey who is displaying a beautiful sparkler on third finger left hand.

Success to Blanche Schyler who recently accepted a position in Washington as stenog under Civil Service. . . . Blanche graduated from South Side High School in January. . . .

Until we meet,
Yours faithfully,
TWO DEBUTANTES.

"Timely Tips on The Wardrobe"

For the latest in Men's Clothes & Accessories
Consult Your Style Consular

CARL *TinyPrince* BRINSON
at **SHANK'S**

MITCHELL 2—0563

66 MARKET STREET
NEWARK, N. J.

Rene Starks Fashion Show

By SALLY

Shattering past records as to capacity crowd, entertainment and beautiful models, the third annual fashion show sponsored by Miss Rene Starks, expert milliner, with studio at 97 West Street, Newark, N. J., got under way last Sunday afternoon, to an overflow of enthusiastic spectators at the Ambassador Hall, Belmont Avenue, Newark, N. J., with Miss Sally E. Cooke of N. J. Herald-News "Sally's Chatterings," narrating.

Among the models were Miss Jimmie Gory, Catherine Cooper, Mabel Jones, Selma Smith, Lucretia Anthony and Alberta Reid, of Jersey City; Emma Ellsworth, Florence Ricks, Bernice Ford, Mae Holmes, Mabel McNair, Lillian B. Huff, Carlotta Kemp, Anna Randolph, Carolyn and Yvonne Ingraham, Juanita Wilson, Clifford Balkman, and Mattie Dockery.

Men's styles were displayed by Leonard Hurd, Herbert Smith, Carl Brinson (Tiny Prince), and Buster Jamison.

Cooperating with Miss Starks in the presentation of many interesting, conservative and spectacular designed dresses for afternoon, morning and evening wear, were modistes Janet Beadle of 116½ Spruce Street, Newark; Miss Mabel Lee of Modern Lady Dress Shoppe, 237 Norfolk St., Newark, Miss Rose Lee, instructor of knitted wear in one of Newark's public school projects, and Mrs. Effie Reid of 89 Oak Street, Jersey City. A goodly number of slack suits and play togs were also shown. All of the hats were designed and created by Miss Starks It is anticipated that the proceeds from the show will go towards purchasing cigarettes for United States soldiers and sailors.

Special entertainment was furnished by Carlotta Kemp's Dancing Kiddies, entertainers from the Dodger's Grill, the Nest Club, Boston Plaza and Pete Diggs' orchestra of Dodger's Grill and Joe Crump's Band of Boston Plaza.

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HIOPIA

egotiates

coed *Gebbi* (Imperial Pal-ing Addis Ababa, bearded , King of Kings, Lion of ror of Ethiopia, looked upon subjects with satisfaction. In ter twelve long months was a ent, signed & sealed by the ister. For the first time since s swooped on Ethiopia like a ly locust swarm nine years country was again independent, to it.

ensitive, spirited Negus was grate-Britain for sheltering him in his r reconquering his craggy kingdom But for a long time Haile Selas-roud man, had longed for the authority he once had. In the Britain had guided his affairs of rotected his frontiers, helped re-s war-torn towns, even put down



Pictures, Inc.

EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE & FAMILY
He wanted less help.

ons. There were also disturb-that Britain was planning to ter Somaliland out of British Somaliland, with a slice of luded. Haile Selassie wanted managing his own affairs.

ary the Negus himself opened with London. Last week For-r Anthony Eden announced in the House of Commons: two-year agreement Britain tarily restrict her rights in ecifically Britain would: 1) re-arrisons, except from Ogaden ordering British Somaliland tribesmen were still restless; thiopia's airfields (heretofore British traffic) to all Allied give up operations of the of the 486-mile Addis ailroad, the country's only rail link with the sea. Politically, the Ethiopian Government could now choose foreign advisers "wherever it wishes." Presumably this referred to the U.S., which has sent missions to Addis Ababa.

Since Ethiopia is surrounded by British and British-controlled territories, the changes were mainly gestures to Ethiopia's sovereignty. Henceforth, at the Emperor's courts, the British Minister will take his place in the diplomatic line instead of heading it.

Nocturne Revue

By BOB QUEEN

A group, all considered good sports, were engaged in a very vital subject while sipping beer in a popular nitery.

The topic was centered around the feminine past-time of drinking scotch and soda.

They all agreed that it is a combination of the spirits that should be spelled in dollar signs, and several told woeful tales of having been swept without warning to a treating spree.

They Spin Their Web

One told a time worn truth. He described the entry into a nite spot of three gorgeous pin-ups who prettily perched themselves on the bar stools, exposing three pairs of classy calves and ankles (plus ankle bracelets) and giving out with three come-hither smiles.

Their first move was to order three glasses of the soapy suds, at 10 cents apiece.

The gullible males with a bit of wolfishness and awed by the concentration of charm moved in with their fingers already on three dimes, for they didn't think that these beauts would mix their beverages.

60 Cents a Throw

But here they were knocked for a loop, for the babes quickly got a yen for the finer thirst quenchers and sang out in unison, "Scotch and soda".

Instead of three dimes, the poor hapless male had to produce 18 dimes, for the juice is 60 cents a throw.

Another of the men declared that he was amazed at the capacity of some of the most petite and winsome dearies.

Like Drinking Milk

He had the misfortune to find out after the cash register had rung up $4.80 of his post-war income, that his scotch-soda "guest" had been raised up on Kentucky corn. "She was swallowing the stuff like milk", he wailed.

Another of the group said that it was downright disconcerting when one of these girlies loudly boasts, "I can drink these things all night." He added that he was glad that the curfew came at 2 a.m.

It is a well known fact that quite a few chickadee use this delightful drink to get rid of pests. It's an awful beating a fellow takes, with some having paid out as high as $6 to find out that they would never reach first base.

Bend But Won't Break

One of the femmes was telling two others in a local bar just about the sum of the situation:

"One night I just tried to see how many I could take before getting knocked out", she giggled, and stated, "after the twelfth one, I stopped because it was just like lemonade."

Don Banks, Cleveland lad who plays guitar with the Mad Hatters at the Picadilly Club, Newark, is also adept at the saxophone, is an artist specializing in oil paintings, and studied metallurgical engineering at Case School for three years.

The other members are Lynwood Proctor of Norfolk, Va., leader, pianist and vibraharpist; and Howard Gary of Jacksonville, Fla., bass violin.

Bearfield, Downtown

Jesse L. Bearfield, former bartender at the Dug Out and Heatwave on the Hill, is now at Frank and Eddie's 570 Club on Market St.

This column forecasts that Bobby Jarrett's new band will turn out to be one of the most sensational bands in these parts in years.

Moe Harper, Brooklyn bass violinist, who formerly played with Mandy Ross, is using an electric amplifying bass, valued at $400 with the band. Yvonne Portee and Tommy Terrell handle the vocals.

YOUR HEALTH



DR. ALVAH R. JENKINS

BODY ODOR (B.O.) MAKES FRIENDS HARD TO KEEP — REMOVE IT

Body odor is a social handicap. Should the person recognize this condition, he must avoid close contact with friends until he is able to remove this objectionable and obnoxious odor. Failure to do so is likely to make even his closest friends shun him. This condition becomes a greater handicap if the victim is unaware of the fault. An interesting fact about body odor from perspiration under the arms, or from the hair of the scalp, is that affected persons rarely recognize the odor although it is readily perceptible to others.

Perspiration, and deterioration of a fatty substance from little glands in the skin, accounts for most body odors. It has been estimated that 3 to 4 cups of water pass through the skin daily. This amount ma ybe increased by exercise and emotion, with certain parts perspiring more freely than others. For example: It is well known that when you are about to ask the boss for a raise or propose to the girl friend, the palms perspire freely.

Attention to personal hygiene can relieve this excessive or odorur perspiration. Don't depend too much on the use of deodorants alone, for a disagreeable, scented perspiration, covered and mixed with a perfume, may give a new smell but will be just as obnoxious. A soap and water bath with a good rinse, which is compulsory for the body, as well as the hair and scalp, is the best remedy. A bath taken daily, or oftener if excessive perspiration occurs, is all that is necessary to keep the skin of the body fresh.

When excessive perspiration is of purely local origin, the application of a 25½% solution of aluminum chloride is an effective preventive. Light weight, silk and wool underwear should be worn in winter, and cotton or silk underwear in summer.

Mrs. M. writes: "What can be done about sties which tend to [illegible] every month or two?"

[illegible]ly: They may be often prevented by using 2% yellow oxide [illegible] or a 5% ointment of [illegible] may be tried.

YOUR HEALTH



DR. ALVAH R. JENKINS

The ancient saying that one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies is no longer believed. Many years ago we were content to drink any kind of clear water or milk. But now we insist that the water be purified by filter plant and the milk be pasteurized for extra safety.

Careless and dirty people have too long depended on the statement, "What you can't see or don't know won't hurt you" to protect them. It is the dirt you can't see that is most dangerous.

Germ laden eating utensils provide one of the easiest ways for germs to be transferred from one person to another. At a restaurant or soda fountain the necessity for using the same dishes, forks, spoons, glasses over and over again for many people shows why stricter rules of cleanliness are important and must be required. How well these articles are cleaned between customers will determine your degree of eating safety.

Most health departments require food stores and delicatessens to screen all outside doors and windows and avoid unnecessary handling of ready to eat edibles. All eating places are visited periodically in order to check on eating utensils and dispensing equipment, such as milk and flavoring syrup pumps. Cultures taken from dishes quickly show whether bacteria are present in small or large numbers. Should the results demonstrate that unclean articles are used the health officer requests improvements to be made where needed.

Mr. H. Asks: What vitamins are best for increasing pep?

Reply: Vitamins are necessary only where there is a known deficiency. If you feel below par consult your physician for a specific diagnosis.

JAZZ

duke ellington



● *The Duke Ellington is shown during an informal "jive session" with Ivie Anderson, known professionally at one time as the "California Blackbird." Miss Anderson toured the United States and Australia as a vocalist, musical comedy and vaudeville star before joining Duke. She remained with the famous maestro longer than any other female vocalist. Ivie was at her best with such Ellington favorites as "I Want To Be A Rug-Cutter."*



[illegible]nyms, Duke's [illegible]r now extant

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1946



Rene Reviews The Fashions

By Rene Starks

MEN'S FASHIONS

The public is becoming increasingly lonscious of men in fashions. Before and during the war the attire of men did not receive the attention among commentators and fashion experts that it attracts today. During the war the main variation in male dress was in the number of campaign ribbons. The postwar urge to establish individual identity has inspired style creators to new heights.

At the recent New York showings fashion commentators told of bright yellow hats with gay bands, yellow scarfs with grey top coats and yellow gabardine slacks with yellow plaid shirts and grey jackets.

Speaking of yellow slacks, several seasons ago Tiny Prince appeared in one of my shows wearing a yellow suit, exhibiting first the jacket with different color slacks and the trousers with a different jacket. The audience got quite a kick out of this display. Now three years later this same technique turns up at the New York show.

This is pro[illegible] that often times [illegible] see sty[illegible] in your local [illegible] six months to styles for women, they might someime find and interesting tip for themselves.

So girls, look uot for fierce competition from the men in 1946.

MALE OF THE WEEK:

Allen Riley, Morehouse graduate, wearing a pepper grey suit, yellow shirt, brown and green cross stripped tie, socks to match, green bordered handkerchief in suit breast pocket, grey herringbone overcoat, white handkerchief in pocket and mole grey hat.

FASHION FACT:

Byzantine, 4th Century: Women enveloped their hair in a coif of silk or a network of pearls, a style later adopted by medieval Europe. Pearls were plentiful and much used in company with diamonds and other gems. Later bits of glass and even tiny mirrors were added to their embroideries. There were rings, bracelets, broaches, buckles and earrings of elaborate design. A favorite motif in earrings was birds in pairs. Oriental perfumes and incense were lavishly used.



Frank Marshall Davis

RICHARD WRIGHT
His mother nearly killed him.

ck B ynood

BLACK BOY—*Richard Wright*—Harper ($2.50).

Richard Wright, 36, is generally accounted the most gifted living American Negro writer. His new book makes it clearer than ever that he has one of the most notable gifts in U.S. writing, black and white: a narrative style that is simple, direct, almost completely without pre-

nse or decoration, yet never flat. In *Black Boy,* that narrative tells the story of his first 18 years, in Natchez and Jackson, Miss., Elaine, Ark. and on Beale t in Memphis. The story is a brilliant unt of how it feels to be a sensitive gro growing up in the U.S. South.

Author Wright's early books (*Uncle n's Children, Native Son*) won high ical praise. Violent and unsparing, they ained passages (as does this book) strong for most readers' stomachs. fellow Communists first praised to the skies, then turned savagely him when he broke with the party. honest than most Communists, he ever tried to sweeten up his down- en Negroes. His typical story is of accidental clash between Negroes whites springing from the fear and derstanding of both people, sudden- ing into a lynching, a riot, a murder. nt and melodramatic though these hey seem to flash by like a scene lence caught in the spotlight of a automobile, clear, vivid, frighten- t without relation to the life around *ck Boy* helps to explain that lack elation. It is the story of a man set is own race by sensitivity d intellect, yet barred forever from the ite race by the color of his skin.

Staggers at Six. At four, Richard ht tried to burn down the house in his grandmother lay ill. Restless ng kept indoors, he built up a fire roomstraws, touched off the window tains, hid under the house when the got out of control. His frantic parents ught he was inside, were so relieved angry when they found him unhurt they whipped him until he lost consciousness.

The shock was lasting. "For a long time was chastened whenever I remembered at my mother had come close to killing e." Throughout his childhood, at moents of extreme tension, he would beome immobile, in full possession of his ental faculties but without the power make his hands or his voice obey his l. He was nervous and imaginative in orld where only the strong-willed and -going got along. When his mother a job as a cook he ran wild in the ets of Jackson, sneaked into saloons egged drinks from the customers, ht him obscenities and laughed n staggers. He was then

d's uncles and aunts were solid, ul people: schoolteachers, carpen- nail carriers. When his mother fell ..., they impoverished themselves to pay for her operations and care. She was in bed for ten years. "My mother's suffering grew into a symbol in my mind, gathering to itself all the poverty, the ignorance, the helplessness; the painful, baffling, hunger-ridden days and hours. . . . A somberness of spirit that I was never to lose settled over me during the slow years of my mother's unrelieved suffering, a somberness that was to make me stand apart and look upon excessive joy with suspicion, that was to make me self-conscious, that was to make me keep forever on the move, as though to escape a nameless fate seeking to overtake me."

Prostitutes and Rackets. Richard sold papers, worked in a drugstore, a credit clothing store, a brickyard, an optical factory. He was hopeless at each job. He could not cover up his feelings. He forgot to say "Sir," or said it too slowly. He did not know how to get out of white people's way. One of his bosses said, "Why don't you laugh and talk like other niggers?" The other Negroes privately talked a venomous, unrelieved hatred of the whites, but joked and laughed in their presence. Richard could not. Moreover, in crises—as when a white man hit him in the mouth with a whiskey bottle—his old immobility came back and left him paralyzed.

He did better as a bellboy. The naked white prostitutes paid no attention to him when he delivered bootleg whiskey to their rooms, though their customers sometimes objected. Because he had never been in jail, he was picked by racketeers as front for a movie-ticket racket. He made $50 the first week. But he knew he was headed for the chain gang. He saved his money, stole everything he could lay hands on, pawned it, and fled to Memphis. There he began to read Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, and to see the white men around him in a different light.

People without Passion. His reading also gave him a profound awareness of his people's plight. "I used to mull over the strange absence of real kindness in Negroes, how unstable was our tenderness, how lacking in genuine passion we were, how void of great hope, how timid our joy, how bare our traditions, how hollow our memories, how lacking we were in those intangible sentiments that bind man to man, and how shallow was even our despair. After I had learned other ways of life I used to brood upon the unconscious irony of those who felt that Negroes led so passional an existence! . . . Whenever I thought of the essential bleakness of black life in America, I knew that Negroes had never been allowed to catch the full spirit of Western civilization. . . . I wondered if clean, positive tenderness, love, honor, loyalty and the capacity to remember were native with man. I asked myself if these human qualities were not fostered, won, struggled and suffered for, preserved in ritual from one generation to another."



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Pretty "Entre Nous" Jes pose at their last public affair, given at Lloyd's Manor.

Social Events On Upsurge In 1948

By "SALLY"

The e[illegible]re State came [illegible] under th[illegible] slump created by [illegible]e War and during the year 1948 social activities again became the center of attraction among Jerseyites.

JANUARY 1948—Nationally and locally a highlight month, with weddings, engagements and civic events drawing top-flight society. During this month handsome Judge Francis E. Rivers of Graham took unto himself a bride the person of stately Mrs. Alroy Spencer Long, ceremonies performed in our State (Camden, N. J.) at the fashionable home of the groom's sister. The Harold A. Letts of Spruce St., Newark announced the engagement of their charming daughter, Bernice Ellen to Warner R. Franklin, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

In the line of civic events old line Newarkers at the invitation of the National Alliance of Postal Employees, Newark branch, gathered in the New Post Office rotunda to witness the ceremonies commemorating the issuance of the George Washington Carver stamp.

Up and coming Attorney Harry Hazelwood succeeded the brilliant Rev. H. Beecher Jackson to the elected post of NAACP president, Newark Branch.

The glamorous LaCille Watkins starred at Carnegie Hall appearing with the American Opera Company of N. Y. Pretty Jean Melvin took her place among new born stars with her rendition of "Harbell" at I.W.O. Hall.

The Holiday season's parties brought a new note of cheer, with the Suburban Set in a gala affair at the Skylight Ballroom. The George Summers of Stratford Place (at that time) in a holiday party for relatives and friends, the Dilettantes scoring again in one of the prettiest dances of the season. The Tweedsmen brought out a galaxy of glamorous lassies and handsome lads in their annual "black and white" formal.

Another rumor of marital rifts hit the streets in the life of the Joe Louis couple (champion Joe and glamorous Marva) centered around the beauteous Mrs. Matthew Faulkner. But as the months went by, it died the death of these usual publicity—shall we say stunts?

Sororities came to the forefront, and the Alumni House was the scene of a swank Founders' Day Dinner of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, at which time pretty star Muriel Rahn was featured soloist.

The Old Timers Athletic Assn. presented a mid-winter dance and frolic at Laurel Garden which brought out thousands.

Wedding bells rang for lovely Lucille Middleton of Bruce St. who became the bride of Sherman White.

Our enterprising mortician Jack Dabney having successfully won election for coroner, came in for a big surprise when the members of H & M club feted him in a surprise birthday party at the beautiful home of his sister, Lelia Wiley.

Handsome James Curtis, successful attorney took his charming family, lovely wife, cute little daughter and debonair son down to Trenton to witness the big event in his life, when he was sworn into office as successful candidate for the Assembly. Numerous Jerseyites were on the scene to witness the occasion.

The Douglas-Harrison Employees held one of the finest dances of the month which turned out to be a definite good neighbor gathering.

Nearing the end of the month pretty Mary Rosa Scott became the bride of Theodore Stewart.

Civic, religious and social clubs throughout the State mourned the passing of Anna L. Brazley who for over 20 years had been a friend of young women particularly in connection with her N. J. State Federation activities.

FEBRUARY 1948 — The town buzzed with pleasure at the announcement of the engagement of pretty Gladyce White of Newark to handsome Officer Hamilton ("Ham" to his friends) Jones of East Orange, and began to await breathlessly for the wedding. Rev. and Mrs. Troy L. Battles had their friends in to rejoice with them on the occasion of their 25 years of marital bliss. The Club Criterions took their friends, hundreds of 'em, over to Gotham in a very merry mid winter dream frolic.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Lincoln Alumnis Assn. gathered in its Annual Founders Day dinner, and were enthralled by guest speaker Harold A. Lett. The Orange Majestic Singers came to the fore and captivated their audience with the dapper organist and director Albert L. Tillery doing a fine job, featuring the pretty Ninetta Raglyn Foster and her adorable little daughter Gloria. The Platons brought something unique in a Superstitious Dance on the fatal 13th of February nite. The ambitious and glamorous Rene Stark of Renee's House of Style created quite a stir with her first Artists and Models' Ball at Graham Auditorium. The Captivators captivated the town with "Cafe Society." The Three Pals really proved that their following was tremendous when scores of folks frolicked with 'em in their Spring Dance.

Again the grim reaper stalked in our midst and took one of our pioneer citizens, John S. Pinkman, for more than 45 years a deacon in the Bethany Baptist Church.

MARCH 1948 — The h[illegible] winds of March [illegible] terred Jersey f[illegible] events note[illegible] were tha[illegible]



Pretty Mamie Slade, escorted by her handsome groom, trips blightely from the altar.

Negro in history of Newark to have been so honored.

Honors were in line for Rosamond S. Marrow, voted a life member of the American Vocational Assn. during anniversary celebration in Asbury Park.

With its wind and its rain March came to a close, and as the preceding months brought sorrow to many Jerseyites with the passing of outstanding politician and city employee James H. Lindsey, and the venerable Rev. I. W. W. Roundtree of Trenton.

The city was treated to a moment of joy however, with the coming of the talented Hazel Scott who captivated her Mosque Theatre audience, and so bowed out March, the month in which we commemorated the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour.

APRIL 1948 — Praps the first time in the history of the swank Chanticleer rendezvous in Milburn, a score of pretty lassies of our Race group gathered in a bang up time when the North Jersey Medical Society Women's Auxiliary group met there. The whole town became aware that popular dentist Dr. Ulysses S. Campbell of East Orange had cast his hat in the ring for Congressman in the forthcoming election on the Wallace ticket.

Weddings o'course, with pretty Anna S. Mouring wed to Willie Wright. The Women's Auxiliary North Jersey Medical Society held a very fashionable charity card party at swank Alumni House. The Cheres Amies came out of seclusion and treated their friends to the swankiest dessert bridge party held in long time.

Newarkers and all North Jersey went into rhapsodies as the swank new North Jersey Bridge Club with popular Carl Jones, affable Teddy Valentine, and jovial Frank Tucker, operators, flung open its doors.

Pretty Iris Coleen Moore of Richmond Street pledged her troth to 1st class seamon Lawrence Seymour. Gloria Hilda McGhee of 14th Street also tripped the middle aisle because she and Raymond West were so in love. Very quietly pretty Thelma Clark pledged her troth to Everett Terry; with all the orange blossom trimmings charming Margaret D. Ligon of Orange took her vows to Herman S. Wynn.

The month's hit affair was the joyous formal presented to their friends by Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Beta Alpha Omega and Gamma Zeta Chapters at the beautiful Savoy ballroom.

MAY 1948—Down in Burlington, N. J. and echoing all up and down the State came the wedding bells which rang when very pretty Mamie Slade was joined in holy wedlock to handsome Frank Hammond.

The North End Tennis Club took the spotlight with their testimonial dinner at popular Shady Rest Country Club for personable Officer Kirkpatrick Marrow, felicitating him on his 25 years of service on Elizabeth, N. J. police force. O'course the whole town turned out.

Jerseyites journeyed to Gotham and with scores of Gothamites stood u pand cheered the Philharmonic Glee Club in its recital under the superb direction of beauteous Delores Tillery at N. Y. Times Hall. Then came back to swank Alumni House to fete them in fine style.

Folks throughout the town were doubly feliciating handsome Wardell Smith on the birth of a bouncing baby boy to his pretty wife down in Washington, D. C., and his decision to become a new man through baptism at Bethany Baptist Church.

Your gal Sally made her first journey to Georgia, for one specific reason, to assist our good friend Janet Beadle, by announcing her presentation of "Along Fifth Ave." in Savannah.

Mary McLeod, the great educator, came to town as guest of the New Jersey Metropolitan Council of Negro Women, who paid tribute to her at Griffith Auditorium along with hundreds of invited guests.

This was the month when all the fashionable lassies turned out to witness the opening Newark Eagles Baseball game.

Silver wedding anniversaries seemed to hold top place all during the first of 1948. Here in the month of May we ran into the John S. Downers of Central Avenue, East Orange, who had a score of folks in to make merry with them because of 25 years happiness in marriage.

Our lovely friend Rosamond Marrow again taking the spotlig[illegible] when as Chairman she sponsore[illegible] a very successful "Night of Stars" at Mosque Theatre, proceeds f[illegible] benefit of Community Hospit[illegible] Then o'course everybody w[illegible] was anybody journeyed over t[illegible] swank Alumni House to close ou[illegible] the night. The glamorous and pretty Esqui-Vogues entertaine[illegible] over 600 guests at Terrace Ball[illegible] room and took their place th[illegible] eve. among the social clubs which really delight.

We oldsters who had been kids in the town from birth at the close of this month shed a few tears at the passing of childhood school friend Joseph Jetter killed in the Kearney factory blast.

JUNE 1948—"What is so rare as a day in June"—weddings o'course which just about hit a new high. Ranking tops was that of the lovely Annie Rose Moses, who despite her blindness is one of Jersey's most talented young women, pledging her troth in holy union to George Johnson of New York with more than 500 guests in attendance.

The Old Timers took this month to present a donation to the Old Folks Home.

Pretty Gloria Edith Blanks, daughter of Newark pioneer citizens, became the bride of Clifton Mitchell Fisher with pastor W. P. Hayes officiating at the Bethany Baptist Church. Polly Greenlee very prettily said "I do" to William J. Wright of New York in wedding ceremony at Mt. Calvary Baptist Church, pastor Rev. Mapson officiating.

The Community Hospital drew hundreds of guests at its Annual dinner meeting.

Lovely Geraldine Hayes of Montclair pledged her troth to an out of Stater, handsome Sylvester C. Robinson of Baltimore, Md.

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Kappa Sigma Theta Chapter took the spotlight for outstanding achievements, bringing to the delight of many their Annual Jabberwock.

Over in Jersey City this time 'twas a Golden wedding anniversary when Robert Brown and his pretty bride of 50 years Ida Brown celebrated their years of happiness i[illegible] the form of a tea sponsored [illegible] Afro American Women's [illegible]ndustrial Club and co-operating units.

Pretty Virginia Wilson of Jersey City through many dangers, toils and snares won the contest of beauty sponsored by Golconda Temple Imperial Shriners of Americ[illegible]ca, and began to cast her eyes towards St. Louis and the [illegible]tional meet.

Word came that Burlington, N. had lost a portion of the glam[illegible] in its teaching staff, with the [illegible]pointment of [illegible]ecialite and pop[illegible] Conne Pate Whiting to the [illegible]t Orange public school system. All the school kid[illegible] were a bit [illegible]dene dto learn that [illegible]e charm[illegible] school marm Gr[illegible] Baxter [illegible]erson was reti[illegible] [illegible]m the [illegible]em after [illegible]

fourth term election as [illegible] J. State Elks.

[illegible]e wedding bells ran[illegible] out very pretty Francis Wil[illegible] became the bride of Linton [illegible] another out-of-Stater. ha[illegible]ing from Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lovely and expert beautician Algine Ray came in for honors when he group of the Progressive Beauticians tendered a testimonial for outstanding achievements. Pretty Beatrice C. Brown, daughter of popular Fannie Brown sang her swan song to youthful days and became a bride, united to handsome Emerson W. Yearwood [illegible] N. Y. and Republic of Panama.

So June in a blaze of activities [illegible]owed out.

JULY 1948 — Career women [illegible]d an active part in this [illegible] with the Cosmetologists [illegible] sending 50 kids to camp; [illegible]udite Pauline Sims Puryear [illegible]d alternate delegate to the [illegible] convention from Newark. [illegible]ce Jones, daughter of Mrs. [illegible]r R. Jones, Elizabeth took [illegible] honors in achievements for [illegible] month receiving state schol[illegible]p to Newark State Teachers [illegible]ge. Quiet and unassuming [illegible]thy O. Smith having received [illegible] degree in Chiropody opened [illegible] office[illegible]es at New Street. Audrey Crump, pretty and talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Crump, Jersey City took top honors in her graduation from Jersey State Teachers College.

O'course there just had to be a wedding this months, and so 'twas that of the beauteous Brenda Porter of East Orange who became the bride of John Russell Burroughs in a beautiful ceremony at the Church of the Epiphany with the Rev. George M. Plaskett officiating.

The Abe Manleys played a benefit game for the Community Hospital, and along with Jersey socialites many star and screen celebs put in appearance.

'Twas a very fashionable wedding for Marie Anderson to Horace Leake with scores of guests in attendance. Down in Trenton pretty Evelyn Bristow became the bride of goodlooking Clifford Adams.

July being the month of garden parties did very well when the [illegible] Y.W.C.A. lawn, Or[illegible] scene of a very swank [illegible] sored by the Community [illegible] Auxiliary, lovely Octavia Catlett, chairman.

The kiddies of the neighborhood Hayes Park had a gala time commencing this month and running into late summer at the swimming pool, with handsome Dr. Phillip Gear, pool physician attending their every physical need. Yep, all sorts of carnival sports were the order of the month.

AUGUST 1948—Nothing daunts a bride, and so despite the humid weather, one of the season's most fashionable weddings was that of pretty Sara Joan Washington, adopted daughter of Mme. Sarah Spencer Washington, wealthy owner and president of Apex News and Hair Company. The pretty Miss became the bride in a quiet ceremony of handsome Holton Hayes, Boy Scout Executive.

Old line citizens were pleasantly surprised and delighted when the pioneer citizens Rev. and Mrs. Hugo Bowles of S. Munn Ave., announced the engagement of their pretty daughter, Elaine Adele.

William H. Maxwell, pioneer newspaper man and life long citizen of New Jersey was made more than happy when friends feted him on his natal day. This being the month for vacationing the handsome Larry Seymour couple

(Continued on Page 5)

WARNING!!
Stop Suffering Fr[illegible]
That Stubborn C[illegible]
TAKE
FIVE 99[illegible]
CO[illegible]

PROSTATE
KIDNEY, BLADDER
Penicillin Is Available for
Treatment of Social Diseases
We have aided thousands who suffered from LOST VIGOR, BLOOD, SKIN, PROSTRATIC AND ALL PRIVATE DISEASES. Urinary diseases, discharges, frequent, painful urination, getting up nights, relieved quickly
FLUOROSCOPIC
X-Ray Examinat[illegible]
Including [illegible]
satisfy
The
us at

INTERESTING * PEOPLE



Master of Arts

PHOTOGRAPH BY SONNEE GOTTLIEB—I.N.P. FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

LIKE THE LADY in the song, Katherine Dunham can touch off "a heat wave by making her feet wave." An expert in foot-pounding Caribbean and jungle rhythms, Katie, who is from Chicago and Haiti, in addition to being about as violent as a hurricane on the stage and screen, has a loftier side. An M.A. in Anthropology from the University of Chicago, Katie acquired a dual personality, because as a child she liked to dance and when she grew up she liked anthropology. The more she learned about anthropology, the more she became interested in Afro-American dances. So when she was awarded a Rosenwald fellowship she made her way down to the ex-Spanish main. With the results of her studies, Katie wrote a monograph and lectured at Yale, Columbia, and Chicago, but when she took off her glasses and put on her gauzy Caribbean costumes, the students and professors forgot mores and yelled for more. Currently touring the country with her own troupe, Miss Dunham expects to get her Ph.D. and go right on dancing.

Late Father Ahern Great Liberal

NEWARK—Colored people of North Jersey were sadly shocked last week to learn of the sudden death of Rev. Cornelius J. Ahern, former priest at the Queen of Angels Church on Academy street, Newark. The beloved Father Ahern had established a reputation for his liberalism and had taken the leadership in a number of fights for Negro rights.

It was during the early days of Queen of Angels Church that he rendered his greatest service to the race. His humanitarian spirit was shown by the interest he too kin the economic plight of colored people during the depression and it was this interest and aid that caused thousands of Negroes to join Queen of Angels Church.

Father Ahern was 57 years-old at the time of his death and was priest at St. Columbia Church. Services were held last Monday at this church with interment in Holy Cross Cemetery, North Arlington.

...on Sets ...holarship

...olarship fund to enable ...school youths with musical ...tions to continue their edu...ion at the Juilliard School of Music has been set up by Duke Ellington.

Through a series of elimination contests held each year at all public schools of Greater New York, three students are selected and awarded a complete three-year course at the school. Mr. Ellington, who is the sole sponsor of this fund, intends to present these students as sole artists at his annual Carnegie Hall concert, after they have completed their course at Juilliard.

The first three scholarships already have been awarded to Elaine Jones, tympanist, of the High School of Music and Arts; Paul Rudoff, French horn, of Peter Stuyvesant High School; and Warren Norwood, flute, of Forest Hills High.

Haile Selassie's Friend

...frican Millionaire Dies ... Prisoner Of Japanese

...LONDON—(ANP)—A serious operation claimed the life of Sir ... Kadoorie, K.B.E., a colored African millionaire, in Shanghai re...ly. Sir Elly, a friend of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, was ...apanese prisoner of war when he died.

...ated as one of the world's rich... colored men, Sir Elly was ...ped in Hong Kong, where he ... large financial holdings, when ... British colony was captured ... the Japanese. One of his sons ... his son's wife and children ... captured with him. They were ...wed to go to Shanghai, where ...Elly died after a serious opera... reports reveal.

...n admirer of Emperor Haile ...ssie, Sir Elly came to his res... when Selassie came here fol...ing his epic flight from Abyssinia in 1936. Although the two had never met each other, Sir Elly placed his palatial home in Princess Gate at the emperor's disposal to be used as a legation when he heard about the Negus' trouble. Furthermore, he is reported to have contributed heavily towards defraying the expenses of Abyssinian exiles in England. While the Japanese allowed Sir Elly to correspond with Emperor Haile Selassie, they seized his Shanghai home, known as the Marble Hall, which has a ballroom that is said to hold 3,000 people.

GOOD MORNING! BUY BONDS

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